THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

SEPTEMBER 1924

CONTENTS

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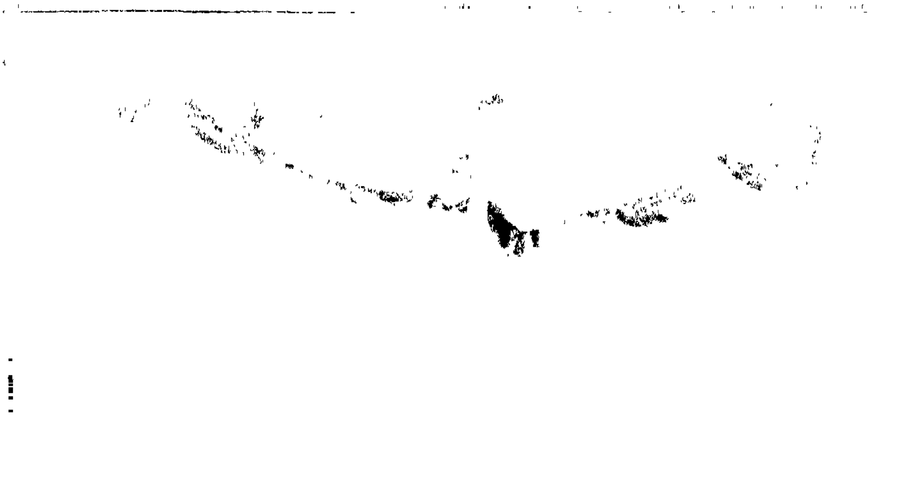
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. DLXXI—September 1924

THE HOUSE OF LORDS:

Its Great National Importance

It is proposed that the members composing the Second Chamber should consist of—

1. One hundred and fifty persons to be chosen from the holders of hereditary peerages, including Scottish and Irish peerages, as at present existing, and including peeresses in their own right and bishops holding diocesan sees, provided that every such person shall have held at some time high public office or shall have been elected a member of Parliament, such person to be elected by all the peers in the manner in which Scottish and Irish peers have hitherto been elected.

2. One hundred persons to be nominated by the Crown, acting through its Ministers from time to time.

3. Forty persons to be nominated by the Dominions and the Empire of India and Dependencies, to serve for life or for such terms of years as may be deemed desirable, to represent the Dominions, the Empire of India, and the overseas Dependencies.

4. *Ex-officio.*—The Lord Chancellor for the time being, all ex-Lord Chancellors, the Law Lords who sit under the appellate Jurisdiction Acts of 1876 and 1887, the present Archbishops of Canterbury and York for their lives.

5. Members of the Royal House created peers who are the sons or grandsons of a Sovereign.

It is further proposed that all peers who have not been elected to the Second Chamber may be eligible for election to the House of Commons.

Neither at the time of the passing of the Parliament Act, nor since, was it within the contemplation of anybody that the House of Lords should remain in the condition imposed by that Act. We have all heard of the 'debt of honour' that has not yet been paid; we have all heard of the 'death, disaster and damnation' that was to be our lot if an effective Second Chamber were not set up, but nothing whatever has been done to provide this essential element in the Constitution. All politicians, except the extremists who desire the total destruction of our present system, admit the necessity. The reason for this dangerous delay is very clear; no two politicians of any party, no two members of the House of Lords or of the House of Commons, can agree as to the nature and extent of the necessary reform. The situation is full of danger. If in the coming election, or series of elections, a small Socialist majority can be obtained, the fiscal credit of this country, which now stands so high, and on which our future depends, can be completely destroyed. The possibility of such a catastrophe is certainly not realised by the ordinary voter. Not merely is such an occurrence probable, but it is almost a certainty in case the Socialist Party are returned by a majority of even one or two. The party is pledged to a financial *coup*, which they are only restrained from effecting by the fact that they have no independent majority and hold office at the mercy of the divided forces of Liberals and Conservatives. Any attempt to bring about their long-promised innovation would at once unite the two opposing parties and result in their ejection from office.

The ordinary voter is not aware of the danger; he thinks that the House of Lords has still controlling power. He has never grasped the fact that no measure of finance, however ruinous, can be stopped or even entertained by the House of Lords. Nobody now dare claim for that House the power over finance it theoretically possessed equally with the House of Commons in the days before it walked into the trap that had been set for it by Mr. Lloyd George. If it does not acquire some power over finance, it might as well not exist at all, or rather it had better not exist at all, because ordinary folk rely on it for protection when

its power to protect has gone. The utmost that can now be properly claimed for it is a power of holding up a financial measure until the wishes of the people are obtained by a general election or a referendum. If the people, after the matter has been submitted to them, decide to allow some ruinous financial measure to become law, they cannot be saved—their blood will be on their own heads. All people have the right to work out their own damnation, but they should get a chance of full instruction and deliberation before taking a fatal step.

The prestige of the House of Lords is beyond doubt a great asset and should not be lightly abandoned in any scheme of reconstruction. It is the oldest and most venerable of our institutions; it has descended through many centuries, and has, on the whole, played a noble and useful part in our great history. It is directly descended from the Grand Council of the nation; it reaches back beyond the Norman Conquest into the dim and shadowy regions of the past. The House of Commons appeared much later, and only came into existence in the thirteenth century.

We are not to forget that even in recent years, by rejecting the Convention of London, the House of Lords saved us from certain defeat in the war. It has always been regarded as our main bulwark against revolutionary change, and it has always retained the respect of our people, in whom a salutary natural conservatism is inherent.

In these days of professional and paid politicians men are disposed to look with favour on a class that is more or less above pecuniary considerations. The great tradition of public service that attaches to inherited rank is still in full force, as in the case of the Monarchy, and the training is of inestimable value. The young peer is brought up to believe that there rests on him a heavy obligation to perform public duty. The teaching is not in every case attended with success; there are notorious failures, but on the whole every one of them is made to understand that he will not retain the respect of his own class or of the people at large if he does not attempt to play up to the *rôle* demanded of him. People were immensely impressed by the splendid devotion exhibited by the sons of the peers during the war. The peerage, beyond doubt, still retains a strong hold on the respect of the nation, notwithstanding the assaults made upon it by the Manchester School during the Victorian period, and the furious denunciations of democratic orators in recent years.

As a class the peers have suffered terribly from death duties and exceptional taxation. The great houses are being gradually closed, the great estates are being rapidly sold, the great collections are being dispersed; the envy and hatred that used to be displayed against their owners is diminishing, and is now directed

more against the classes who have acquired their wealth by commercial pursuits.

In the country places the popularity of the peerage is beyond question, and even in the towns in their neighbourhood they are always invoked to take the leading part in patriotic or charitable enterprises. The ladies of such families in this country are, for the most part, devoted to useful work. They take an active and energetic share in all beneficent public concerns. In the Great War these ladies played their part in a manner that was quite up to the splendid level of their fathers and their brothers. They nursed in hospitals, collected money, made munitions, drove cars, and attended to the wants of the fighting men in every way. Such a record is not to be lightly turned down.

The House of Lords, with its surroundings, still stands high in the public estimation, even in this democratic age. But it is vulnerable in two places—the hereditary element and its undue partizanship. The latter charge, of partizanship, is far the more formidable, as it cannot very well be denied. This is pointed out by Lord Hugh Cecil in his book on Conservatism, a highly philosophic and instructive work that should be in every house. The hereditary character of the House of Lords is less exposed to indictment. After all, how well it works in the case of the Monarchy. It is not absent in the case of our great business firms and companies. It has its theoretic disadvantages, but in practice it works well.

The popular sentiment about the House of Lords is very genuine, and affects the minds of great numbers outside the ranks of the Conservative Party. In any scheme of reconstruction the peerage, with its prestige and history, could not wisely be left out.

Turning to another element in the reconstructed Upper Chamber, an opportunity should be afforded of giving some representation to the Dominions and the Dependencies beyond the seas. We possess a vast Empire such as no other people ever enjoyed, but its value is neither realised nor appreciated. No other nation possesses such a field on which its surplus population may live and thrive.

The terrible problem of the unemployed is the nightmare of all statesmen. The fact stares us in the face that there is not enough work in these islands for their population. If every unemployed person could now obtain work, a thing almost inconceivable, in a very few years the rising generation would be with us, claiming the right to work and live, and, unless statesmanship can devise some practical means of transplanting large portions of our population to other parts of our Empire, nothing but disaster awaits us. The young men and women of the upper and middle classes are quite ready to go as pioneers anywhere; the lure of adventure is part of their tradition. But the labouring classes are persistently

deluded into the belief that under Socialist schemes they can all live prosperously in these islands. The truth is the Empire is dangerously under-populated. Canada, destined to be one of the richest countries in the world, has a population of less than 9,000,000. Australia, a great continent that could support perhaps 250,000,000 people, is inhabited by 5,000,000 of our race. Then there are New Zealand, Africa, including much land now habitable that was formerly unfit for white settlers, and other vast domains over which our flag flies. Are we prepared to throw away this great inheritance?

Before we can enter upon practical schemes for the utilising of our wealth we must see to it that wise arrangements can be made with our Dominions and their statesmen. We can do nothing without their full consent and hearty co-operation. We must try to bind them to us by strong cords that will stand whatever strain may come. It is a serious question whether a Democracy can really retain a great Empire for any considerable time. If things are allowed to go on as in the immediate past, it is possible, indeed probable, that we shall lose the Empire. If this occurs, it will certainly not be the fault of our Dominions. They have clung to us in spite of discouragement; they have fought for us and shed their best blood in our quarrel. But how are we treating them to-day? The Premiers of the Empire are summoned from beyond the seas. They answer the call at great inconvenience and expense. They come in the hope that, after their invaluable services to the Mother Country, any reasonable demand they make will be gladly conceded. After months of careful deliberation they agree to certain resolutions which are approved of by the Government in power. There is nothing extreme about these resolutions. They abolish the duties on certain things produced within the Empire; they increase the duties on certain products of foreign origin; they impose some new duties in order to favour Empire-grown products. These changes would not affect the cost of living to any appreciable extent; their effect in encouraging Empire production would be very great indeed. Parliament would have confirmed these resolutions had it not been for the December election, and the fall of the Unionist Government.

This grave and important matter has now become the sport of British party politics. The careful plans of the Empire Premiers are rejected and the great Dominions feel themselves repelled and affronted.[1] It would, surely, have been to our advantage to risk,

[1] *Vide* the authoritative articles in the *Nineteenth Century and After* by the Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand (November 1923), the Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia (February 1924), and the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner for Australia (May 1924).

or even to suffer, a slight loss rather than to sacrifice the good-will of our best customers and friends. We have driven every one of our Dominions into a dangerous meditation as to whether their ties to the Mother Country are worth preserving. All this has happened at a time when these same Dominions, at enormous expense and endless labour, have shown in the great British Empire Exhibition what they are capable of and what amazing progress they have made.

We must try to make amends and atone for our stupidity in the past, and the most effective way in which we can do this is to instal their representatives at the very heart of our governmental system. Representation in the House of Commons is impossible, but representation in the reformed House of Lords is quite possible. To have some of their own citizens sitting in that historic Chamber, with the power of bringing before the Empire their views on important Imperial questions, would be a most valuable advantage. I doubt very much if any Government would have had the hardihood to abandon the gate of the Pacific if the indignant voices of the Dominion representatives had been heard in the House of Lords.

It may be said that the members nominated could not be induced to come. So far as can be ascertained, the small quota required to represent each Dominion could easily be procured, and would be proud to take part in the Empire's high policy. The debates in their Parliaments demonstrate the likelihood of their sending men quite capable of holding their own amongst our best speakers. These representatives should be nominated by their respective Governments.

In order to secure their acceptance of the duty it must be made worth their while, and therefore, if a life office is not deemed desirable, a substantial period of years should be arranged.

If it is objected that members from the Dominions should not interfere in our domestic affairs, it can be provided that there are to be two kinds of sittings of the House—one for Imperial matters and the other for domestic, such as Bills from the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor for the time being having the power to decide into which category the particular question is to go.

There is another matter that requires most serious consideration—under modern conditions, some of the wisest and best of our citizens may be wholly excluded from serving the country in the House of Commons. Such a thing as a safe seat is now unknown; the most experienced Minister may go from constituency to constituency and be rejected. That may seem quite right in the eyes of the thorough-going democrat, but in the end it means the loss of the services of valuable and trained politicians—a very grave matter.

Again, there are classes of men who from temperament or want of physical vigour could never be induced to stand the strain and annoyance of a popular election, and yet possess qualities that would be of the greatest value in the service of the State. Surely in reconstructing the Second Chamber it should be possible to provide room for such men. The task is one of the utmost difficulty, but it is not impossible. Many men of the highest ability have done their best to produce proposals for the reform of the Parliament Act, and have failed.

I do not intend to discuss these schemes, because they were all put before the Bryce Commission and most fully and fairly examined, only in the end to be rejected. Since the Bryce Commission, a proposal has been put forward by Lord Hugh Cecil in three letters to the *Morning Post*. Everything suggested by so able and sincere a constitutionalist deserves most careful consideration. The gist of his scheme is that the two Houses should be left as they stand, and that a third House of Parliament should be created, which would be an elected chamber representing the Commons, and therefore able to deal with finance.

Although the scheme has much that is good in it, it made no way, such an innovation as another elected chamber proving an insurmountable obstacle to its serious consideration.

The Second Chamber Conference was appointed on August 25, 1917, by the Prime Minister, to sit under the presidency of Viscount Bryce, perhaps the most eminent authority of our time on the Constitutions of this and other countries. The members associated with him were thirty-one of the most able public men of the day, selected from the Liberal and Conservative parties. This distinguished body sat for more than six months. Its examination of everything necessary for enabling it to arrive at a useful conclusion was most thorough. The members, on the testimony of their chairman, avoided recrimination over past controversies, and devoted themselves to their arduous task in a spirit of fairness.

The Report of the Conference appears in the form of a letter addressed by Lord Bryce to the Prime Minister in April 1918, accompanied by recommendations. In dealing with the functions of a Second Chamber, the elements that ought to find a place in it, and the position which the Second Chamber ought to hold in our constitutional system, it is a masterly document, worthy of the great man who, for the most part, composed it. But when we come to the suggestions for the composition of the Second Chamber we are tossed about in a veritable sea of complexity.

The principle of preserving continuity between the ancient House of Lords and the new Second Chamber was accepted by all the members of the Conference, and it was decided that a certain

number of the peers selected should be taken from the existing peerage.

This section, at first consisting of eighty members from the peers and bishops, but gradually diminishing so as to be not less than thirty, was to be chosen by a Joint Standing Committee of both Houses. The other section was to consist of 246 members elected by panels of members of the House of Commons, distributed in certain geographical groups in large territorial areas.

The Conference in this matter were not unanimous—there was substantial dissent. The Report contains elaborate arrangements in respect of tenure, times and modes of election, legislative functions, adjustment of differences between the two Houses. There are three kinds of Joint Committees—one for the election of a portion of the Second Chamber, one for deciding questions with regard to financial Bills, and a third for conferring about the differences of opinion with regard to questions of general legislation.

It is all worked out by the careful hand of Lord Bryce, but it is useless to go into particulars. The complex structure fell to pieces of its own weight. To embody its recommendations would test the skill of the parliamentary draughtsmen to the utmost. If ever introduced, the criticism poured upon it would disintegrate it from beginning to end. Not one of the distinguished members of the Conference who now survive could venture to bring it forward.

What is the lesson to be deduced from the utter failure of this elaborate and conscientious effort? It is this, that any plan for the reform of the Second Chamber must be on broad lines, simple and capable of being understood by the people. The reconstructed body should be equipped with such powers as are entrusted to the Second Chambers of civilised nations.

But the House of Commons must always be dominant. The reconstructed Second Chamber should not be a mere echo of the popular Assembly, which it certainly would be if elected by them directly or indirectly, but it must never have equal authority or be a rival. It cannot enjoy equal rights in dealing with finance, nor should it have the power of unmaking Ministries. It must never be encouraged to enter on unnecessary controversies with the House of Commons, or to attempt unduly to clog the machinery of government.

What type of men are required for the reconstructed Chamber? They ought to be different from those of the popular Assembly and possess qualities supplementary to those which give its character to the House of Commons. They should be men of great personal eminence and of wide experience in affairs pertaining to our national life—men of science and learning, men who have served

in the Civil Service, in Diplomacy, in the Navy and Army, eminent men in the professions and in business, men with a special knowledge of important departments, such as the conditions and demands of labour, agriculture, finance and local government. They should not be extreme partisans, but of a cast of mind representing the more permanent attitude of the people, and capable of judging political questions calmly and without bias. They must be resolute enough to resist sudden and violent fluctuations of opinion.

The chief object of the Second Chamber should be to ascertain the deliberate will of the nation and to give effect to that will when adequately expressed. But some power over finance it must have; it should be capable of holding up measures imperilling our financial stability and other measures of a fundamental character till the will of the people is fully ascertained—but no longer.

It should discuss great questions in a quiet atmosphere. It should act as a moderating power in public affairs and try to influence the people by the character of its debates.

It is plain that the persons required, and the qualities required, for such an efficient Second Chamber could never be obtained by any kind of popular election. Every scheme for the reform of a constitution is open to endless criticism, but we should remember that Second Chambers in other countries could be attacked on grounds as serious as any that can be brought against this scheme. Yet every one of these Chambers has proved its utility in contributing to good government and tranquillity.

Perfection, or anything like perfection, is not to be expected—we can only endeavour to work out the best scheme that will operate justly and fairly for the good of the people.

Before starting any criticism, let the critic realise that the danger is at our very door, and the situation does not admit of finical objections. The sands are fast running out. The election may come at a time of widespread distress or excitement, and a House of Commons may be elected with the unlimited powers conferred by the Parliament Act. By a bare majority it can impose the most cruel taxation, amounting to confiscation: it may put taxes on particular classes; it may destroy our means of national defence; it may, after two years' delay, nationalise all means of production, and destroy the Monarchy. We are the most helpless of all nations, having neither written Constitution, effective Second Chamber, nor any other protection whatever.

No censure can be too strong for the older parties whose apathy has brought us into this—the direst—peril. To them the subject is a bore and admits of no solution. None of them thought that they would ever see a Socialist Government in office in this country.

By their dissension over matters comparatively unimportant they have kept, and will keep, a Socialist Government in office for some time. Feeble folk console themselves by saying that the Socialist Government, under the control of the two older parties, has learned so much that nothing dangerous is to be apprehended. But if once the Socialists obtain an independent majority, the sheep's fleece will fall off and the real wolf will appear. The time is past for fastidious criticism.

If a substantial agreement on this matter between the Liberal and Conservative parties at an early period is not arrived at, our politicians may one day live to deplore the fact that, through narrow-minded party considerations, they have allowed the greatest of all empires to fall into disintegration and ruin.

Conservatives should realise that it is imperative that ancient institutions should be remodelled in accordance with modern views and feelings, and Liberals should reflect that a broad-minded conservative spirit is what enables nations to hold together in prosperity for long periods of time.

John Ross.

CHRISTIANITY AND BOLSHEVISM

NOT long ago an American, an earnest Christian, when dining with me, gave it as his opinion that Mr. Macdonald's shop-window treaty with the Soviet Government would and ought to prove his political grave. This sentiment was confirmed yesterday by a still more distinguished American, who informed me that the United States would have nothing to do with Bolshevism at any price, firstly, on religious grounds, spelling a New England sternness, and secondly, because it would mean its own disintegration through the entire upsetting of law. There was no question of the Munroe doctrine in this determined isolation, but a conviction that the Stars and Stripes would be soiled by such a connection, apart from the danger of peaceful penetration by means of a Satanic propaganda. It is a satire that the country of the dollar and the cradle of that unfortunate word ' self-determination ' should have to read us such a lesson. One of these friends was disgusted at the *volteface* which has taken place this side whereby a Government includes men who during the war, if they had been logical, would have handed the British Empire over to Germany without a qualm, probably quoting the Sermon on the Mount. The sad fact underlying such a travesty is that birds of a feather flock together and that for some obscure reason the Extreme Left appears unable to appreciate what has occurred in Russia, traceable not so much to a gentle and crudely religious people, if rightly led, as to a brutal clique of savage minds, mainly of Semitic origin, who are exploiting an illiterate peasantry, after having murdered the intelligentsia and revenged themselves on the privileged few who had gone far to produce this monstrous reaction. When the slaughter of priests and the impending death of an archbishop of the Greek Church were under consideration, a strong protest was made from Rome, Canterbury and our Free Churches without exception. I am the more astonished that a great chorus of indignation has not been stirred by the Prime Minister of Great Britain shaking hands, even provisionally, with those who foully did to death our late ally, the cousin of our Sovereign, and who, if not personally participants, have at least not offered the vestige of an apology. Even this outrage pales before their blatant defiance of God and openly

expressed intention of reducing the world to a condition of atheism, anarchy, disorder and revolution. Here it is only just to recall the previous moribund condition of their own Church, that arch-villain Rasputin and the horrors of Siberia under a *régime* which no sane person can excuse.

I have lately received a rosy account of Lenin as the friend of humanity, with a delightful personality and a special love for children in private life. This may or may not be true, but he stands, and ever will stand, for the majority of us as a fallen arch-angel, whose disordered brain aimed at the destruction of the soul of Russia as a start-off, the recrucifixion of the suffering Christ and the coronation of Nicolai Lenin, under cover of a distinct simplicity and undeniable charm. Such was that charm in his oratory, which exalted hate into a virtue, that a prince who had been in the Tsar's suite, had been three times put up to be shot and had escaped from prison disguised as a Bolshevist, told me how, when listening to him three paces off in a crowd, he was so influenced that he found himself laughing at his own class and ended by feeling capable of shooting any aristocrat he might happen to meet. It is the spirit of this satyr in human guise, as he later became, fostered by the dregs of the favoured people, which is at the back of this destructive congeries misrepresenting true Russia, who are gradually seducing our laity from the highest to the lowest and many of our younger and reasonably discontented clergy by preaching self-expression at any cost, avoidance of discipline, disloyalty to pledges given and every other abomination conceivable. It naturally attracts, and at the outset apparently pays, as every other appeal to the lower instincts which are innate in all, but I am surprised and saddened beyond words that this island, whose sure foundation is the Book and the Cross, if it is not to perish, should be the slave of a drug more pernicious than cocaine, while the *nouveaux riches* and others of that ilk silence any fine gesture made in the name of God and the King.

Though aware of the tendency to excuse ourselves at the expense of others, the present change in the ethical atmosphere appears traceable to the sinister development of the Russian Revolution, in which many of us at first rejoiced as a possible liberation from a state of affairs that elicited the execration of all lovers of freedom. The 'up-to-date' attitude of vulgar independence, personal embitterment, the mischief of the dole, precursor of a lazy nation, the reluctance of girls to enter service, the vision of a hobnailed Parliament, the enormous increase of Communistic schools, with the contempt of Jesus actually taught to our little ones, the reduction of the peerage to a subject for laughter, a new greed for gold, the commingling of a hitherto dignified type with any and every who possess the golden key, and,

worst of all, the appalling decline in reverence to parents and the loathing of obedience, are, in my humble opinion, a repercussion from Leningrad, now jocularly known under the familiar term 'Bolshie.' We know well that such phenomena may be historically and politically explained, but my present quarrel is that the leader of a minority in the House of Commons who suggests part metaphysician, part aristocrat, part champion of the masses, should pledge the honour of our country by aiding and abetting such disaster. That this modern King Canute will find himself unable to stay the waves for which he is obliquely responsible there is no question, and that the real wing of the Labour Party will turn him down I am also persuaded, while whatever measures the latter may adopt will at least be genuine, and we shall know how to deal with it instead of the miserable play-acting which at present obtains. We have never had, and never will have, the smallest fear of the *bonâ fide* British working man, once his eyes are opened to the will-o'-the-wisp agitators who vainly attempt to lure him into the morass, purely for their own aggrandisement. Those who for love of Christ have spent many years in the slums, and have enjoyed it as the happiest life under the sun, have a right to be indignant with these misleaders of the ignorant who offer the prize of an utterly false paradise at the expense of the taxpayer. For such, knowing them well personally, they have the heartiest contempt, and, without the shadow of a doubt, far more pity for the poor, proven, not by shallow talk, but by dwelling among them, sharing their sorrows and inspiring them to play the man, avoid the drink, walk in their own boots and eventually make good.

There is one aspect of the question which is too much neglected, namely, that we always get the treatment we deserve, nor can I ever recall a rough word from the lowest of the community, having for years learned the lesson of no respect of persons through having respect for all. The reason I detest Bolshevism and all its works is that it battens on anger and greed, while Jesus spells the opposite of both. I implore my fellow-countrymen to remember that a real gentle-man (a word which should always be hyphenated to avoid confusion) is unassailable and is the strongest answer to the Bolshevist-minded under the greatest provocation. If I had had to do with Lenin, the man, during his terrible sufferings, I hope I should have proved the gentlest nurse and patiently attempted to trace the cause of his distorted nature from a great potentiality into a world-wide curse. But in public it would have been a duel to the death, without a shade of compromise. Say what you will, this argument is infallible in every household where the class above mentioned find it as difficult to lose their servants as others to get them. Therefore it behoves all to ask if they are privately acting as breakwaters against this tide of mania to rule

which threatens to sweep over every civilised country. One of the finest phrases at the commencement of the war, which sent thousands cheerfully to lay down their lives, was that it spelt an attack on Bethlehem. Until the same tocsin is sounded as regards Bolshevism in all its aspects I seriously question whether a similar enthusiasm will produce a similar victory. It will certainly not be effected by what is called a brighter London, prizefighting, the lowering of the stage, the publication of ghastly horrors by the Press, an insane luxury in dress and every sort of self-indulgence, which is playing into the hands of the enemy and creating a splendid soil for their sowing.

I write thus because we have become tired of cultured descriptions of the obvious which suggest no remedies, whereas it is as certain as the rising of the sun that unless all Christians of every colour, dropping their foolish bickerings and petty differences, unite in a single passion, namely, the imitation of their common Head, the spirit of Bolshevism is bound to undermine the most ancient and revered institutions. It may sound a paradox, but it is deadly true; you will only disarm Bolshevism by personal love, and a wise motto for a man to take is '*Omnia vincit amor,*' Leninism included. Our own methods, though they may be spurned as professional, prolonged and the reverse of exciting, would be a restoration of the Sunday-school teacher, the delicately minded and intelligent district visitor, the humane but strict employer of labour, the ideal and resident landlord, the foregoing of all pomp and display, the curtailment of gambling, an heroic battle against drink and vice—in fine, the living out of the Christ, with a minimum of ostentation and a maximum of sacrifice. Such a crusade will alone produce a revival and band men and women to fight with all their might against this pernicious attack on the modesty and manliness which constitute the genuine glory of the Empire.

To conclude, Bolshevism is a germ of the most virulent kind, and it requires no pointing out that the untapped resources of Russia, which are illimitable, afford no small temptation to the financier and furnish a plausible election cry as a chance of increasing trade and diminishing non-employment. Each party in its turn has unfortunately dallied with the same fallacy, but up till now, so far as I have studied the question, the subjective has been brushed aside as of no account, and statesmen have not dared to raise the standard of Calvary compared to the material and illusory prospects afforded. When a disease is in the air science suggests the building of health into a state of *bien-être* as its sole defence, and this accounts for my passionate plea on moral issues, while each knows instinctively without being told the conditions of his own immunity. We have no desire to preach, being the enemy of

ranting as only another thrill, but we would gravely state that such is the insidiousness of this damnable spirit of lawlessness and self-assertion that the order of the day should be 'St. George and the Dragon' rather than the pirate flag of a roaring trade with the Soviet Government and phantom millions of dirty money in defiance both of our conscience and of our noblest traditions.

HUGH B. CHAPMAN,
Chaplain of the Savoy.

DISTANCES OF THE STARS

Astronomy teaches us about the earth, the solar system and the stellar universe. The fixity of relative position and common motion of the fixed stars is interpreted to mean that the earth is a great globe which rotates about an axis fixed in direction, and that the stars are at a vast distance compared with the size of the earth. The movement of the sun and planets among the stars is interpreted as the revolution of the earth and planets in large orbits round the sun, and the stars are found to be at vast distances even in comparison with that of the sun. Observations of the stars are required in making precise determinations of the size and shape of the earth, but for this purpose they are treated as so many fixed reference points whose positions have been carefully plotted. They have served the same purpose as reference points in verifying that the intricate movements of the moon and planets are deducible from the law of gravitation. The determination of their distances was for centuries one of the goals of astronomers. When the argument of Galileo's telescope reinforced the geometrical considerations of Copernicus so powerfully that belief in the heliocentric system was assured, the possibility of measuring the distances of some of the nearer stars was increased enormously. In fact, one of the greatest arguments against the Copernican system was founded on the fact that no indication had been observed of any change in the relative positions of the stars.

The nature of the changes to be anticipated can be made clear by a very simple example. Suppose there are two posts in line with the observer, one much nearer than the other. If the observer takes a step to the right, the nearer post will appear to the left of the more distant one; if he steps to the left, it will appear to have moved to the right. Suppose now there are two stars in line with the sun. As the earth moves round the sun, the nearer star should appear to move round the more distant one. This change of position is called by astronomers *parallax*—a small change in angular position caused by the change of position of the observer. The parallax of a star is defined as the small angle between the lines joining the star to the earth and to the sun at the time when

this angle is largest, that is, when the line joining the earth and the sun is practically perpendicular to the lines joining the star to these two bodies. This angle is measured in seconds of arc—and to an angle of 1″ corresponds a distance 200,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth; to an angle of 0″·1, a distance 2,000,000 times this distance; to an angle of 0″·01, a distance of 20,000,000 times this distance.

An angle of 0″·01 is extremely small, being the angle subtended at the earth's centre by two points one foot apart on the earth's surface.

The greater the distances of the stars, the smaller are these angular changes, and for a very long time they were smaller than could be detected by the instruments astronomers possessed. Efforts were constantly being made, but always with negative results. Bradley's attempt about 1650 led to the discovery of the aberration of light and the nutation of the earth's axis. Herschel's attempt more than a century later disclosed the existence of double stars revolving about one another. By the beginning of the nineteenth century astronomers were convinced that none of the stars were nearer than 100,000 times the distance of the sun. They believed that they were essentially like the sun, which at such a distance would not show a disc in the largest telescope and would appear no brighter than a star.

In the years 1830–1840, somewhat dramatically, the distances of three different stars were measured by three different astronomers. Henderson at the Cape found α Centauri to be 200,000 times as distant as the sun. Struve at Dorpat found Vega to be 800,000 times, and Bessel at Konigsberg found 61 Cygni to be 600,000 times as distant as the sun. Bessel's measure of 61 Cygni was specially trustworthy; the optician Fraunhofer had constructed for him an instrument called a heliometer, specially suitable for the measurements requisite in these investigations. For the next half-century all trustworthy measures of stellar distance were made with this kind of instrument. As the result of a great deal of careful and patient observing the distances of some seventy stars had been determined by the end of the century. An appendix to a book of Newcomb's published in 1905 contains a list of the stars whose distances were considered by the author to have been satisfactorily determined. The total number is seventy-two. Forty of the stars are at various distances, between 300,000 and 2,000,000 times the distance of the sun from us. The remainder are at greater distances which cannot be precisely determined.

When a star's distance is known, it is easy to find its brightness as compared with the sun, on the simple principle that if it were twice as near four times as much light would be received by us. In this way it was found that the stars differed greatly in their

absolute luminosity, some giving out 100 times as much light as the sun and others not more than one hundredth part.

Astronomy had at the same time been progressing in other directions. Many double stars had been observed from the times of Herschel and Struve, and had been found to describe orbits round one another, as the earth does round the sun, the difference being that in these cases the two stars are both of them bodies like the sun. When the distances of the stars from the earth are known the scale of these orbits are readily calculated, and, in addition, the time taken for one component of a double star to complete a revolution round its companion gives a ready means of comparing the mass of the double star with that of the sun. In this way the masses of two or three stars were found to be a little greater than the sun.

There was no question of the value of the results obtained from these sixty years' observations with heliometers. They supplied the one element required to complete our previous knowledge. Thus the measure of the distance of Sirius enables us to say that the two stars of which it consists are 2·5 and 1·2 times as massive as the sun; that the brighter component is thirty times as luminous as the sun and the fainter component only one hundredth, and that their mean distance apart is 2,000,000,000 miles. At the beginning of this century the extension of our knowledge of the distances of stars was one of the most pressing needs of astronomers. But work with the heliometer was very laborious, and only by slow degrees were new results obtained. Besides this, those which were expected to be the nearest stars had been measured first, and more distant ones would present greater difficulties. This extension was brought about by the application of photography. In theory, three photographs only are required of any star which is thought to be comparatively near, and which is surrounded by neighbouring stars which are assumed to be much more distant. These photographs are taken at intervals of about six months, the third falling at the same time of the year as the first. By comparison of the third photograph with the first the annual change of angular position of the star relative to its neighbour is determined. This is due to what is called proper motion, and is caused by the direct motion of the star in a straight line as seen from the earth. When this is allowed for, a comparison of the second photograph with the first and third shows the change of position, caused by the fact that the earth when the photographs were taken was at points on opposite sides of the sun, ninety million miles away from it. In practice a number of photographs are taken in each of these three positions, because the quantities to be measured are excessively small, and it is necessary to minimise as far as possible the inevitable errors of observation.

One of the earliest attempts to determine the distances of stars by means of photography was made by Professor Pritchard at Oxford, beginning in the year 1886. He had only moderate success, as the various sources of error to which the photographs and measures were liable were not fully realised, and his telescope was only of 11 feet 3 inches focal length. A much better series of observations were begun at Cambridge by Mr. Hinks and Mr. H. N. Russell in the year 1903. The experience gained in the determination of the distance of the sun by means of photographs of the small planet Eros showed that many precautions needed to be taken in order to obtain the necessary precision. Mr. H. N. Russell, after returning to America, published a volume giving the results of these observations. The distances of some fifty stars were found with considerable accuracy, and it was shown how much could be learned about the stars themselves when distance was known as well as brightness, colour and other data, with which astronomers were already familiar.

About the same time Mr. Schlesinger in America obtained, through Professor Hale, the opportunity of experimenting with the large Yerkes refractor. This telescope possessed the great advantage of being much longer than any which had been previously employed on the determination of stellar distances, having a focal length of 62 feet. Mr. Schlesinger was at the Yerkes Observatory from May 1903 to March 1905, and carefully considered precautions and details necessary to obtain the most accurate results. He was successful in showing that a very high precision was attainable by photographic methods with comparatively little labour when a long telescope was skilfully handled.

By the end of 1910, several observatories in America and Greenwich in England were employing large telescopes on the determination of the distances of stars, in the belief that nothing would contribute to the progress of astronomy more than a great extension of our knowledge of stellar distances.

A committee, with Mr. Schlesinger as chairman, was formed of the directors of observatories taking part in this class of work for its general co-ordination. The work has been pursued so vigorously that a catalogue compiled by Mr. Schlesinger in 1924 gives the distances of 1870 stars. The accuracy of these results is guaranteed by the agreement of different observatories, for about a third of the stars have been observed at two or more places.

We may consider briefly some of the ways in which these measures of distance have increased our knowledge of the stars. In the first place we have identified a large proportion of our near neighbours among the stars, say of those within a million times the sun's distance. They are about thirty, and we may feel sure that the number undiscovered is less than ten. These forty stars

in a sphere of ninety million million miles radius may be compared with forty tennis balls inside a globe as large as the earth. Relatively to their sizes stars are very distant from one another, much more so than the molecules of a gas.

When the distance is known, it is easy to compare the total light given out or the absolute luminosities of the different stars. The magnitude of a star is a measure of its apparent luminosity, and enables us to calculate what the luminosity would be if the star were at some standard distance from us, say a million times the sun's distance. It is then found that the luminosities of stars differ enormously. A few stars give out 10,000 times as much light as the sun, and others less than one hundredth part. A volume of space which contains 1000 stars as luminous as the sun will contain one star a thousand times as luminous, twenty 100 times, 200 ten times, and 2500 one tenth as luminous.

With the naked eye it is easily seen that the stars are not all of the same colour. Some, like Aldebaran and Betelgeuse, are red; others, like Arcturus and the sun, yellow; and others, like Sirius and Rigel, are blue. The colours are an indication of the temperature of the stars near their surfaces, red indicating a temperature of approximately 3000° C., yellow of 5000° C., and blue still higher. This classification according to colour agrees with the more precise one furnished by spectrum analysis. Study of the coloured bands or spectra produced, when the light of the stars, collected and concentrated by a telescope, is passed through a prism, shows that the spectra of stars can be arranged in one continuous series. It might be thought that they would show numerous differences owing to differences in chemical constitution. Actually, the study of the dark lines crossing the bright bands and due to the atmosphere surrounding the stars, as well as the measurement of the relative intensities of the continuous light in the red, yellow, and blue portions of the spectrum, shows that the differences are mainly due to temperature, and afford means of determining this temperature.

By the combination of the measures of the distances with the physical characteristics of the stars obtained by the spectroscope a mine of astronomical wealth is opened. The blue stars are all found to be very luminous, say a thousand times to ten times as luminous as the sun. Further, when they are classified more exactly, according to colour, those of the same class are approximately of the same luminosity. The procedure can now be reversed, and the distance of other blue stars beyond the range of trigonometrical methods can be inferred from their apparent brightness. With the yellow stars a greater diversity of luminosity is found, and the red stars appear to divide into two classes, one much more luminous and the other much less luminous than the sun.

Although the spectroscopic classification of the stars is mainly an arrangement according to temperature, there are some minor differences to which attention was directed in 1912 by Adams and Kohlschutter, two astronomers of Mount Wilson Observatory, in California. They found, by taking stars whose luminosities could be calculated by their known distances, that these small differences in the spectra of the stars furnished a criterion of the luminosities. This criterion is to a certain extent empirical, though it is not surprising that there should be some differences between the spectra of large and small stars of the same temperature, as the surface conditions of pressure and force of gravity must be different. Observation has clearly established the value of the various criteria they have discovered, and these thus become available to determine the absolute luminosities of other stars whose distances are unknown. By comparison with the apparent luminosities as seen from the earth the distances of some 2000 stars have been found.

Observations of double stars, combined with determinations of distance, have furnished general data about the masses of stars. By observation extending over many years the angular sizes of the elliptic orbits which double stars describe about one another have been determined for a number of stars, as well as the periods of a complete revolution, say five, ten, forty, or seventy years. When the distance of a star is known the linear dimensions of the orbit are readily calculated in terms of the distance of the earth from the sun. A simple formula, known as Kepler's third law, gives the sum of the masses of the two components of the double star compared with that of the sun.

No great diversity is found among the masses of stars. Sirius and its companion have a total mass of 3·7, η Cassiopeiæ and its companion 1·8, α Centauri and its companion, 2·0, and so on. There are some greater and some smaller, but no range such as is found in the luminosities. The most massive star known is seventy times and the least massive one sixth of the mass of the sun. The most luminous stars are the most massive, but their great luminosity is due mainly to their large size, and they have a very small mean density, in some cases not more than that of the air at atmospheric pressure.

Determination of the distance completes our knowledge of the movements of individual stars, as the angular motions on the face of the sky are usually known, and the velocities to and from us are determined by the spectroscope. Among the general results the tendency of stars of large mass to have small velocities is fairly well established.

The facts which have been elicited in this way have been used as the bases of far-reaching theories of stellar evolution and the life history of stars. Some of these are very instructive, but they

are usually not free from difficulties. But it may be said without fear of contradiction that recent accurate observations of the distances of a large number of stars are furnishing a secure foundation for a description of the Stellar universe as it now is. By measuring the distances of the comparatively near stars the sizes, luminosities, colours, etc. have been closely correlated. Then the apparent magnitude of a star is in many cases a clue to its distance. In this way reasonable estimates can be made of the distances of such objects as the Milky Way, the Magellanic Clouds, clusters and spiral nebulæ, although they extend to 100,000 times the distance of the nearest stars.

F. W. Dyson.

LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE

It is a long dramatic journey from *The Taming of the Shrew* to *The Tempest;* but as with Shakespeare's craftsmanship, his versification, the elements of his style generally, and his transcripts and images from Nature, so under this head of his dealings with love, his creative independence is a growth, however gradual or fitful; and we may watch a progressive originality and refinement in his studies of women and sexual love till they reach their culmination in the ideal masterpiece of Ferdinand and Miranda.

On several occasions I have pointed to this chronological view of Shakespeare's treatment of love as the only trustworthy basis of any general estimate of the subject,[1] and in the present article I purpose dealing with it more systematically and more thoroughly. Not a little, however, of what I wrote in a former essay, 'Nature in Shakespeare,' might be repeated here almost unchanged, as will be evident from these two brief quotations:

> As the style of Shakespeare is a gradual change from restraint to freedom, so also the conventional treatment of the natural world in his dramas gradually gives place to creative and first-hand work.

Here we have merely to substitute for the words 'the natural world' the word 'love.' Or again:

> It would seem that towards the close of his authorship he found a fresh delight in Nature, and wrote of it not only with a new truth and beauty, but also with a new tenderness—
>
> 'As gentle
> As zephyrs blowing below the violet.'

Here let me add that the man who could write in this way about flowers might be expected to write about women with an equal tenderness:

> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

And thus, as it seems to me, we may pass easily and naturally

[1] 'Nothing good can be said about the heroines of Shakespeare unless it has reference to the whole process of their evolution. We have to follow the poet through some twenty years during which he advanced his studies of women to higher and yet higher standards of perfection' (Arden *Twelfth Night*, 3rd edition, p. 195).

from the one to the other, and examine for a moment the poet's treatment of Miranda—'herself a fairer flower'—[2]

> So glad of this as they I cannot be,
> Who are surprised with all.

Here is the new tenderness, not unmixed with regret. Dramatically they are the words of Prospero as concerning Ferdinand and Miranda, but Shakespeare never allowed the spirit to be stifled by an inert form, the maker to be nullified by the thing made, or the poet to be extinguished by his mere drama; he remains a presence to be felt and known; and the careful student of Shakespeare's twenty years of authorship will have learned to recognise at intervals the voice of the creator in his magnificent creations, and will give to the passage an ampler and more beautiful meaning.

It is the thought, first of all, of George Meredith:

> She is athirst, and drinking up her wonder;
> Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.

It is the thought—I care not how hackneyed—of every man who has not come into this world in vain:

> There's nothing half so sweet in life
> As Love's young dream.

It is, further, the thought of Byron:

> My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone.

And yet again it is the thought of Byron:

> But tho' I cannot be beloved,
> Still let me love.

And, lastly, it is the new tenderness of all the love scenes of the later romances, and most of all of the poet's last and supreme effort, to which we will now return.

'At the first sight They have changed eyes.' Let us first note—and note carefully—that everything appertaining to the love of Ferdinand and Miranda must be of an ideal perfectness; it will emerge therefore out of the ideal doctrine of love at first sight.[3] At this point indeed it will be instructive to examine, as far as may be, all the ideal elements that go to make up this marvellous painting of love;

> A man's reach is beyond his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?

These words of Robert Browning are especially true of the artist: as a creator of the ideal, his conception will often be in advance of any absolutely perfect execution, but his general scheme will

[2] *Paradise Lost*, iv., 270.

[3] See *Handbook to Shakespeare*, by Morton Luce, pp. 384, 385.

remain plausible in spite of a few inconsistencies. The fact is that when we enter the artist's ideal world we must accept the ideal conditions which alone make that world possible. Take the case of Miranda. Here we have the story of a woman who has been kept absolutely unspotted from the world; she has never seen a man, nor indeed one of her own sex, and so forth; yet, on the other hand, her father has given her a most liberal education. To this we add the experiences of her island life, and the strange scenes of the wreck of which she has lately been a witness; and these facts, together with not a few of her own unguarded expressions, might have a disturbing effect but for this important law of the ideal; it is a law indeed that shakes off all such trifling inconsistencies 'as dewdrops from the lion's mane.'

After this preliminary consideration I should like to point to the extraordinary number and variety of innovations which the poet has contrived to include among the ideal elements in his masterpiece. One of these I have indicated already, for, as depicted on Shakespeare's canvas, this love at first sight is a new creation.

Not altogether distinct from this is the most impressive and most daring of all these experiments in the ideal, which may therefore be the next to occupy our attention; it is not (as is partly true of Shakespeare's experiment of Helena) the dramatic and somewhat revolting *tour de force*—'Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase'—for Miranda does her share of the wooing in obedience to the laws that operate in her ideal world. Hers is the tameness of a wild creature that has never learned the fear of man; it is the prompting of a plain and holy innocence that knows nothing of the conventional pruderies which are a necessary safeguard in our ordinary life. Ideal love demands a more mutual surrender; its lovers may be likened to two dewdrops on the petals of a flower that quiver for a moment in the morning breeze before they meet and are made one. I sometimes think of another pair of lovers who, as it seems to me, ought to have 'trembled to each other' something after the manner of Ferdinand and Miranda; but when Milton worded the love-making of Adam and Eve in his Paradise, he was a little too subservient to the Biblical formula, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee"; and however beautifully he may have refined upon his text, he neglected, as I venture to believe, a golden opportunity which the greater genius of Shakespeare turned to splendid account.

But not unworthy of Milton is the next ideal excellence of the earlier poet, for there must be no untimely tampering with the virgin knot, no animal haste of passion; this love of Ferdinand and Miranda must kneel unsmirched before an Altar. Further, the lover must do penance for his love, lest too light winning make

the prize light. There is even added the safeguard of a solemn curse and an agonised vow; there must be no dallying in this ideal love; the rose may display its beauty and breathe out its fragrance, but it must not be gathered one moment before the appointed hour. On all this the poet lays a most unusual stress.

But not only this, for Shakespeare insists with an emphasis equally unusual that his ideal lovers must bring to their love an ideal past—a past of unsullied purity. On the part of Miranda, as we have seen, the dramatist has guaranteed a plain and holy innocence (not unlike that of Wordsworth's Lucy) by the adoption of a special device; this ideal purity, both of life and thought, was denied to Juliet, if only through the coarse garrulity of her nurse. Romeo, moreover, was allowed to imperil the highest dramatic possibilities of the tragedy by a gratuitous declaration of his past trifling with love. But what of Ferdinand? Here I may quote from a former essay[4]:

> Not only does Shakespeare rigidly cleanse the speech of Ferdinand and Miranda from the conventional impurities that are present in the love passages of most of the other plays, but he also makes Ferdinand protest eloquently to Miranda that his past was pure. There is no hint, or rather no declaration, of virgin manhood until Shakespeare makes his supreme effort in *The Tempest*.

Whether or not posterity has profited gratefully and to the utmost by this particular innovation I cannot say; but in the next of his advances beyond all ordinary precedent Shakespeare himself seems to come near to our own times, for he is careful to give Miranda an ideal education. Ferdinand, at any rate, would not have to complain, as Milton did not many years later, of a lack of matchable conversation in the woman he married. As far as I can remember, Miranda is the only avowedly educated woman in all the plays; Portia had an ideal wit, but she was still the 'unlesson'd girl' of those times, that is to say a girl, *and therefore* uneducated.

To be noted here, though not peculiar to *The Tempest*, is the decline of friendship as a dramatic motive. At times in the earlier plays, chiefly as a literary convention, it is something more than a rival to love. We may roughly date its decline or disappearance with *As You Like It* and *Hamlet*. For our present purpose it is interesting to remember that, owing partly to the habit of antithesis, which was stronger in his early period, and sometimes hampered him as much as it helped, Shakespeare often drew his leading characters in couples; and thus among the women of the early comedies—the best of them—we have Helena and Hermia, Portia and Jessica, Beatrice and Hero, Rosalind and Celia, Olivia and Viola. Years later, with a finer instinct, he paints his

[4] *Shakespeare: The Man and his Work*, Essay VI.

women singly; Marina, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, brook no rival on their ideal thrones.

And next, the lovers are young. To my fancy the ideal of love comes early, at any rate on the side of the woman, far earlier than we meet with it in the conceptions of most artists. Not so with Shakespeare: Juliet must still be in her teens, or she will be impossible; and along with Juliet the mere girlhood of Miranda may fairly be included in this summary of Shakespeare's new or partly new achievements of the ideal when creating his masterpiece of love.

Then, of course, there is the ideal of beauty. 'This personage,' says Aristotle when sketching his ideal tragic character, 'should be of high fame and fortune.' Such a requirement Ferdinand and Miranda satisfy, but in the case of women personal beauty is often the ideal equivalent of this condition of Aristotle. 'Most sure, the goddess!' (Virgil's '*O dea, certe!*') was the exclamation of Ferdinand when the vision of Miranda burst upon his sight; and later he protests that of the many women he has known there was not one whom he could love: in each of them he discovered some defect that repelled him. Then he sketches the familiar ideal individual who is endowed with all the virtues of his kind, but is free from their defects, and this not playfully, as we find it in *As You Like It*, but with the sincerity of a noble passion:

> But you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best.

We have to note, moreover, that the dramatist takes unusual pains to confer the ideal attribute of personal beauty on the hero of his drama as well as on the heroine; with the possible exception of *Hamlet*, I do not remember anything quite like it in any other play.

This love of Ferdinand and Miranda I regard as Shakespeare's most valuable legacy to our moral and emotional life, as it was also his last achievement. But, as all criticism is ultimately based on comparison, we must now take a glance at our own times and their conception of love. Surely it will be an advance upon Shakespeare; surely we shall find in it the wisdom of 300 years. Let us ask briefly of the writer who (here the words of Arnold might seem to have a truer ring)—

> takes dejectedly
> His seat upon the intellectual throne;

likely enough, he will point to one of his well-known novels. We look at the title with some curiosity: *Tess o' the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman*, and we almost wonder why Shakespeare did not

style his play *Miranda: A Pure Woman*. Possibly the words as employed by Hardy imply a challenge; in order to get at their meaning we must read his volume. This is not the place for a detailed analysis of the moral doctrines of the book, but what we read leaves us with an impression that the words pure and impure have lost the sharpness of antithesis they possessed in Shakespeare's day, and with that much of their vitality.

But now, speaking generally of our own times, I happen to have lately opened the morning paper, and as the heading of one of the articles I read the following: 'Plays that Mock at Marriage.' And this is the opening paragraph: 'I wonder if the theatre has ever so generally conspired to hold up marriage in a worse light than is the case just now.' A little further on we read: 'Cynicism with regard to marriage appears indeed to have beset the minds of most of our modern playwrights.'

Be this as it may, we can always at our will retrace 300 years, and return to Shakespeare; he will furnish us with a justification of wedded love sufficient, as I believe, for all time. I cannot do better than recall my belief as I expressed it some years ago:

> To him marriage was to love as metre to poetry, as form to art; it alone separated love from lust [5]; it was at once the consummation of love and its crown.[6]

Indeed, I cannot refrain from repeating that we have in this great poet the loftiest conception of human love that is to be found in all literature; I am also inclined to believe that the artist was not altogether unworthy of his achievement; and I will venture to call attention to the chief articles or principles of this other belief of mine. Some of them, no doubt, remain debatable; some I have endeavoured to establish on other occasions; and some again may be regarded as self-evident. They are as follows: (1) Shakespeare was a religious man. (2) His religion was that of the Church and State of his time. (3) He was a firm believer in marriage, and (4) in the sanctity of marriage. (5) If we use the word moral as the antithesis of immoral we may with confidence put Shakespeare on the moral side. (6) In his writings he distinguished most sternly between lust and love; he lost no opportunity of condemning—or rather execrating—the one and of exalting the other. (7) With but few exceptions, Shakespeare's heroines had already been sketched by another hand, sometimes in outline, sometimes elaborately; but he never failed to add beauty and refinement to his originals.

And now, lest my argument should seem overweighted at the end, and lack some of the essentials of a beginning, I should

[5] See Sonnet 129 for a remarkable denunciation of the 'lust of the flesh.'

[6] *Shakespeare: The Man and his Work*, p. 256.

explain that it has been my method to point at once to what I have called the masterpiece of Ferdinand and Miranda, to this culmination, that is to say, of Shakespeare's long and varied experience in the artistic presentation of love; in the lofty ideals of *The Tempest* we see his final conceptions put before us clearly and comprehensively, and at any point in the long journey we can measure with a sufficient accuracy our distance from the goal.

The principle is sound, but its application may, of course, be varied indefinitely. As one example we may set out with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In this play Shakespeare's art of love is of the earliest and the crudest, and the false conventions of friendship pointed at on a former page are allowed to stultify and degrade the nobler passion. Julia, however, may be regarded as a first faint sketch of Viola, and Julia and Lucetta, one of the dramatist's early pairs of women, will appear on the stage later far more highly developed as Portia and Nerissa. It is a relief to pass from this play even to the frolic and banter of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Next we come to the rather commonplace couples of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, whom the poet has barely tinged with the ideal, and next to the caricature rather than character of *The Taming of the Shrew*; and some might add the wife of Hotspur, and measure the intervening distance between her and the wife of Brutus. After these we may take another glance at Helena, the pursuing woman mentioned above, and at Romeo and Juliet, who have already been contrasted with Ferdinand and Miranda. Then follow the strange couple whose love parleyings are a medley of repartee and sarcasm, and who must be dragged to their altar. Far in advance of all this is the idyllic love of Rosalind and Orlando, and after them we may discern in Viola the more than half-way perfectness of womanhood; but, again, in the saintliness of Isabella the poet has reached and grasped a yet higher ideal. And now we come to Ophelia, who reflects the weakness of her lover without his philosophy, and shares his doom and our pity. There follow three studies in the ideal, an ideal that each may interpret according to his will: the ideal, shall we say, of sacrifice in Desdemona, of wedded purity in Virgilia, and of filial devotion in Cordelia? And now we reach the wonderful series of women, Marina, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, on whom the poet appears to bestow the new tenderness I spoke of at the outset; and in the last of these, the crowning vision of Miranda, we seem to recognise an ideal of love that a great dramatist might be expected to put upon his stage when all other types had been exhausted. Surely in the something more than earthly perfectness of this final creation the poet may be said to

> Soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

What else we may note as we pass from one to another of this astonishing array of dramatic characters, especially of the women—the flippancy that gives place to seriousness, petty trifling to dignity, effusiveness to reserve, and that without any loss whatever of feminine charm and attractiveness; and of the other sex man's amused, or condescending, or cynical, or contemptuous tolerance changed gradually to a respect for woman that is akin to reverence[7]; and, as on the part of the artist, immature convention ever ripening towards mature and magnificent conviction; how, moreover, we may contrast the rattling tongue of a Rosaline, or a Beatrice, or even a Rosalind[8] with the voice of Cordelia, soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman—all these and a thousand other comparisons and differences can only be suggested here. Indeed, in a short article I can do little more than indicate the method; its working out in detail I may perhaps leave for some other occasion.

To that occasion also I may refer a note on those women in Shakespeare's dramas—Cleopatra, for instance—who in more senses than one may be regarded as classic, and have become the exclusive property of artistic literature. To these might be added certain of the great tragic figures. My dealings have been chiefly with the series of characters who are by far the most important for our subject, the men and women of our social life, or mostly such; it is from these, at least in the first instance, that we must learn Shakespeare's doctrine of love.

[7] 'And I thus humble ever' (*The Tempest*, III, 1, 87)

[8] 'Let me make this quite clear by an example; could we think of Miranda as saying these words, or as having them said to her. "You shall take a woman without her answer when you take her without her tongue"? And this on the side of the artist is the masculine pettiness and presumption that spoils the picture of any woman' (*Handbook to Shakespeare*, p 247)

MORTON LUCE.

TALES OF ESTONIA

ESTONIA is one of the youngest of European nations. To us it still is little known. But a volume of short stories by Madame Kallas, translated from the Finnish original, may help to interest England in the history of the country and its people.

The White Ship and other Stories has literary merits of a rare order. In his preface to the volume Mr. Galsworthy lays stress on their distinctive quality. 'Reading them,' he writes, 'one is conscious of a new dish—of a strange flavour, and of coming close to primal things.' The sentence accurately expresses the peculiar impression which the work of Madame Kallas produces. But the freshness does not lie in any novelty of treatment. It rather lies in the reversion to the most ancient methods of narrative. In this sophisticated, cultivated age nothing is rarer than success in this form of composition. The stories are told without any of the literary artifices of romance : its picturesque scene-painting, its vague generalities, its overstrained emotional appeals. Neither are they loaded with the technicalities and trivialities of modern realism. The method is rather that of Biblical narratives or of the oldest writers of ballads. Nothing is stagey or far-fetched ; no unnecessary details crowd the canvases. The stories are founded on fact, and keep close to realities. Cool and quiet in manner, bare of ornament or superfluous adjectives, each little drama is presented with the sureness of outline drawing, the simplicity, the directness which are the special qualities of ancient story-tellers in prose or verse.

Novel readers, like housekeepers, pine for a 'new dish.' Here it is supplied. But there is a real danger that English readers may be repelled by the uniform gloom of the colouring. It is not enough to say that, in the rough conditions of life which Madame Kallas describes, stories as they actually happen generally have a tragic ending. In a more special sense, also, the sombre tone is necessitated by truth to facts ; it reflects the peculiarly dark history of the people. Before the Great War Estonia was only known to England as one of the Baltic provinces of Russia. Her very identity was, as it were, swallowed up in the immensity of the Empire of the Czar. Scarcely a whisper ever reached these

shores of the heroic struggle which, for more than seven centuries, her people have tenaciously made to retain their nationality, to preserve their language, to regain their freedom. So prolonged a period of oppression and, till a century ago, of actual personal slavery has necessarily left its mark of melancholy. The black streak, which on the national flag separates the stripes of blue and of white, symbolises actualities. It represents historical facts that form the grim background to the tales of Madame Kallas.

Before 1918 the Estonian peasant lived under the Baltic barons in a state of medieval serfdom. To-day he has passed into the freedom and independence which characterise the most advanced European communities. Thus the stories of Madame Kallas preserve a picture of a society which has already completely disappeared. They also embody living traditions and, in some cases, living experiences. They are founded on genuine material, orally transmitted ; but they belong, with one exception, to various periods in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and only two to so late a date as 1905. Madame Kallas is therefore fortunate in the time at which she writes. She does not stand so close as to lose artistic perception and to become purely photographic. Neither does she stand at such a distance as to sacrifice distinctness of outline to romantic vagueness. She is not an eye-witness of the actual scenes that she describes, nor does she belong to the same generation as her actors. But she is on the edge of the period, and she breathes its atmosphere. Her stories have the right ring. Not only have they the qualities of strength and simplicity : they are also instinct with the colour and sensation of the environment ; they carry conviction of reality.

It is with the Estonia of yesterday, not with the Estonia of to-day and to-morrow, that the stories, like this article, are concerned. The conditions out of which the country has emerged are the subject. Of the new Estonia and its future it will therefore be enough to say that she declared her Independence on February 24, 1918. Fighting against tremendous odds, her peasant armies made good her claim against Bolshevist Russia, and against German forces. To-day she is recognised by the Powers as an independent republic, and has been admitted into the League of Nations. She legislates through a State Assembly, consisting of 100 members triennially elected by universal adult suffrage on the principle of proportional representation, and entrusts her executive to the Council of her Ministers with the Prime Minister as President. Her financial position, already good, is improving. Her exports of textiles, foodstuffs, wood, and paper are growing. Her deposits of shale oil are large and remark-

ably rich. Her stores of peat fuel promise to meet the domestic wants of the country for the next two or three centuries. She has abundant command of water power: the rapids of the River Narva alone are said to be capable of supplying electricity to the whole country. Her layers of phosphorite are not unlikely to prove valuable fertilising agencies. In her forests she has a source of wealth which, under skilled management, should be not only of actual but of potential value. Her transport trade is developing. By her geographical position, by the accessibility of her ports at all times in the year, and by her railway communications, she is one of the principal gateways between Western Europe and Eastern Europe and beyond.

With her archipelago of islands, Estonia is larger than Denmark, or Holland, or Belgium, or Switzerland. On the mainland she is bounded to the north and west by the Baltic and its gulfs; to the south by the new Republic of Latvia, with Riga as its capital; to the east by Soviet Russia. Along practically the whole of this eastern frontier lies the huge fresh-water Lake of Peipus, from the northern end of which the River Narva runs into the Gulf of Finland.

In this country, at some far-distant and uncertain date, a people established themselves who, in speech and race, are akin to the Finns and the Hungarians. Their language has no affinity to that of the Germans or of the Slavs. They seem to have been the first settlers. No certain trace exists of any aboriginal people. They brought with them from their resting-place on the banks of the middle Volga their pagan worship of Nature. The sun and the moon, the thunder, the wind, the waves, were gods; there were goddesses of the birds, the woods, the fields, the meadows; there were spirits of the Northern Lights, of the rivers and lakes in which the country abounds. Supreme in the Estonian Olympus was Taara, to whom the oak was sacred. To his lineage belonged the heroes whom he protected. Nor were the powers of evil unrecognised; but the chief devil, familiarly known as 'Old Boy,' or 'Old Horny,' and his subordinates were often outwitted and their treasure chambers plundered by adventurous heroes. Minor demons were rather mischievous than malicious. More powerful for evil were the wielders of the black arts, especially the witches. Enshrined in mythologies, magical formulas, and superstitions of the country, these primitive beliefs also play a great part in the extraordinarily rich stores of its orally transmitted folk lore, and to them the people clung the more tenaciously because, in their experience, Christianity was associated with fire and sword, with loss of land and of freedom, with slavery and the harsh rule of foreign masters.

To this early period of their history the enslaved Estonian

peasants looked back as their Golden Age. They cherished its traditions of freedom, which were faithfully handed on by word of mouth from generation to generation in the native tongue. It forms the background of many of their most popular legends. The story of the formation of Lake Peipus may be told as an instance. The events are said to have happened in the days before foreign merchants had landed from their ships, before mail-clad warriors had invaded the country to set up with their sharp-edged swords the cross of Christ, and when the people lived, in perfect freedom, under the rule of their great King Karkus. The only child of the king, the Princess Rannauura, carried off by the witch Peipa, grew up to girlhood in harsh captivity. The white gods dared not attempt her rescue. But they gave her four gifts—a silver comb, a carder, an apple, and a linen robe—telling her that if she threw them behind her in their order they would help her to escape. Watching her opportunity and carrying her gifts with her, the girl stole away from the witch's house and fled as fast as she could towards her father's castle. She had not gone far when she found herself pursued. Mounted on a huge cock, Peipa was close on her heels. The princess threw behind her the silver comb. It became a wide rushing river which the witch could not cross till she had found a ford. But she was once more in close pursuit. The girl threw down the carder, and it shot up at once into a forest, so dense that the witch had to ride round it for a whole day. But the cock was fleet, and again the witch was hard on the girl's track. Then the girl threw down the apple. Instantly it turned into a high mountain over which the witch had to climb. Now the princess could see her home shining in the distance. Yet, faint with weariness and hunger, she made slow progress. Once more the witch was fast catching her up. Only the fourth gift remained. The girl threw down the linen robe, and straightway it became the vast lake which still bears the witch's name, in whose foaming water Peipa and the cock were swallowed up.

Ancient burial places and sacrificial stones are to be found. But few trustworthy traces of the occupations and civilisation of ancient Estonia have been preserved. Some details may perhaps be gleaned from the great national epic of the Son-of-Kalev. Pieced together from detached fragments, it is a huge poem of twenty cantos and some 19,000 lines, in which are told the parentage, birth, and exploits of the gigantic hero. It ends, like other similar cycles—like King Arthur and his knights, or Charlemagne and his paladins—with a battle in which the leaders perish. The origin of both the parents of the hero was miraculous. Kalev arrived on the back of an eagle from the far north. His wife, Linda, emerged from a grouse's egg. They had many

children. But the day came when Kalev lay dying. Linda was about to bear another child, and the dying father foretold the glory of the unborn son, whom he destined for his heir. After Kalev's death, Linda bore a son, who grew rapidly to gigantic stature, and so surpassed his brethren in strength that they recognised their youngest brother as their chief. His life is the theme of the poem. The Estonians, whom the Son-of-Kalev 'judged,' were fishermen and agriculturists. They owned horses; they pastured their herds of cattle. It was in the footprint of one of her cows that the widow found the grouse's egg from which sprang Linda. They were also tillers of the soil. Early and late the Son-of-Kalev ploughed the land for his people, as well as cleared them roads through the forests. The crops that they grew are enumerated. The beautiful Salme rejects the wooing of the fierce-eyed sun because of his fickleness—because he sent rain in the midst of the hay harvest, or so baked the soil that the oats could not be sown, or scorched the barley in the ground, or withered the peas in their seed bed, or dried up the beans in the pod, or shook the ripe rye from the ear with torrents of rain.

The Estonians were also hardy navigators and explorers. The Son-of-Kalev himself voyaged to the very door of the End of the World, passing the Great Whirlpool, landing on the Spark Island, encountering the dog-faced men, and fighting with the spirits of the Northern Lights. They had their strongholds, traces of which remain. The Son-of-Kalev was himself a builder. Round the great mound under which Linda buried Kalev he built the beautiful city which he called Lindanisa, or Linda's Bosom, in memory of his mother. It was here that the Danes afterwards built Reval, now known as Tallinn (*i.e.*, Danes Castle), the capital and chief port of Estonia. Some form of political organisation seems to have existed. In the ninth canto it is the Elders who warn the son of Kalev of invasion and summon him to the rescue of his people. Of a hereditary king there is no trace. But the ideal of rule that is put before the hero by Taara himself, in the guise of an old man, is high. A ruler can never rest from his labours for his people; yet without the gods no good thing can be done, and he that uses the sword unjustly, and without thought, by the sword shall perish. If the poem has a moral it is contained in the last sentence. In a fit of drunken frenzy the Son-of-Kalev had slain a man with his sword, and by the same weapon he met his own end. But, like Frederick Barbarossa, he will return. Now he sits on his white horse, guarding the devil at the gate of the underground abode of Põrgu (= hell), and waiting till prosperity dawns once more upon his country.

Estonia was not long permitted to remain in isolation and work out her own ideals of nationality. At the close of the twelfth century, in the days of our own Richard Cœur de Lion, the crusading spirit ran high. For the adventurous it meant not only the conquest of souls, but of lands. It is a far cry from Syria to the eastern shores of the Baltic. Yet under the walls of Acre an event happened which was destined to influence profoundly the future of Estonia. In 1190 the crusaders were besieging the city. Many were sick, many wounded. Among them were numbers of Germans, serving under Duke Conrad of Swabia. Struck by their sufferings, some merchants of Bremen and Lubeck landed the sails of their ships, set them up as tents, and under their shelter ministered to the needs of their fellow-countrymen. Others followed their example. Among them, probably, were some of the brethren of the Teutonic Hospital of the Virgin, who had been expelled from Jerusalem by the victorious Saladin. The work suggested to Conrad the idea of forming an order on the model of the Hospitallers of St. John and of the Templars. In 1191, with the approval of the Pope, the new order was instituted under the name of the Teutonic Knights of the Hospital of the Holy Virgin of Jerusalem. Clad in white habits, marked with a black cross, the knights took the oath to succour the sick and wounded, the widows and orphans, and to wage incessant war against the infidels. Their fourth grand master, Herman von Salza, realised that crusades in Palestine or Egypt were less practicable than an effort to Christianise the northern countries of Europe. In little more than a century the Teutonic knights had carved out for themselves huge possessions, comprising the greater part of Western and Eastern Prussia, Courland, and Livonia. They imposed Christianity upon the country, civilised it by replacing (in Prussia) the natives with German colonists, founded great towns such as Thorn and Culm, established a prosperous State, and became the greatest military power of Northern Europe.

In 1237 the help of the Order was urgently implored in Estonia. Some forty years earlier the Danes had begun to gain a precarious foothold in the country. On the western coast Christian bishoprics had been founded which were centres of missionary and military enterprise. Their ruined castles, like those of Hapsal and Arensburg, preserve the memory of their double purpose. On the north, King Waldemar of Denmark had captured the native stronghold of Lindanisa, and on its site founded the modern city of Reval. But none of these efforts penetrated beyond a narrow fringe of the Baltic coast-line. So slow was the progress in conquering the country or in converting it to Christianity that the Danes and the bishops summoned to their help a lay order

of crusaders, called from the red badge on their habits the Brethren of the Sword, who were already established to the south of the country. The Estonians resisted stoutly and successfully. They shut up and closely besieged King Waldemar in Reval; they defeated the brethren, killing their grand master. Hard pressed, the invaders invoked the aid of the Teutonic knights. It was at Viterbo that the terms on which assistance was given were settled. The Brethren of the Sword were absorbed into the Teutonic order, and Estonia, when conquered, was to become a province under its own provincial master, subordinate to the grand master of the knights. Before the disciplined well-armed forces of the Order resistance crumbled. Estonia was officially converted to Christianity; the crusaders parcelled out the land among themselves in large estates, and reduced the native cultivators to slavery.

Conquered, but not subdued, the Estonians rose again and again, as slaves against their masters, fighting desperately for their pagan faiths, their land and their freedom. In 1343 one of these risings was so general, and for a time so successful, that it was only suppressed by the intervention of the general forces of the Order. Four years later the King of Denmark sold all his rights and claims in Estonia to the Teutonic knights; the local nobles were confirmed in the possession of their privileges and estates; their feudal strongholds were strengthened, and the fetters more firmly riveted on the peasants. For many centuries the country remained a German aristocratic republic with a native Estonian population. To the peasant religious or political changes mattered little. It scarcely concerned him whether he was officially a Catholic or a Lutheran Protestant, a subject of the Teutonic order, of Poland, of Sweden, or of Peter the Great and his successors. What did matter to him, and mattered in every hour and relation of his life, was that, whoever was his overlord, he was the slave of German masters, the descendants of the crusaders—the Baltic barons who owned not only the soil, but its cultivators.

The slavery of the peasant was not a legal fiction, but the grimmest of realities. He himself, his wife, and his children were part of the live-stock of the land, bought, sold, or inherited with the estates to which they were bound, bartered for horses or hounds, separated at the will of the owner from one another. They could not own or acquire any property; all that they possessed belonged to their masters. Lords of manors exercised over their slaves powers of life and death that were restricted by no right of appeal. They enforced their authority by corporal punishment, and ferocious floggings were inflicted for trifling offences. Without any rights against their masters, the peasants

were helpless. In the 'good old Swedish times' of the seventeenth century efforts were made to mitigate the social misery of the enslaved Estonians. The respite was brief. After the conquest of the country by Peter the Great (1710) the Baltic barons recovered all their former powers and privileges. From time to time, goaded to fury, the peasants rose in revolt, 'sent the red cock' to the roofs of manor-houses and barns, and took bloody vengeance on individual tyrants. But concerted action was difficult if not impossible; each scattered rising was pitilessly suppressed.

During these dreary years the peasant could look nowhere for redress. The German baron owned him body and soul. To whom could he appeal? To the Czar? He was far off and difficult of access. To justice? The Baltic barons not only manned the Ritterschaft and the Land-Tag, and so monopolised all the powers of government, but appointed the local magistrates by whom the laws were administered, and appointed them only for terms of three years, so that their tenure of office depended on their satisfying the barons. To Christian feeling? The Lutheran pastor was the nominee and dependent of the Baltic barons. To public opinion? There was none. There were practically but two classes—one was the German-speaking aristocratic caste, the other the Estonian-speaking peasant slave.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the new ideals of liberty and fraternity were permeating Europe. The conscience of Russian rulers began to be stirred by the condition of their Estonian subjects. But it was not till after the close of the French revolutionary wars that any action was taken to diminish the powers of the Baltic barons. Between the years 1816 and 1819—little more than a century ago—the Czar enforced the abolition of personal slavery. Morally, the change was great. In the hero of one of the stories of Madame Kallas its effect is illustrated. Bernhard Riives would rather be shot as a free man than be beaten like a slave and live. Materially, the change was profitable to the baron, and rather worsened than improved the condition of the peasant. As a slave he was at least secure of food. A free man without land, he was still at the mercy of the estate owners with the risk of starvation added. If allowed the use of the land, he paid the rent which was exacted from his necessities, and paid it, not in money, but in labour and in kind. He had gained personal freedom only to fall into labour slavery. The poll-tax to the Russian Government was now a burden for which he was solely responsible, and his liability to be drawn for service for twenty-four years in the Russian army darkened the period of his strong manhood if he had no physical defects and either no influential friends or powerful enemies. So intoler-

able were the conditions of rural existence that numbers of the people either migrated to Russia or joined the Greek Orthodox Church in the hope of securing the protection of the Czar.

In the middle of the nineteenth century came the dawn of brighter times. The abolition of personal slavery had created new human material. It had transformed a people of slaves into a people of freemen. It had given a certain degree of freedom of movement. Now, in 1860 a career was opened out to the emancipated Estonian peasant. He was allowed to purchase land, or to hire it for money rents. An era of material and intellectual development began. Many obstacles still remained. The land movement progressed slowly. In 1918, 75 per cent. of the area under cultivation was still owned by 1147 Baltic barons. Educationally, the upheaval advanced more rapidly. But every step forward was gained in the face of German or Russian opposition. It was on the intellectual side that the Estonian people first realised its homogeneity. Strivings after political and economic independence were a consequence and a later stage.

For centuries German had been alone employed in the administration, in colleges, in polite society, in the transaction of business. In the elementary schools of country districts alone was Estonian permitted. From 1885 onwards a determined effort was made to suppress the Estonian language entirely by prohibiting its use even in elementary education, and to make Russian not only the official but the universal language of the country. Yet the tenacity of the people prevailed. In their struggle for the primitive right to think and express themselves in the sounds most familiar to their ears their rich collection of folk-lore and folk-songs—probably the richest in the world—proved an invaluable aid. Nowhere, certainly, has the oral transmission of a popular literature played a greater part in the birth and growth of a nation. Here in their native tongue was recorded the inner life of the peasants—their traditions and beliefs, their home existence, their daily labour, their aspirations, their ideals. Cut off from the intellectual civilisation of Western Europe, they created for themselves the spiritual food which, in centuries of oppression, was their strength and support. As national self-consciousness grew and deepened, one of the first tasks of the Estonian leaders had been to collect and preserve these records of the life-history of the people. The collection now includes some 25,000 tales and 70,000 numbers of epical, lyrical, and wedding songs, to say nothing of many thousands of riddles, proverbs, magical formulas, and superstitions. In 1869 came the first public recognition of the Estonian language. Permission was obtained to hold a 'Festival of Song' in commemoration of fifty years of freedom. To-day these festivals

of national songs and music have become important institutions, held at regular intervals, and gathering thousands of competitors.

Yet, even in the memory of the present generation, permission to open schools in which the language was used or to lecture on such a subject as Estonian grammar was refused; after half a century of petitions it was still impossible to establish an agricultural school, though the money for the purpose had been raised by the people themselves. But gradually the mother tongue, spoken by over 90 per cent. of the inhabitants, was raised into a literary language. An educated class of Estonians sprang up outside German or Russian influences. Increasing numbers of Estonian-speaking citizens entered civic life and captured municipal administrations; literary societies were formed; newspapers were established; a network of voluntary organisations supplied schools to which the farmers as a point of honour sent their sons. To-day 100 per cent. of the Estonian people can read and write, and 4 per 1000 have passed through the universities.

Following in the wake of intellectual progress came the development of political ideals of self-government. Hitherto the Estonian people had had no voice in the management of the affairs of the country. No popular representation existed. All political and administrative power was concentrated in the hands of the small aristocratic caste of German landowners, who, with their followers, numbered less than 3 per cent. of the population. It was against this alien rule, and against the monopoly of the land, that in 1905 the Estonian people rose in rebellion. On the appeal of the Baltic barons the Russian Government suppressed the rising with a punitive force of Cossacks. This rebellion, its defeat, and the merciless severity of the punishment form the setting of two of the tales in *The White Ship and other Stories.* Beyond this date Madame Kallas does not travel. A short sketch of subsequent events will complete the story of the struggle of the Estonian people for freedom and the land.

The Great War proved the turning point in Estonian history. In 1917 the Czar had fallen, and the Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff granted the demand of the Estonian leaders for self-government (April 1917). A National Council, elected by universal suffrage, met at Reval in the following July and proceeded to frame a Constitution. But the accession of Lenin and Trotsky to power changed the course of events. In November of the same year the Soviet, under Bolshevik influences, repudiated the concession of its predecessors and dissolved the National Council. The action of Russia forced the hands of the Estonian leaders. Denied Home Rule, they demanded separation. On

February 24, 1918, the Paets Government proclaimed Estonia a self-governing, independent republic.

To the national movement the Baltic barons were throughout opposed. They realised that self-government was fatal to their exclusive powers and privileges. To whatever hopes they may have clung of retaining or regaining their ascendency the declaration of Independence gave a death-blow. In a German State or in a dependency of Russia they might still preserve a dominating influence. Thus, whether Estonian nationality was suppressed by Germans or by Russians, the barons were on the side, not of the native population, but of the foreign invaders.

At the moment when Estonia declared her independence it seemed impossible that the new republic could survive. The German knee was on the Russian chest. German troops occupied Estonia. The project of uniting the former Baltic provinces and annexing them as a German-Baltic State had been accepted by Germany, and, with the approval of the Baltic barons, the Germanisation of the country was rapidly proceeding. The Estonian national forces were disbanded and dispersed. But the national Government had survived. In May 1918 it was *de facto* recognised by Great Britain and subsequently by France and Italy. With extraordinary tenacity it held on. When the Western Front collapsed in November 1918 the German army of occupation evacuated the country, destroying or carrying with them the arms that they had requisitioned, and leaving the people defenceless against the Bolshevist forces who were advancing on Reval. Help came to Estonia in arms, money, or men from Finland and Great Britain. A new army was organised. It took the offensive, and on the first anniversary of the declaration of Independence the National Government was able to announce that there was no enemy on the soil of Estonia.

But the struggle was renewed, and continued throughout the whole of 1919. It was not till February 1920 that the Estonian forces, though often fighting against odds of six to one, compelled the Bolsheviks to make peace. By the Treaty of Tartu, Russia recognised the independence of Estonia. Nor was Russia the only enemy with whom, during these same months, the young republic was engaged. In the summer of 1919 she was invaded from the south-west by a German army, consisting of the Landeswehr and hired soldiers of the 'Iron Division,' supported by the Baltic barons, and commanded by von der Goltz. Heavily defeated at Wenden, the Germans took refuge in Riga, which they evacuated (July 3) under an armistice secured by the intervention of the Allies. On all her frontiers Estonia had triumphantly asserted her claim to the sovereignty of her own land and

people. A year later (January 20, 1921) her independence was recognised *de jure* by the Great Powers.

The Baltic barons paid the penalty of their anti-national attitude. Lady Eastlake, who enjoyed their hospitality early in the nineteenth century, describes with enthusiasm the luxury and refinement of their lives in their palatial homes. Her picture recalls those that have been painted of the Southern States of America before the abolition of slavery. But Estonian peasants had not fought to protect land owned by German landlords who sided with their enemies. Three months after the defeat of the invading forces of von der Goltz, a drastic law of Land Reform was passed (October 10, 1919), without a dissentient voice, in a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage. The Act nationalised the whole of the baronial estates. Compensation for movable property was to be paid upon a fixed scale. Whether any compensation will be paid for the land itself, and, if so, on what basis, will be separately determined. With the exception of the State reserves, the division of the whole land among the peasants in holdings of from 35 to 90 acres in extent is already nearing completion.

ERNLE.

A TROLLOPE LOVE STORY AND MARY THORNE

HANG a long room with Trollope heroines, and you will have a gallery indeed. How sweetly on your walls will shine that throng of gentlewomen—a throng as varied as were possible, save in this one fact of gentility. For all are gentlewomen. Trollope knew his power too well to strain it dangerously, and you will find in all his list of comedies no one in which a daughter of the people plays the lead.

Maybe that Polly Neefit outvigours Mary Bonner in the tangled tale of *Ralph the Heir ;* maybe, also, that Carry Brattle, the lost sheep of the Vicar of Bullhampton's flock—in that she has a preface to herself and lies more heavily upon the author's conscience—outdoes dear Mrs. Fenwick's school friend, Mary Lowther. But, for all that, the two Marys are the heroines and the others not. Even Lizzie Eustace, who is Trollope's tribute to his master's Becky Sharp, is not the heroine of the sensation story of the Eustace diamonds. Anthony Trollope kept the first place in his own heart, and sought to win the first place in the affections of his readers, for girls of gentle birth.

Let us go further. Within the limits of gentility lie degrees of Trollope and of Trollopian preference. We can admire and pity (as Trollope means us to) such unhappy beauties as Lady Laura Kennedy, the tragic friend of Phineas ; as Lady Ongar in *The Claverings ;* as Cecilia Holt, chief figure in that short, dramatic tale *Kept in the Dark.* We can admit reluctant sympathy even with those shadowy outcasts who lurk beyond the radius of propriety in half a dozen Trollope novels—with Paul Montague's American entanglement Winifred Hurtle ; with Lucy Morton, victim of the dissolute George Hotspur ; with the woman Euphemia, who dogs John Caldigate through three volumes of suspicion and distress. All these, to whatever pass through their distorted passions or their recklessness they may have come, are gentlewomen ; and their creator leaves on each the impress of his own unwavering belief that no one human being can be wholly bad who has known breeding.

Nevertheless the Trollope heroine in her purest, most delicious

form is none of these. She is, by preference, no tremendous beauty; she is of small stature and of retiring mode; her woman's strength and her great woman's tenderness come forth to meet the crisis of her life, but for the rest she lives obscure and quietly dutiful. She and her sisters are the 'little brown girls' Trollope loved (the phrase is his, and he employs it more than once), and among them may his most delicate maiden portraiture be found. Lucy Robarts, Clara Amedroz, Ayala Dormer, Rachel Ray, the Mary Lowther already mentioned—here are five of them; others, essentially of the same splendid breed, though in their trappings more the aristocrat, are Lady Anna Lovel, Emily Hotspur, and Lady Mary Palliser, daughter of the Duke of Omnium. But there are others yet, and among them two between whose rival loveliness the loyalty of Trollopians hovers delightedly. One of these is Lily Dale; the other Mary Thorne.

Heaven forbid that words of mine spell criticism of the princess of Allington! Lily, whether, as at first, she is blithely mischievous; whether, as when doubts of Crosbie first began to gather, she is reserved and watchful; whether, when betrayal is complete, she walks life with head bravely high, but with a broken heart; whether, on welcome reappearance in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, she keeps at arm's length, gently and tenderly, but always without flinching, the faithful love of Johnny Eames—Lily is perfect, and a man may not read of her and sit unrestless in his seat.

But Mary Thorne . . .

'I know one thing,' says Beatrice Gresham to her sister after the Thorne ship has at last come home: 'Mary will be as mild and as meek as a little dove. If she and the doctor had lost every shilling in the world, she would have been as proud as an eagle.'

That is Mary Thorne. Her story takes 200,000 words to tell; but, when it ends, one lays the book aside happy to think of Mary and her uncle happy, but wishing all the same fulfilment had not come quite so soon. At times I think that *Doctor Thorne* is the best novel Trollope ever wrote; but the next moment other loyalties arise reproachfully. Better to leave invidious preferences; better to lose oneself alike in *Doctor Thorne*, in *The Way we Live Now*, in *Mr. Scarborough's Family*, in the long history of Phineas Finn and Violet Effingham and Marie Goessler, in Lady Mason's crime and mother-love, in the slow madness of Trevelyan, in the familiar ways of Barsetshire—to lose and find oneself again, and leave comparisons to the professors.

Wherefore, whatsoever place in Trollope's work the tale of *Doctor Thorne* should rightly hold, these pages do it homage for a sensitive, a humorous—yes, and a passionate—delineation of an elderly doctor of noble character; of a fine young man; of a crowd

of arrogant stupidities; of some fortune-hunters; and, above all, of a most entrancing girl. Further, I am concerned to claim for *Doctor Thorne* that it reveals extensively and convincingly most of its author's greatest qualities; that it proves Trollope to be something as far beyond the humdrum realism merchant that he was dubbed by 'clever-clevers' in yellow 'nineties as were those rather rancid persons below the average in critical equipment.

Inevitably the tale of *Doctor Thorne* must here be summarised, else is my argument for its narrator's genius a mere abstraction. For those who know their Trollope and have (in consequence) no need of witness such summary will be superfluous. The others need not fear that it will spoil the novel for them, seeing that the elusive flavour of good Trollope only another Trollope could impart.

The village of Greshamsbury, in East Barsetshire, owns as squire a John Newbold Gresham, who, though impoverished, still lives majestically and is regarded as the first commoner of the county. His wife is sister of the Earl de Courcy, a magnate in the western (Whig) division of the county and the father of many unprofitable children. Through Lady Arabella Gresham, de Courcy influence and de Courcy views pervade the Hall at Greshamsbury more than the squire could wish and much more than his son Frank Gresham means to tolerate. In particular is it an article of the de Courcy creed that Frank must marry money and restore the Gresham fortunes; else will the Greshamsbury relatives by marriage disgrace their noble connections at Courcy Castle, these, above everything, being the great ones of the earth, to whom merely to speak must be regarded as an honour.

Unluckily young Frank's love fancy has already strayed; already he has slipped through childhood friendship into tenderness for a girl who lives with an old uncle in the village near the squire's gates, a girl without a penny and a girl whose very origins are obscure.

Old Doctor Thorne has settled in Greshamsbury before the action of the novel starts. He has for long been intimate with the squire, doctored his children, advised him about money matters, and had free entrance all and every day to the Gresham household. With him has come to live his niece, and not unnaturally Mary Thorne has romped with Frank Gresham and his sisters and shared their lessons and their playrooms and has been as one of them.

The mystery of Mary's birth is mystery only to the numerous characters in the tale. It is one of Trollope's most insistent principles to take the reader into full confidence, and *Doctor Thorne* is a good example of his method. He explains in the first few chapters just who Mary is, and tells of the seduction by the doctor's elder brother of the sister of a stonemason in Barchester.

He tells how the stonemason—Roger Scatcherd—avenged the girl's disgrace and, striking harder than he meant, killed Henry Thorne outright. He tells how the dead man's brother saved the stonemason from the worst consequences of crime, visited him in prison, tended the wretched girl whose bastard was now quick within her. At last the child was born, and an old, faithful lover of poor Mary Scatcherd forgave her tragedy and married her and took her to America. But the two sailed without the child, whom the good Doctor Thorne took and put to school and, in her thirteenth year, brought with him to Greshamsbury. Now all of this was long ago, so that, when Trollope's story proper is begun, Mary is twenty years of age and Frank—the squire's son—turned twenty-one.

The doctor's secret was not known even to Roger Scatcherd. It was believed—by those few who cared to remember the sorry tale of the stonemason's sister—that the babe had died. Wherefore, when Lady Arabella wakes with a shock to the unpleasant fact that Frank, her only son and heir to all the Gresham poverty and pride, is playing the love-sick over Mary Thorne, she finds in Mary's unexplained parentage a likely weapon against what to her is an unthinkable alliance.

There remains one further major character—or rather nucleus of character and incident—which, with the Gresham household and its haughty de Courcy hinterland and with the quiet home of Doctor Thorne himself, supports the structure of the novel's plot. When Roger Scatcherd had served his period of prison, he went into the far-away in search of fortune; and found it, becoming in due course a railway contractor of enormous wealth. Unluckily, with fortune had not come sobriety; Scatcherd was slowly drinking his way to death. Having ever since the tragedy of twenty years before put all his trust in Doctor Thorne, Sir Roger Scatcherd, Bart. (as at his sovereign's pleasure—and, perhaps, at politician's price—he had by now become), appeared once more in Barsetshire. To ease the stringent poverty of Greshamsbury, the doctor persuaded his one friend, Squire Gresham, to sell to his other friend, Sir Roger Scatcherd, a portion of the Greshamsbury land; in return Sir Roger would advance money to the squire on terms more generous and against security less formidable than elsewhere would be possible.

Here, then, is Trollope's stage well set. Between the weak, impoverished Gresham, with his domineering wife and arrogant 'in-laws' at Courcy Castle, and the rough-diamond, brandy-soaking millionaire Sir Roger Scatcherd in his grand new mansion-house on Boxall Hill, stands Doctor Thorne, intimate with both, loving and loved by both, but powerless either to strengthen Gresham against Lady Arabella's social scheming or to restrain

the new-made baronet from the indulgence that must ultimately kill him. And behind Doctor Thorne is Mary, timid and unassuming, a thing of gentle charm rather than of beauty, happy in the knowledge of her uncle's love, incurious as to the story of her birth, contented with her simple lot.

It requires no very profound knowledge of Trollope's genius to realise what wealth of incident, pathos, and humour he can extract from the situation that must, with such protagonists, arise. The tale of *Doctor Thorne* is a tale of successive dilemmas, all of which centre in a marriage that would conventionally be termed a misalliance. Because the theme of misalliance tempted the novelist in Trollope time and time again, and because dilemma —social or ethical—remained throughout his active writing life his favourite among all the phases of the mind, it is suitable that the novel in which these two preoccupations most despotically rule should be among the best he ever wrote.

First to emerge is the perplexity of Lady Arabella. What is her problem ? She loves devotedly her only son ; that part of her at least is genuine humanity. But having been brought up within the narrow boundaries of de Courcy social pride, she cannot escape the conviction that love alone does not make marriage suitable, nor bring herself to revolt from de Courcy ruling, however galling it may be in essence or in manner of expression. Further, she has a husband, and the squire is frankly difficult. He glides unhappily through life, pondering his stringencies. He knows that he himself inherited an unembarrassed property ; that his extravagance (or rather that which, in his early married life, was forced upon him by the determined splendour of his wife's relations) has loaded mortgage upon mortgage, has all but sold the title-deeds of land that generations long has been the Gresham pride ; that (crowning misery !) his only son, his Frank, will not inherit wealth enough for his position, and *must marry money*. Nevertheless, knowing all this, Squire Gresham will not join his wife in schemes to bring about that golden matrimony. He sees what must be, but tarries, making no virtue but only helpless sorrow of necessity. Poor Lady Arabella !—for indeed, with all her selfishness and all her cruelty to Mary Thorne and all her foolish pride, one pities her, so deft is Trollope's evocation of a soul three-quarters snob, one-quarter mother-love—she has perplexities enough. And as the tale proceeds they multiply. Her husband becomes ever more elusive ; he will not tell her how near or how far away is bankruptcy ; he will not take advice from Courcy Castle ; persistently he sees and talks with Thorne until the good doctor—for all that long ago he saved the lives of three of her young children—becomes to Lady Arabella a menace and a hated thing. Further, her daughter Beatrice,

always a special friend of Mary Thorne, gives loyalty to a brother's steadfast passion rather than to maternal strategy, and at last will visit Mary with such regularity that the exasperated mother forbids all intercourse. Then Beatrice sulks resignedly, and her father gives sympathetic looks, and Lady Arabella comes near to distraction.

The squire's quandary needs no labouring. Throughout the book he is torn between love and admiration for his son and self-contempt. It is *his* fault that Frank must marry where are thousands, and not only maiden sweetness; it is *his* mismanagement that stands between an only son and happiness. He cannot encourage the boy in love that must mean family disaster; he is too devoted a father (and, incidentally, too fond of Mary Thorne herself) to exercise authority and try to force on Frank a *mariage de convenance*.

Perhaps instinctively he knows the last course to be in any case impossible. Certainly the father is weak just where the son is strong. Frank's faithfulness to Mary never wavers. When, in a moment, we come to a consideration of Mary's own and terrible dilemma, it will be seen what strain was put upon him. But no strain could break him down. If Trollope was not always happy in his creation of young men, with Frank Gresham at least he makes no mistakes. Alone among the characters in *Doctor Thorne*, Frank sees his goal and, clear-eyed, holds upon his way. His mother's entreaties, his father's mournful prophecies of poverty and disaster, only strengthen the more his determination to win Mary and to keep her. His real obstacle is the person from whom opposition might the least be looked for—Mary herself.

But before Mary, with her courage, dignity and tenderness, can come to grace this so unworthy commentary, the influence of Sir Roger Scatcherd on the story and the cruel dilemma into which that influence thrust Doctor Thorne himself must briefly be revealed.

Sir Roger Scatcherd is, I think, Trollope's sole full-length portrait of a self-made man. The financial adventurer he was, in his later novels, to describe more than once—for example, Lopez in *The Prime Minister* and Melnotte in *The Way We Live Now*. Money magnates, also, he made good use of; but they, like Sir Thomas Tringle in *Ayala's Angel*, were successful business men, or, like Martha Dunstable and Moffat in this very novel *Doctor Thorne*, were the inheritors of fortunes made by trading parents.

Is it surprising that the effectiveness of Scatcherd did not encourage Trollope to use such men more frequently? Not only might their dramatic possibilities have been expected to appeal to him, but also his sensitiveness to social change must have

impressed upon him their increasing frequency. But Scatcherd—for all the power of his presentment—is not wholly Trollope. Remember that *Doctor Thorne* was an early work. Although its author was more than forty when he wrote it, he came late to fiction, and inexperience in novel-writing takes no account of years. Remember, further, that the plot was first conceived by T. Adolphus Trollope, and not by Anthony himself, who had it as a present from his elder brother. Wherefore, if one suspects a little outside influence in the portraiture of Scatcherd—in the queer colloquies of brandy-rotted *parvenu* and gin-sipping, submissive clerk, in the strong shading of the death-bed scene—one may not be far off the reason why the character remained unique.

But Scatcherd's share in Mary's destiny is of the very essence of the tale. The man's rugged physique at last gives way; incessant drinking does its work. Half paralysed, but still the headstrong, violent man he ever was, Scatcherd summons the doctor to his bedside and tells the details of his will. Of these the most important is that Boxall Hill and quite 200,000*l.* are left in trust to Sir Roger's only son, left in the absolute control of Doctor Thorne, and not to be surrendered until young Louis Scatcherd reaches the age of twenty-five. Should Louis, by any hazard, die before reaching that delayed majority, the money is to go to the eldest child of Roger Scatcherd's sister, that very Mary Scatcherd who years before had fallen victim to the doctor's brother and then had married and migrated to America.

Now Louis Scatcherd is a dissolute inebriate, feeble and just turned twenty-one. The doctor knows that, left alone, he will surely kill himself with alcohol before the four years are run between now and the fulfilment of Sir Roger's will. Suppose he does? The money goes to Mary Scatcherd's eldest child, and only the doctor knows that this child is his own niece, his almost daughter, Mary Thorne.

For full two-thirds of the novel's length poor Doctor Thorne labours beneath a cruel burden of uncertainty. At first he tries to make the dying Sir Roger name the residuary legatee, then in desperation tells who Mary is. But the baronet only laughs, and curses Thorne for keeping him ignorant of his niece's whereabouts, and laughs again, and coarsely hints that Mary and the wretched weakling Louis make a match of it. Joking, he dies. The next day, swathed in furs, degenerate and resentful, Sir Louis comes. And life for Doctor Thorne becomes hell indeed.

Three separate intricacies confront him. He knows that Frank Gresham loves his Mary, but that Mary, for Frank's own sake, will not hear him; he knows that Greshamsbury is as good as sold to the Scatcherds; that, if the new owner of Boxall Hill insists, the very title-deeds may have to be surrendered; he

knows that Lady Arabella is persecuting Mary in order to save her son from his own infatuation; he knows that, if Louis Scatcherd dies, Mary becomes an heiress and in effect owner of Greshamsbury. Shall he tell anyone of Mary's actual position, or shall he keep his counsel? Shall he encourage Frank and help him win the girl he wants, or give the victory to Lady Arabella by leaving Greshamsbury and taking Mary with him? Shall he use his authority and skill to save the useless, selfish life of Louis Scatcherd, or shall he let him die?

In all his suffering the doctor has the warm comfort of his niece's love and loyalty. Beautiful, with steadily increasing beauty, is Trollope's tale of the relationship between Mary and her uncle. The old man, torn by uncertainty, watches the girl's heart turn towards Frank and lose itself in him, sees the girl's courage as she denies her love and, for his own sake, sends the lover constantly away. Knowing that these two would give each to the other a lifetime of happiness, he must yet keep silent as to the fortune that might so well be Mary's and could so smoothly conquer Greshamsbury debts. His duty to the dead Sir Roger is, if by human skill it be achievable, to keep dying Sir Louis among living men; his every inclination and desire is to let Louis die, to pile those golden sovereigns into Mary's lap, to watch the cruel Lady Arabella turn from frowns to smiles, to see the cloud of worry lift from Squire Gresham's brow.

A girl less trustful and less proud than Mary Thorne might have made the unhappy doctor's task impossible. But Mary has utter confidence in her uncle's wisdom and her uncle's love; she never questions him. Her pride and self-respect are so complete that, for another's sake, she can abase herself and bravely smile, although her heart be sick.

It is hard to say which of the four Mary Thornes is loveliest. For the first quarter of the book she moves demurely down the single street of Greshamsbury, or strolls the squire's garden happily, or greets her uncle, tired by the day's work, with cheerful talk and endless cups of tea. Her first introduction to the reader is deliberately, dramatically casual. Trollope intended her to slip into his story modestly but unmistakably, and so he brilliantly contrives. At the very end of the description of the festivities at Greshamsbury when Frank Gresham comes of age he gives a rapid survey of the 'visitors of the gentle sort' who mingled with the squire's tenants. This survey (and with it a chapter) thus concludes:

> Then there were the Bakers and the Batesons and the Jacksons, who all lived near and returned home at night; there was the Reverend Caleb Oriel, the High Church rector, with his beautiful sister, Patience Oriel; there was Mr. Yates Umbleby, the attorney and agent; and there were Doctor Thorne and the doctor's modest, quiet-looking little niece, Miss Mary.

A little further on he pictures her:

I know that she was far from being tall and far from being showy; that her feet and hands were small and delicate; that her eyes were bright when looked at, but not brilliant so as to make their brilliancy palpably visible to all around her; her hair was dark brown, and worn very plainly brushed from her forehead; her lips thin and her mouth perhaps in general inexpressive, but when she was eager in conversation it would show itself to be animated with curves of wondrous energy; and, quiet as she was in manner, sober and demure as was her usual settled appearance, she could talk, when the fit came on her, with an energy which in truth surprised those who did not know her.

In time the second Mary follows on the first. Frank has declared his love and she has refused to hear him, affecting to regard his fervour as a boy's enthusiasm, really aware of all the social pitfalls such a love tale must encounter. But, despite her caution, she is given no credit for correctness or restraint. Lady Arabella, acting as though the girl were laying snares for Frank, has gone from gentle interference to more drastic measures; thence to real persecution. Gradually Mary is shut out from Greshamsbury; gradually even intercourse with Beatrice Gresham becomes impossible. The sycophantic spinsters of the neighbourhood, knowing that Courcy Castle and the squire's wife have decreed Mary Thorne a dangerous adventuress, avoid and shun her. The doctor does not comfort her, distracted as he is with secrets that he may not share, with loyalties that he cannot reconcile. The squire, equally at odds with his own conscience, does not protest against his wife's oppressions. Frank has been sent away. Mary is lonely and forsaken. How admirable is she during these evil days. The tears she sheds are shed in private; she moves about her simple tasks serene and uncomplaining. The good doctor's heart could break to watch her gallantry.

And then, after Sir Roger's death, she goes to stay at Boxall Hill. Degenerate Sir Louis casts his eyes on her and seeks to show unwelcome favours. It seems that she must flee even this refuge, when at a crucial moment Frank Gresham, home from travelling, rides over, meets her riding on a little donkey in the lanes, and renews his love-making:

'Mary, if you say that you will not or cannot return my love, I will go away—not from here only, but from Greshamsbury. If you can honestly say that I am nothing to you, can be nothing to you, I will then tell my mother that she may be at ease, and I will go away somewhere and get over it as I may.' There he paused for a moment, and then, looking up into her face, he spoke but one word more. 'But,' said he—and there he stopped. It was all clearly told in that 'but.' . . .

Poor Mary! She had only to say that he was indifferent to her—that was all.

If 'all the blood of all the Howards' had depended upon it she could not have brought herself to utter such a falsehood. She bit her lips to

keep herself from sobbing. She struggled hard, but in vain, to prevent her hands and feet from trembling. '*Si la jeunesse savait*' . . . There is so much in that wicked old French proverb ! Had Frank known more about a woman's mind—had he, that is, been forty-two instead of twenty-two—he would have felt that Mary's silence told him all he wished to know.

'If you can't say one word to comfort me, I will go,' said he disconsolately. 'I told Lady Scatcherd I should not stay—not even for dinner.'

'I did not know that you were so hurried,' said she, almost in a whisper.

On a sudden he stood still, and pulling the donkey's rein, caused him to stand still also.

'Mary, Mary !' said Frank, throwing his arms round her knees as she sat upon her steed, and pressing his face against her body. 'Mary, you were always honest ; be honest now. I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife ?'

But still Mary said not a word. She no longer bit her lips ; she was beyond that and was now using all her efforts to prevent her tears from falling absolutely on her lover's face. She said nothing. She could no more rebuke him now and send him from her than she could encourage him. She could only sit there shaking and crying and wishing she was on the ground.

From the moment of this meeting (were ever the fumblings of young lovers phrased more delicately ?) dates Mary Thorne the third. She and Frank have in effect plighted their troth. But obstacles loom large as ever, and no help comes, whether from doctor or from squire. The world frowns on the unlucky girl that is, despite herself, young Gresham's choice. How shall she bear herself ? 'You were always honest, Mary,' Frank had said to her. Was honesty to be her misery ? The third Mary in her quandary is, maybe, the most lovely—is certainly the most heroic—of them all. She ponders what she has done and what she now should do :

Mary sat at her window, thinking of her love, and thinking of nothing else. It was all in all to her now. She had pledged herself not to be shaken from her troth by anything, by any person , and it would behove her to be true to this pledge : true to it, though all the Greshams but one should oppose her with all their power ; true to it, even though her own uncle should oppose her.

And how could she have done any other than so pledge herself, invoked to it as she had been ? They would talk of her maiden delicacy and tell her that she had put a stain upon that snow-white coat of proof in confessing her love for one whose friends were unwilling to receive her. Let them so talk. Honour, honesty and truth, outspoken truth, self-denying truth, and fealty from man to man are worth more than maiden delicacy.

But having bound herself for ever to be there for Frank if he should come to take her, she leaves him free. She knows that fulfilment of his love may be beyond his power, and through no fault of his. There is a long conversation between her and Beatrice Gresham in which she makes this great gesture of renunciation : 'I am pledged to him,' she says, 'but he is not pledged to me.'

And later on: 'Should Frank marry to-morrow, I shall have no ground for blaming him. He is free as far as I am concerned.'

The agony of the third Mary Thorne lasts to within sight of the novel's end. Then, with a dexterous speed, Trollope slides the disjointed fragments of his plot into their proper pattern. Mary the fourth is Mary Thorne enthroned. She brings to Greshamsbury release from poverty, to Lady Arabella shame for unworthy cruelties, to Frank the happiness his steadfastness deserves. In the hour of triumph Mary proves, as Beatrice says she will, 'as mild and as meek as a little dove.' The days of sorrow, when an eagle's pride befitted her, are past; all is now victory and, in consequence, humility.

. . . . .

If these pages have taken account mainly of the love element in *Doctor Thorne* it is not because the novel wants bye-plots or subsidiary characters. Admirably it reveals Trollope's power of 'staging' a county in a chapter, of sketching the social hierarchy of the rural England of his day, of presenting with a leisurely facility innumerable types and situations. But these aspects of his genius twenty other novels show as clearly. The outstanding qualities of *Doctor Thorne* are delicacy and idealism, qualities that Trollope is too often said to lack. Here, then, is a book of which the texture and the conception are, like its heroine, fine and beautiful.

The love story of Frank Gresham and of Mary Thorne is at once tender and passionate. There are scenes between them and scenes between Mary and Frank's sister Beatrice, when talk is all of Frank, that have a restrained intensity unsurpassed in fiction. When I read patronising praise of Trollope's novels and learn that he was a wonderful observer of material things, but too prosaic ever to achieve real beauty or to plumb the profundities of human feeling, I recall passages from *Doctor Thorne* and fall to wondering what is more beautiful than young people's love and what emotions more profound than those that rack the heart of the old doctor in his Greshamsbury home. Is, then, the sunshine over English fields no real sunshine because along the Mediterranean coast the colours shine more brilliantly? Are storms not storms unless the thunder crashes?

Why should she have been less prone to love than he was? To love thoroughly, truly, heartily, with her whole body, soul, heart and strength—should not that be counted for merit in a woman?

'Tho' father and mother and a' should go mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad!'

This is the kind of love that a girl should feel before she puts her hand proudly in that of her lover and consents that they two shall be made one flesh.

Thus Anthony Trollope, the 'chronicler of small beer,' the dull recorder of pedestrian things! To quote a statement more unshrinking of the philosophy of 'all for love' would not be easy; to find a novel, in which the utter self-forgetfulness of human passion is painted with more of sympathy and more of honest warmth than in this novel *Doctor Thorne* it is depicted, were harder still.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

RUS IN URBE

THERE are many residents in London who are proud of the great and ancient city in which they live, and who know well its highways and its byeways. They have visited its old churches and interesting buildings, and wandered in the side streets, so full of history and legend, and delight to find the many quiet corners and placid squares, relics of the time when wealthy merchants, as well as the poorer citizens, lived within the city walls. Even those who know the city best would find it difficult to tell the nearest spot to the Mansion House where bracken can be found growing wild and self-sown. Ask this question of those who love the city and its surroundings, and it will be found that, though many answers will be given, they will all be incorrect. Some will suggest that Epping Forest is the nearest place to the centre of the city where bracken —a plant so typical of open woodland glades and country sights and sounds—can be found ; while others will speak of Wimbledon Common or Richmond Park, where oaks and birches, and long stretches of bright green bracken, bring within a few miles of London scenes of open heath and woodland.

Near as these places are to the densely crowded centre of the Empire, there is one place—albeit small—within 400 yards of the Bank of England and the Mansion House where bracken, self-sown and untended by man, grows wild and in luxuriant masses. The approach to this strange garden is marked by the only tree that grows in Cheapside—the tall and stately plane that stretches across the narrow entrance to Wood Street. If one goes north along this narrow road, formerly densely inhabited, but now surrounded by tall offices and warehouses—the centre of the soft goods trade—there will be seen the high stone tower of the church of St. Alban. The street names are strange and reminiscent of times when life in the city was different from what it is to-day. The church stands on a little island site, bounded by Love Lane and Little Love Lane, and in one angle of the church's cruciform ground plan three plane trees thrive, and, thrusting upwards towards the sun and air, spread their broad branches above the chimney tops. The other corner is filled with a shallow warehouse built against the church, where silks and satins are

displayed next to the large stone mullioned window of the transept.

Opposite the church and across Wood Street is a narrow passage called Oat Lane, which leads towards a small railed-in enclosure backed by a high and creeper-covered wall. The little space is filled with tombstones and a few lilac trees. It is part of the churchyard of St. Alban, which in the Middle Ages filled a much larger area, for if the lane be followed round to Silver Street another similar enclosure, filled with tombs, is found. Probably in bygone days the churchyard stretched across the space between, but where once were grassy mounds large warehouses had been built, and only these two small fragments remain untouched. It is here that the bracken and many other flowers grow, untended and unheeded by the thousands who pass by.

On September 8, 1915, one of the most successful German air-raids occurred, and the Zeppelin, which began to drop incendiary bombs in Bloomsbury, left a line of blazing buildings that passed through Hatton Garden, behind the General Post Office, and ended in a huge conflagration in Wood Street. Those who on that eventful night mounted to a high building and looked citywards saw a dozen fires raging, and the spires, chimneys, and tall roofs silhouetted against a blazing background, such as can be seen in the picture of the burning of Moscow in the galleries at Versailles. In Wood Street, which is a danger zone for fires owing to the narrow streets and closely crowded buildings, a veritable furnace blazed for hours, and next day for miles around charred fragments of silk and fabrics were strewn about the streets. A wide expanse of warehouses was destroyed, and only tumbled heaps of brickwork and of twisted girders remained. New buildings now cover most of this devastated area, but one open space is left. Here, between the high brick walls and tiers of office windows, is a place so desolate, so ruined, and yet half-covered with flowers and rich green growth, that it might be 'in Flanders fields,' where trenches, shell holes, and dug-outs are hidden in a mass of wild flowers and weeds.

In Wood Street, opposite St. Alban, the ruined wall and broken windows of a building rise just above a long hoarding covered with many gaily coloured posters. Beside a red-roofed tea and coffee stall there is a door which leads into a little self-sown wild garden, one of the strangest scenes of war's devastation that can be found in London. It only measures about 100 by 150 feet, and is hemmed in by high brick walls on every side. The walls are windowless, except at the further end, and the empty holes where formerly the joists were fixed are now the nesting-places or the dormitories of the sparrows who frequent the ruins. High on the western wall is a red and rusty fireplace, the only one

that is to be seen, and near to Silver Street are two iron doors, the lower one half buried in calcined bricks and splintered slates, which helped to stay the fire from penetrating into the next building. All the walls have fallen. Nothing rises above the level of the street except some rows of iron columns that stand in rusty rows, a relic of the big building that once stood here. On the right in another angle the fire burnt through to Silver Street, and huge charred timbers still stretch from wall to wall, and through the blackened empty window frames the offices across the street are seen. In the block of buildings at this corner, which narrowly escaped destruction, is the hall of the Worshipful Company of Parish Clerks, one of the oldest City Companies, whose membership is strictly limited to parish clerks.

The ground is rough and broken. The ruins of the buildings still lie as they fell and smouldered on that memorable September night. Heaps of calcined bricks, charred timbers, rusty iron girders twisted and bent by flame and water, and piles of *débris* fill all the space where once were vaults and basements. Fragments still remain of the goods that were in the buildings when the fire began. In spite of nine years' rain and exposure to the sun, a large roll of linen, brown and charred upon its edges, lies close beside a clump of bracken, and a pattern book of silks, stained and burnt, lies in a hollow near a large goat willow tree. The highest level is in the centre where four walls met, and the *débris* lies in steep and irregular heaps, some bare brick, others mere black ashes, but most are covered with the many plants that grow upon this strange and seemingly impossible soil. Dense clumps of bracken, standing sometimes 4 feet high, are growing strongly in the hollows, making patches of vivid green, in striking contrast to the blackened rubbish and the dull brick walls. These plants perhaps have grown from seeds wind-blown or borne by birds, or from some bracken used as packing and thrown from a warehouse window, but at least it shows that London building *débris* can soon become a fertile ground for vegetation.

On the southern side is a tall building with a bare brick wall, which shields this corner from the sun, and here the ground is damper than on the northern side. A close-growing bright green moss is striving to cover the black ground, and in a few places where the soil seems less arid another kind of moss is thriving. Short stalks with little heads of many pale green points stand up and make a dainty carpet fit for Titania. It is not only moss that thrives in this damp shady corner, for ferns are found, small and stunted, on the top of the heaps of rubbish; but down in the hollow king ferns are flourishing and bravely spread their fronds, some of which measure at least 12 inches. The wall that separates this self-sown garden from the little cemetery has been shored up

by huge baulks of timber, whose ends are sunk in deep pits dug into the ground. The sides of these are covered with small ferns, which love the moisture that they find and make these pits look like an old damp well. The soil is strange compared to that in which such ferns are usually found: it is black and very shallow; it is made of London smuts and brickdust, and is mixed with charred fragments of wood and fabric, and yet these ferns can live and multiply in spite of soot and fog and scanty soil.

Beside the ferns and mosses that flourish in this strange wild garden there are some trees and flowers. A score of *Salix caprea*, or goat willows, of varying size, are clinging to the slopes of *débris*, and, growing bush-like, show a luxuriant mass of leaves, rich green upon the upper side, and silvery on the under side with soft white down. The largest tree is 10 feet high, perhaps because it is the oldest, perhaps because it is in a spot with richer soil than where the other smaller trees are growing. In spring the flowers will bring a touch of colour to this dull spot, and when Palm Sunday comes the round and silvery catkins, that feel like velvet, will be swelling into soft tufts, changing their silver into gold.

Anywhere in London where a vacant space is left to nature the tall willow herb soon shows its bright pink flowers. There are many clumps of the tall straight stems with their long pointed dark green leaves in this wild garden. In woods and other places, where the soil is good, the greater willow herb is often 6 feet or more in height, but here the tallest plant is only 3 feet high and the flowers fewer and smaller than those that flourish in the country. Not only is there the greater willow herb, but the lesser willow herb is growing in a few places, as well as the more bushy water willow herb with its flowers blossoming on all sides of the plant, and not only on the top of the single straight stem, as in the common variety. Although it was seven o'clock on an August evening when this strange garden first was visited, there were several bees still busily at work sucking honey from these flowers. As bees do not fly far from home, there must be some one within the sound of Bow Bells who keeps a hive and gathers honey. It is strange that even in the heart of the city the bees should know of this one wee spot where flowers and honey are to be found.

These are not all the plants that had found a footing in this scene of desolation. Little tufts of grass were growing in some open spaces, and, though they did not cover the ground, they showed that they could live and thrive, and with time the tufts might spread and join together and cover all the open spaces with a carpet. The broad round leaves of coltsfoot, growing low upon the ground, made olive-green patches and showed their soft white under side. Dotted amongst the bricks, and growing best in shady corners, were many plants of common groundsel, whose yellow

flowers and fluffy seeds are loved by birds. Another species of the same family was found, sturdier in growth and darker in leaf and bearing the high-sounding Latin title *Senecio viscosus*, but with the unpleasant English name of stinking groundsel. Near by was the single straight stem, with long narrow leaves, of the Canadian fleabane, crowned with a cluster of little fluffy white balls. At the foot of the high blank wall on the north was a thick mass of foliage where the spotted persicaria flourished. Its long pointed leaves made a rich green bank along the wall, touched with colour by long spikes covered with minute pinkish seeds.

In most waste spaces the ubiquitous thistle and nettle are usually to be seen, but it was only after a long search that one small thistle was found, with its prickly leaves lying close upon the ground. It had not flowered, so it was probably a new comer to the garden. It is strange that the light wind-borne seeds of thistle had not reached this garden in greater numbers, but perhaps the soil was too sterile for the seeds to live. In a far corner were several plantains, and the broad leaves and strong upstanding spikes, covered with red-brown seeds, showed boldly against the gravel heap on which they grew.

The evening was hot and sultry. In Wood Street the air was still and close, and yet by comparison it seemed cool to the air in the little wild garden. High brick walls, which bounded the northern side, had faced the blazing sun all day, and now gave out the warmth they had absorbed. The sultry heat was made greater by this radiation, and yet the wild plants, self-sown in brick dust, *débris* and decay, were strong and thriving.

A second visit was made to the garden on an autumn evening. The scene had changed considerably. Overhead was a dull grey sky, against which were silhouetted the charred timbers, the irregular outline of the warehouse walls, some rows of chimney pots, and the spidery lines of telephone wires. The grey tower of St. Alban, with the dark mass of its windows and its delicate crocketed pinnacles, flanked by the plane trees, stood boldly above the office buildings. Below was a row of ruined arches, once the windows of the building, looking in their decay like the ruins of some ancient city.

The flowers had all gone. The bracken had begun to wither and to fall : many of the fronds had changed to yellow or to russet brown, which brought some vivid colour to the garden, which was elsewhere dull and sombre. The ground was damp and sodden under foot, and the ferns were bigger and stronger than in the August heat. The fine green lichen had spread across a piece of bare ground and made a broad bright patch of vivid green. The last pink flowers of the willow herb had faded, and the tops of all the plants were covered with the ripening seeds. The long thin pods, which measure about 2 inches, were red in colour, and those that were fully ripe had burst and showed the crimson

centre, round which the seeds were clustered. Each small brown seed has a score or more of silken threads, soft and fine as a spider's web, which gradually open out into a silvery tuft as light as air which floats the seed away, and thus the waste grounds of London are made gay by this hardy plant with its masses of bright pink flowers. The groundsel flowers had all changed into little white balls of fluff, and the leaves of the goat willow trees were brown and shrivelled. Half hidden by the bank of persicaria was the body of a small dead rat, one of the large band that live in the cellars beneath the street and forage in the garden and search for food amongst the crumbs about the coffee stall and in the neighbouring eating-places.

The bees were seeking honey-flowers elsewhere, or had gone to their hives for the winter, but many long-legged gnats were flying round the plants. As the dusk fell a bat came out and passed rapidly up and down the little open space, with his erratic jerky flight, seeking for insects, probably one of his last flights before he found a sheltered place in which to sleep the long sleep of winter. The velvety body and strange-shaped wings showed black against the darkening sky, and a creature so typical of the open countryside seemed strangely out of place in the heart of a great city. The lights were turned on in some of the windows that look down upon this wild garden, and as the shadows deepened the plants could no longer be distinguished. Thus the silence grew, the silence in the heart of a great city, where many work by day but few live at night. In a few more years the whole of the *débris* would be covered by a tangled mass of vegetation, but the days of the garden are numbered. Where formerly the citizens were buried, and more recently fabrics and materials were stored and sold, where now nature is hiding with vegetation the ruin and desolation caused by war, in future thousands of telephone wires will be congregated and a large telephone exchange erected.

There are many gardens in this country, both wild and cultivated, but surely there is no garden more strangely situated than these few yards of rubbish heaps beneath the shadow of St. Paul's and within hail of the Guildhall. There are many who lavish their wealth upon their gardens, but nowhere can one be found on a more expensive site. In nine years' time the birds and wind have brought the seeds of sixteen plants, that in the *débris* of the buildings have somehow found a footing and now are hiding the tumbled heaps of bricks and stone, of girders and of charred remains, beneath a mass of leaves and fronds and flowers. Thebes and Carthage and many a mighty city have passed away. If this should also be the fate of London, then the Wood Street wild garden is but typical of what the New Zealander will see when London ceases to exist

W. HOWARD HAZELL.

WILD LIFE IN SIBERIA

I HAVE always been puzzled by the enthusiasm that exists for the bare bones of geographical exploration and the apathy that passes over, as hardly worth attention, the natural history of new territory. The records of many an explorer reveal the mentality of a mathematical master who hopes to find oil. After every expedition we are accustomed to expect an explanation which strives to put the explorer right with the hard-headed business man, and to demonstrate the practical material benefits that may be expected to accrue from the journey: new races to subjugate, new large beasts to shoot down for the billiard-room wall, new deposits of minerals by the vicarious exploitation of which rich merchants may become still richer.

That the explorer should be a man whose interest in wild life is not confined to the perfunctory extermination of fleas, wolves, horned deer or other creatures calculated to cause him discomfort, apprehension or gun-pride, he considers as quaint an idea as that he should be a good chess-player or a redoubtable collector of postage stamps. Harsh words, but go through your bookshelves before protesting that they are unjustified.

In Siberia lies a wonderful field for the student of wild life. Seebohm, to the best of my knowledge, is the only British traveller who has paid any considerable attention to its fauna, and his journey, undertaken about fifty years ago, was devoted exclusively to the observation of bird life. Needless to say, he was not able in this single journey to produce anything like an adequate survey of the birds of Siberia. A few German travellers have studied some aspects of the fauna in general, but the work of the Russians themselves has been negligible. I have talked with Russian men of science who occupied long years of political exile in admirably thorough ethnographical research and been amazed at their apathy and ignorance concerning the fauna and flora of their surroundings. Very little stuff indeed has come through from the vast wildernesses of Northern Asia to the world's museums of natural history. Even the Petrograd Zoological Gardens made no attempt to collect and display any approach to an adequate exhibition of the Empire's fauna.

Here then is what may be termed almost a virgin field for the naturalist.

During most of my wanderings in Siberia and Outer Mongolia I had very little money and dressed and lived like a backwoods peasant. All my belongings were in a small pack on my back. Under these conditions it was not possible to do much collecting, but by using my eyes and chatting with peasants and natives I found out numerous interesting things about the fauna.

This enormous tract of territory, 3000 miles from the Urals to the Pacific, and 2000 from the Arctic Ocean to the rampart mountains of Central Asia, consists of three east-west belts of sharply differentiated country. The top belt, north of the Arctic Circle, is tundra. In the three months of summer, tundra is a shallow layer of treeless tussocky swamp overlying hundreds of feet of frozen mud. In summer it is impassable but for occasional meandering natural dykes of raised soil, the rivers, groups of low hills, or the mountain ranges that occur in the north-east. In winter, of course, it is snow-field, like all the rest of Siberia. The central belt, the northern limit of which, roughly, is the Arctic Circle, is a dense taiga or forest of fir, pine, larch and cedar. It is quite a remarkable belt of forest. You can reach it in a quarter of an hour by taking a tram from the centre of Petrograd, and you can then walk through it for three or four years, across Northern Russia, over the Urals, across Siberia, until, unless you look where you are going, you will tumble over a cliff—densely studded with firs to the very brink—into the North Pacific. South of this forest comes the steppe belt, essentially treeless prairie, but often broken up by wooded foothills and spurs of the long line of lofty mountain ranges which sharply bar off Mongolia. As you go further east from Russia the steppe belt becomes narrower and the taiga belt broader. In the middle of Siberia, running north and south for nearly 400 miles, is that remarkable 'deep hole of Asia,' Lake Baikal. Only thirty or forty miles wide (though more than a mile deep for much of its extent), it might, with reservations, be termed the frontier of North European and North Asiatic fauna, just as the Bali-Lombok line, down in the Sunda Sea, is the frontier for much of the fauna of Australasia and South Asia. There are, of course, large numbers of creatures that cross the Baikal line in each direction, but there are also large numbers of creatures that do not. As the fauna west of Baikal (except up in the Saiansk Mountains) is substantially, but by no means exclusively, of North European complexion, the greatest interest centres upon that of the east, especially in the taiga and steppe belts of Trans-Baikalia.

The tundra belt of North Siberia teems with bird, fish and insect life during the brief summer. What is surely the biggest

Metridia armata, the eerie little phosphorescent crustacean, dwells among the slushy pools of the Arctic seashore. He finds himself most comfortable in salt water slush at a temperature of just 2 or 3 degrees below freezing point. He still finds life worth living at 20 degrees under zero Fahrenheit. Polar bears are plentiful in places, but somehow these magnificent great brutes go down in one's estimation after one discovers that, instead of exercising their huge bulk and prodigious strength in tackling sizeable prey like brown bear, elk, wolf or, at least, seal, their main food is the little striped lemming, which 'treks about' near the shore of the Arctic Ocean, in herds so numerous as to be the terrestrial counterpart of our flocks of winter starlings. The lemming is a little rat-like creature that any tom-cat could catch. The polar bears follow the herds about and scrunch the little beasts up whenever they feel hungry. Wolves are seldom seen along the shores of the Arctic or in the bleak emptiness of the northern tundra; it is the taiga zone that constitutes their haunts. The little Arctic fox, however, is quite at home, on account of his protective colouring, as is the Arctic hare. Up in the Arctic food is scarce, and nearly every spring finds many a community subsisting on stinking dried fish and practically nothing else. Still the people will not eat hare, deeming it too close a relative of the cat. The estuaries and lower reaches of the big rivers flowing into the Arctic teem with fish, monster sturgeon running up to more than 200 lbs., many kinds of salmon, muksun and omul, nyelma and chir, seld and sig and grayling. The various sorts of salmon go up the rivers to spawn every summer, each in its own time, so regularly that their coming can be gauged every year to within a few days.

Reindeer exist in considerable numbers. Practically all are domesticated. Such wild ones as occur are strays from the herds owned by native tribesmen. The Tungusi and other races ride them at times, and I have seen a Tungus ride into a Russian settlement with a baby in each pannier cradle slung across the beast's flanks. It is one of the Tungus jokes to ask you to try to ride a reindeer. If you are a 'tenderfoot' the moment you get on the reindeer sits down. The mistake you have made is to have sat too far aft. You must sit right over his front legs. The distribution of the reindeer is curious. Broadly speaking—there are certain regional exceptions, of course, as in the Trans-Baikal—the Siberian reindeer skips the central or taiga zone entirely. South-bound, you lose sight of him after leaving the Arctic, and you do not find him again until you reach the slopes and alpine valleys of the Saiansk Mountains, on the border of Mongolia.

The corner of Siberia called Kamschatka has a most interesting fauna of its own, about which hardly anything is known. Along the

coast range the sea lion, the sea bear, and the sea otter. The sea bear is almost extinct, and the sea otter has been so hunted for its very valuable fur that it is likely to die out soon.

In the mountains running up into the tundra in the Eastern Arctic roam the rare Lena big-horn sheep, a skull of which I was able to bring back for the British Museum.

The tundra, once away from the haunts of man, is wonderfully rich in bird life, which is only to be expected, seeing that in summer it is one vast and almost trackless swamp. Waders and water birds predominate, Temminck's stints, reeves, red-necked phalaropes, reed buntings, yellow-headed wagtails, Lapland buntings, Arctic terns, snow buntings, teal, ptarmigan, Siberian herring-gulls, Bewick's swans, Buffon's skuas, and dunlins among them.

So far some 300 kinds of birds have been recognised in Siberia, of which about fifty are non-European. Most of the European species, however, have developed noticeable colour differences and variations of marking. The lesser spotted woodpecker, for instance, has developed entirely white breast plumage, without spots.

I suppose I ought to have been enthusiastic over the rarities, but the birds there that gave me the most pleasure were the swallow and the house sparrow. Up in the very coldest region of the world, where winter temperatures are far lower than at the North or South Pole, the house sparrow has penetrated and made himself at home. He did not seem quite so saucy and noisy as he does in Bloomsbury. The fight for life each winter in 70 and 80 degrees under zero Fahrenheit probably sobers him. He is not very numerous, either.

Swallows were plentiful. They stay only a very few weeks. Already at the end of July they are gathering for the southward flight. Every now and again they dislocate business in the town of Yakutsk early in August, and necessitate frantic eleventh-hour activity with pen and scissors in the office of the little local newspaper, by perching in such numbers along the single strand of telegraph wire that links up with the railway zone, 2000 miles south, that the wire breaks in several places. It annoys the traders and officials that this happens to their one lone wire, on the fringe of the biggest forest in the world. I often saw kites, falcons and a small brown eagle. Falcons were very plentiful and very tame. They sat low, on stumps or branches only 4 or 5 feet above the ground. I never saw a magpie or black-and-white crow, of which there are many down in the steppe zone. Wheatears, red-throated pipits, lapwings, fieldfares, and red-polls were sometimes plentiful. Asiatic golden plover and blue-throat were scarce.

There were parts of the southern verge of the tundra, in the Lena valley, where the glades and much of their small fauna were strikingly like the New Forest: small pines and bushes of willow, sallow and hawthorn; rides of springy turf fringed with rich lush grass, gay flowers and luxuriant foliage; the same water-meadow flowers, clumps of flaming willow-herb and drifts of white crowfoot on the pools; dragonflies skimming to and fro, dainty fritillary butterflies and whites and little metallic blues and coppers fluttering around the golden heads of ragwort. Bees buzzed sleepily among the flowers and hoverer flies darted hither and thither, poising like tiny helicopters.

Now and again, indeed, I caught sight of a bough of thorn leaves a trifle larger than those of the New Forest hawthorn, a timid marmot sitting up on his haunches like a toy to listen to some meaning-fraught sound imperceptible to the human ear, a butterfly that had never been netted on Lyndhurst Hill. Then I realised, with a twinge, that a relentless mosquito had found its way under the bag of black gauze in which my head was tied. I plucked at a cool-looking dock leaf that I noticed in the shade of a sallow bush. Up came the plant, roots and all; and the soil around the roots was full of frost crystals. Even in midsummer, which arrives a month later up there in the Siberian 'far north' than with us, the earth is always frozen a few feet under the surface. Under bushes and among rocks and stumps where little or no direct sunshine falls, the frost is almost on the surface.

Of the Yakutsk flowers I collected, half were either species found in Britain or forms closely allied to our species. Wild roses and purple flags blossomed in profusion, harebells and coltsfoot, wild carrot and two or three kinds of dead nettle, ragwort and tansy. Dwarf pinks teemed where the turf was dry, and drifts of Canterbury bells and larkspur gave a curiously garden-like aspect to many a marshy glade in the wilderness.

Grasshoppers and spiders were abundant, and there were numbers of locusts with black-spotted red wings. Many of the butterflies were familiar friends—three or four kinds of fritillary, small tortoiseshells, small heaths and coppers, many dainty little blues and a few hairstreaks. One elusive butterfly among the upper branches of the big sallows looked like the white admiral, but I was unable to make certain. Around Olekminsk, where the tundra zone blends into the taiga, I found the commonest butterfly was that great prize of the British collector, the black-veined white. Another British rarity which occurs in Siberia is the lovely Camberwell beauty, a specimen of which came down to drink from a thawing ice-gully in my camp on the bank of the Shilka one spring morning.

The leaf-cutter bee is busy in the taiga, but I found no traces

of his work up in the tundra. Spiders were numerous. I saw no wasps, hornets or wood ants. The only land shell I found was of a tiny snail hardly bigger than half a pea. Small water snails were numerous, but I found no slugs. Nor did I find toads, though frogs occurred. What an extraordinary life is led by a tundra frog! From September to June he is frozen so hard that he breaks into bits like a china toy frog, if you take him from his place of hibernation and drop him on a hard surface. It would be interesting to discover whether tundra frogs live longer as a compensation for existing in a state of suspended animation for nearly three-quarters of the year.

Heading south from the tundra zone, you come into the great central belt of forest that spans Siberia. It is along its north and south fringes that wild life is most abundant. Not much stirs in the depths of the forest apart from the squirrels and carnivorous mammals, and bird life is strikingly poor. The cuckoos trek north each June by way of the great rivers. They reach the north fringe of the taiga, but I have neither seen nor heard them up on the tundra. In the forest you may come across the glutton and the wolf, the elk, several kinds of wild cat, wild boar, lynx, the brown bear, deer, otters, striped squirrels, flying squirrels, ermine, common squirrel, sable, polecat, weasel, and, in the Ussuri country, the tiger. The lynx and the elk are the most dreaded beasts in Siberia. Anyone, native and Russian colonist alike, would rather face three or four bears simultaneously than an enraged lynx. There are queer rumours drifting about the taiga concerning a monstrous shaggy wild ox which seems to resemble the auroch, the bison or the extinct *Bos palasii*, bones of which have been dug up in the tundra of the Taimyr peninsula.

Otters have been thinned out considerably during the past century. The fur trappers catch them chiefly in winter by snares or baited hooks. A hundred and fifty years ago beavers occurred on nearly every Siberian river. They have now been driven back into the remote corners of the north-east watershed, and all the natives and colonists of whom I made inquiries were very doubtful if they still exist at all. It is significant that no fresh-killed beaver fur has been reaching the fur traders for many years now. Most of the pelts used to go to China, where they fetched three times as much money as they did in Muscovy. The native nomad trappers held the quaint belief that every colony of beavers is divided into two tribes: the Gulashniki (Idle Folk) and the Rabotniki (Busy Folk). The Rabotniki do all the hard work of gathering in food supplies for the winter. The Gulashniki lie in ambush near home, pounce out and rob their industrious rivals and go off with the spoils. However, as the Tungusi natives say the Rabotniki's fur is in bad condition from hard work, and they hunt the Idle Folk

instead, the luck seems somewhat evenly apportioned between capital and labour.

You do not notice many squirrels as you pass through the taiga, but an idea of their enormous numbers may be gained from the fact that until the recent disturbance of trade some thirty million pelts a year were exported without seeming to make any difference to their abundance. The nomads tell you an amusing 'fish story' about squirrels crossing rivers seated on small logs, using their tails as sails. I never heard of eels occurring in Siberian rivers. There was an amusing misunderstanding of a sketch of one that I made in the Trans-Baikal when a Buriat explained that they were very abundant at a neighbouring village. However, thinking he might be confusing them with snakes, I prolonged the discussion, which was just as well, as it presently became quite clear that he was describing tapeworms.

The Trans-Baikal has been described as rich in snakes. I never found one there, nor did any native or colonist with whom I talked. This prevalent ignorance of snakes is curious in view of the existence of two extremely venomous species of *Trigonocephalus*, *Blomhoffi* and *intermedius*. I found the common British lizard surprisingly far north, in the taiga belt near Kirensk, and I was told that a viper is met with further north, in the Lena valley. There seem to be plenty of snakes in the foothills of the Altai, though I did not see any. Certain villagers had reputations as snake-bite exorcists and were sent for when horses and cattle were bitten. A large *Columber* ran thereabouts to albino varieties which were termed 'King of the Snakes' by the Kirghiz Tartars and the peasant colonists. To 'catch this snake's eye' is believed to forecast your approaching death. My host, Colonel Savlovski, whose native attendants fled one day when they found him calmly staring one of these serpentine monarchs out of countenance, was subsequently congratulated, after the lapse of a couple of weeks, on his survival. 'You see what *duraks* you are!' he exclaimed. 'Not a bit of it!' they demurred. 'That particular "king of the snakes" must have been blind!' The Kalmucks, according to Strahlenburg, believe that the god of waters takes the form of a serpent when he comes ashore for a stroll. Snakes, he avers, are sacred among them. 'They never kill any, but make them so familiar that they will creep into bed to them!'

On July 11, 1721, Bell, who was a member of a delegation of Muscovites returning through Siberia from an embassy to Kam Hi, the Emperor of China, recorded that some of the party, dismounting for a walk by the Shamansky rapids, where the Baikal runs into the Lower Angara, saw many 'vipers' among the rocks and thickets on the bank. I found none there, however.

Wandering about Siberia, one comes across some of the brightest stories and beliefs about bears. As in the Canadian North, there does not seem to be any animosity against the bear. He is regarded as an amusing sort of person, but you are advised not to intrude into the family circle when mother bear has a brood of youngsters. Of course, they grant, there *are* bad bears, just as there are doubtless bad butterflies. If you meet a bear who shows no inclination to turn tail and run, the thing to do, you are told, is to strip off your clothes and dance, stark naked, with verve and vim. That is really very sound common sense. The bear is profoundly suspicious. The sudden change from a sedately walking dark suit of clothes to a prancing white thing that is all arms and legs, like a giant albino spider, strikes Bruin as uncanny, and off he lumbers, with sadly shaken nerves. Bears, the Trans-Baikal Buriats told me, never attack men sleeping by a camp fire. On hearing this I gave a sigh of relief that proved premature. My informants added that the baffled bear then trots off to the nearest stream, dives in, trots back to the fire and puts it out by rolling on the embers with his saturated fur. Then you are eaten—unless, presumably, you wake up in time to kick the bear off in the act of sitting down on the fire.

The Siberian wolf is not much of a menace to man except in February and March, when his natural food supply has become scarce after a hard winter. There is no doubt that he does attack, kill and eat human beings. Nearly every village can give you intimate details of cases, and until the Revolution the Russian Ministry of the Interior used to publish annual statistics dealing with them.

Then there is the tiger. One of the oddest things about the Siberian tiger, to my mind, is the way he sticks to two quite sharply defined districts ; the Ussuri forests north-west of Vladivostok, and the undergrowth of the swamps around Lake Balkash, south of Barnaoul. There is no reason why he should not roam far and wide. Some few of the Ussuri breed range some distance afield, around the mouth of the Amur, crossing the icebound estuary in winter to raid cattle when deer and wild boar are unusually scarce. Now and then a straggler—sometimes even a group—treks up the south bank of the Amur to the neighbourhood of Blagovestschensk. There was a famous old Ussuri tigress about fifty years ago who started out to circumnavigate the globe, and got to within sight of Baikal before her aspirations were cut short, but I have not heard of a single specimen having been seen west of the Nerchinsk watershed since then. I have an interesting old Russian record, though I cannot find it at the moment, which describes a stampede of Ussuri tigers for hundreds

of miles from their usual ground. The hero of this feat was—the mosquito. There was a particularly bad mosquito year when the Ussuri jungle was so full of swarms that it seemed to be permeated with clouds of black smoke. It was more than the frantic tigers could stand. Driven nearly mad by the pests, they trekked off *en masse* to the dry hills of Manchuria until the cold weather came.

The fauna of the steppe zone is not so distinctive as that of the taiga and the tundra. The broad, treeless spaces are empty of birds and the larger animals, in very much the same sort of landscape that in Africa, for instance, would be teeming with wild life. However, the fauna tends to become more dense than up in the taiga wherever patches of forest occur. (Even in the steppe zone there is many a wood as big as our New Forest, which nobody has taken the trouble to name.)

Many curious beasts have been discovered in the steppe zone, and many more await discovery. There are some particularly interesting rodents, and the strange rat hare (*L. alpinus*). On the Amur and Shilka there is a special crayfish. There is a queer shrew up Kamschatka way. East of Baikal there are the jerboa and the tolai, the Amur raccoon, the baibak, the corsak, the saiga and the steppe cat. Among the birds of the steppe zone the capercailzie, ptarmigan, blackcock, cranes and hazel hens are numerous. The ptarmigan are often so tame as to be a positive nuisance. Up in the forest tracks of the Northern Trans-Baikal they used to get under my horse's feet, like so many farmyard fowls.

The fauna of Lake Baikal, 'the deep hole of Siberia,' is in itself well worth a lifetime's study. Extraordinarily interesting forms are likely to occur at the north and south ends, at the 'divide' between European and Asiatic wild life.

In and around this lake, 400 miles long by forty wide, more than a mile deep, and nearly 3000 miles from the Arctic Ocean, are great numbers of cormorants and gulls, salmon, peculiar crustaceans, a deep sea fish that is used as a candle, and a race of seals. The fish in question, the golomyanka, lives about three-quarters of a mile under the water. Now and then, when there is a volcanic upheaval down in the depths, it is washed ashore in quantities. Then passing natives or Russian squatters put it in the sun in a bowl, and it dissolves into bones and melted fat. The bones are thrown away, and a wick is put into the fat.

The Baikal seal (*Phoca baikalensis*) is a variety of the ringed seal, and is practically identical with another inland sea seal, that which inhabits the Caspian. Both were left behind in big puddles after the spell of titanic fractures in the earth's crust which cut Alaska away from North-East Siberia, threw up the Rocky

Mountains, killed off the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros in North Siberia, and drained away the great ocean which once stretched from Trans-Baikalia to Gibraltar, the prehistoric ocean now reduced to the Mediterranean Sea.

BASSETT DIGBY.

SHOREDITCH

THE borough of Shoreditch is one of the most densely populated parts of London; it also boasts the highest birth-rate, which in 1923 was 27·1. Almost everyone declares it to be the most perfect example of a slum district. Yet I have a good deal of affection for the place; a day in Bethnal Green leaves me as nearly hopeless as I can be; a day in Shoreditch can be not only interesting, but positively amusing.

I deny that it is all Slumland. There are many unexpected corners in Shoreditch in which quite nice little houses are tucked away; and I know many tiny gardens, lovingly cherished, in which flowers flourish. Shoreditch likes flowers, though its taste may be mid-Victorian; the very last ribbon border of geraniums and lobelia will be found there. And I know tall trees which have escaped the axe, and at least two vines growing out of doors, vines which bear grapes which—according to their proud owners—'get not quite ripe, you know, but pink enough to eat.' These little gardens are apt to have alarming guardians in the shape of dogs, for back ways into houses need watching. I confess I do not get on overwell with East End dogs; they generally object to me, and say so. I dislike them most when they take up their position at the top of stairs and defy me. It is only the other side of the story one always hears in the country: 'My dog can't stand a tramp; won't allow one near the place.' But my worst dog foe, after having bitten three innocent persons, has contrived to get himself stolen by a foolish thief; his family mourn him as lost; but I know better: he will bite that thief hard, and be brought back by an indignant claimer of damages.

Part of the wide, tram-filled Kingsland Road runs through the borough, and, to my fancy, separates the bright little 'otherwise' houses from the slums which are a disgrace to London. I like the Shoreditch people on both sides of the road: they are cheerful, as a rule, and have a strong sense of humour. I put down the love of flowers, and the love of a jest, to the large coster population. As Chevalier taught us long ago, the coster has enriched London speech, though he has made it, perhaps, just a little

difficult for a stranger to understand. Once in the dressing-room of a Shoreditch place of entertainment I heard a lady who was native there, and to the language born, declare that she was starving, and must have a 'snack'; calling a messenger, she sent out for 'a salmon, a doorstep, and a wally-wally.' Breathlessly I waited for the arrival of these refreshments—I presumed on a handcart—but a salmon was only a bit of fried fish from a stall, a doorstep was a thick slice of bread-and-butter, and a wally-wally a large pickled gherkin.

The dark side of life in the worst of the Shoreditch streets is very dark indeed, and the reputation of some of them is very bad. If you walk up the Kingsland Road from Shoreditch Church, crossing to the left side, and going for a considerable distance, and then ask any respectable-looking man or woman to direct you to Wilmer Gardens (a turn off Kingsland Road), he or she will say probably: 'Oh, you mustn't go down Wilmer Gardens. It is not safe.' Against this testimony I put my own experience, and I know the place well, and that of a lady who does much work in the district, and knows it even better, for she often goes down it once a fortnight; we agree that the worst that is to be expected is a criticism, favourable or the reverse, on one's hat. So far from any annoyance in this quarter, I have met with kindness. Well do I remember being pursued down a back street by a kind woman who said: 'Please excuse me. A lock of your hair is loose, and I thought you'd like to know it. And can I give you a hairpin?' She took one out of her own head and gave it to me. I was very grateful to her, and also grateful that the sort of gloves I was wearing admitted the slipping away into safety of small objects in an unobtrusive way.

'No, don't go down Wilmer Gardens,' said a friendly man to me on my last visit. 'That's where they kill policemen.' He spoke as if it were a sort of bi-weekly sporting fixture. At one time, I believe, it was the home of very rough characters, and a refuge for many 'wanted' men; but when I look at the shells of some of the houses which have been condemned, and must be pulled down, or at the ones still left in all states of dirt and ruin, yet crowded with tenants, I wonder whether the criminals chose to go to Wilmer Gardens or whether Wilmer Gardens made the criminals. Part of one side of the street has been cleared, and there is a fair-sized open space, which has been discovered by gipsies, on which I fix covetous eyes. I want it to be used, I want nice new, clean, pretty houses to be built upon it, and then I want to see some of the overcrowded people living on the other side of the street moved into them.

At the far end of the 'Gardens,' which grow nothing but bricks and dirt, you will find the celebrated Costers' Hall; and if you

wish to listen to undiluted praise ask anyone in the neighbourhood if it does any good.

'Any good?' said a woman to me. 'Why, it's *all* good. Take one thing only; the way they get them to save their money—the persons with stalls, I mean—why, it's wonderful. The Hall takes care of it for them, and cheers them on. It's not so easy to begin with, for when it's only a few pence, or a shilling or so, why, you think you may as well take it out, and go and enjoy yourself; but when it gets to more than you'd spend in an evening, why, then you get set on it, and wouldn't touch it if it was ever so. I saw a lady yesterday; she used to be at a stall, and now she's got a shop, well filled. "So you are going up in the world?" I said. "Yes," she said, "and it's Costers' Hall that's done it." Why, the Pearly King himself goes up and down amongst the stalls, advising the people to take their money to the Hall instead of drinking it.'

Unfortunately it is not only his Pearly Majesty who takes a keen interest in the small change of the neighbourhood. As I was passing out of Wilmer Gardens into Kingsland Road a few days ago a friend of mine who was with me said:

'The penny betting man was here when I came through at 10.30 a few days ago.'

'Who is the penny betting man?'

'That is what they call him, and I fancy they have estimated his value pretty well. He was walking up and down the street—quite a well-dressed man—calling out:

'"Now then, ladies, bring out your pennies. Here is a really good thing for the 2.30 race to-day. Can't lose, I tell you; I have it straight from the stable. You can go nap on it, and have a bit to play with on Saturday. Now then, ladies, where are your pennies?"'

'Does he really take penny bets?'

'Yes, he does. And if he thinks there is a policeman coming, he puts his paper in his pocket, straightens his hat, and walks out of the other end of the street as coolly as you please.'

I have never understood the essential wickedness involved in backing a horse, and have accepted money for my poor friends which I knew was part of the result of a fortunate plunge, so it would be the depth of meanness to pretend to be shocked beyond measure. But I do not think betting need be brought to the door like the milk, and—the penny betting man looks well dressed and prosperous, and the women in that quarter do not.

Wilmer Gardens has no monopoly of ill-built, dirty, tumble-down houses. Ware Street, for example, runs it very close, and Philip Street and Essex Street are not far behind. Ware Street has become almost famous; it is always referred to as 'the

street the Queen visited, and said would all have to be changed.' There are one or two gaps in it now; but I suppose that no other homes have been found for the majority of its tenants and the local authorities hesitate to turn people out of even disgracefully dilapidated rooms into the street. Some of the houses show signs of settling the point for themselves by quietly collapsing. One of these places used to be called 'The Black and White Street,' I was told, because so many men of colour lived there with white women.

If anyone cares to learn if it is possible to manage property in a slum area, to manage it well, and to have decent houses yet not lose by them, he might take a turn through Lynedoch Street, Shoreditch, and see the Mary Street Estate. The manager has eighty houses to look after, and is to be found at his post. The houses—four rooms each—are let at 13*s*. a week; each has a scullery, gas oven for cooking, adequate water supply, and proper arrangements. The place is kept in the best repair, and positively shines out; but I was told I must not fail to visit it next spring, when it is to be done up from top to toe. The property was bought about eighty years ago, by private people, and is freehold.

'Full?' said the manager. 'I should say so, and a long waiting list; we can pick and choose our tenants. Look at the rent-book. Mrs. —— came in in 1875, and here still. The place is kept up, and kept clean; that's what does it. Why, we get the dust removed three times a week. We don't lose our tenants because they are not satisfied, and we don't lose them because they die here; but you can just take a look at our war shrine at the top of the street as you go out: that's how we lost some of them.'

'Does it pay?'

'Yes, perhaps 3 per cent. about. And we have not put up the rents.'

'Then why could not the local authorities buy up some of the dreadful dens round, pull them down, and run estates on these lines?'

'Well, there would have to be personal supervision. And they wouldn't get 3 per cent. for their money. There would be the ground rent; and if that only came to five pounds for a four-room house, it would put a bit on the rent. And the rates are fourteen shillings in the pound.'

'They are twenty-three shillings in the pound in Poplar.'

'Oh—Poplar! But it could be done, all the same; and if they did not get it back in money, they'd get it back in the people. But don't starve an estate; that's the secret.'

In a tiny house, in a back street, lives a woman whom I know. She is not much past middle age, and supports herself entirely by taking in washing for her neighbours. She is terribly poor, and

terribly busy, for she has a burden on her shoulders which is almost more than she can bear. Her only son, aged about twenty, is epileptic. The word is never mentioned in her presence; we speak of his fainting attacks. That woman has certainly had no holiday at all for five years; she has never been able to afford the leisure, and has no one to whose care she can entrust her poor son. She did once accept an invitation to a party given by some friends of the Home Workers' Aid Association, and enjoyed it; but otherwise her last five years have been spent in unceasing toil.

Close by lived—she has lately moved—another friend of mine, who brought up her six children on her earnings as a box-maker; her husband died, when he was still young, from consumption. She is often out of work for weeks at a time, and it is past my comprehension why she can get no unemployment pay. For some reason all home work appears to be classed as casual labour; but is it casual when it has been carried on for thirty years? She has been ill, and, since a friend had fortunately put enough stamps on her insurance card, was eligible for an allowance of 12*s.* a week for twenty-six weeks. Mercifully she recovered before the time had expired, and was able to work again. Had she remained ill, she must have got another certificate from a doctor to say that she was totally incapacitated, and then would have received 7*s.* a week only for an indefinite time, and have been strictly forbidden to do any paying work. How she could have lived on 7*s.* a week is more than I know. It is so very difficult to follow the reasoning which fixed this absurdly niggardly sum. No one can wish to force such poor people to go into the workhouse, for it is well known that that is no economy.

I know that there has been a certain amount of controversy lately about workhouse infirmaries: some people declare that they are delightful places; others hold a different opinion. By chance during the last week I have been talking to two poor women who had been admitted to two different infirmaries, and are now out again. One of my friends was boiling with indignation at the treatment which she said she had received. She told me that she had discharged herself against the doctor's will, proclaiming aloud that she would rather go home and die than remain where there was nothing but unhappiness. The other, a more patient soul, had also a tale of woe, but added: 'They are run to death, you know, not enough of them, and not enough rest-time; so if they *do* ask you if you think they have fifty pairs of hands, why, you must just put up with it.'

This kindly philosopher has her reward: she has been moved to a place of which I can never think without respectful admiration—St. Columba's Hospital. There I have seen her in a beautiful room, with only three beds in it, a room opening out on to a

verandah, where she can lie in pure air, and look at gardens and trees. There the kindest of nurses make the last weeks or months of their patients as happy as they can be, until their pain is healed for good.

To return to Shoreditch. These are fair specimens of life in that part of the borough in which little pleasant houses may be found, and of the work done in them. My friend Mrs. A. earns her living by machining gaiters for children, gaiters reaching up the thigh; she gets 1*s*. 7*d*. per dozen pairs; for more elaborate gaiters, which have to be lined, she gets 3*s*. 6*d*. a dozen pairs. Her husband, who has been dead for many years, was a vellum binder by trade, and did occasional jobs, she says, for the Bank of England. During their fat years they got together what is known as 'a good home,' otherwise some substantial furniture; now that the lean years have come, she takes the whole of a small house at 27*s*. a week, keeps two rooms for herself, lets the rest, and reduces her own rent to 3*s*. 6*d*. a week. But she is ill, and knows it. An operation looms ahead. She is eager for a holiday, and could have one immediately at our Home of Rest at Walton-on-the-Naze; but she will not let herself stop her machine until she has put by a little money towards the time she knows is coming when she will be forbidden to work. Also she has discovered at last that she really does need a set of teeth, and believes she might feel better if she had it. It will cost 3*l*., and the Health Insurance Committee will give her 22*s*. 6*d*. towards it, and possibly allow her to pay the rest by instalments.

Mrs. B.'s trade was a less pleasant one: she was a fur sewer, and had to give it up because it affected her eyes. I wonder it did not affect her throat too. Her health failed, her work failed, her husband's health failed, and his work failed too, so father and mother and four children are being supported almost entirely by the guardians; they get 1*l*. 2*s*. a week, and food to the value of 14*s*. They have to pay 8*s*. a week rent for two small rooms.

There is no end to the number of little industries which are carried on in small houses in Shoreditch; your tie may be made there, or your toothbrush. If you send your umbrella to be mended—unless you are certain that it is attended to on the premises—it is quite likely to fall into the hands of my friend Mrs. C., a widow aged sixty-five, who is an umbrella coverer, earning on an average 14*s*. a week. She also rents a whole house of seven rooms, and by sharing the basement with a friend and letting off the rest of the house reduces her own rent to 2*s*. 6*d*. Should your umbrella only need 'tipping,' it may reach Mrs. D., an affluent person who can only make 10*s*. a week, but says she is very well off, as her family are all working now.

Let no one imagine that these people dislike work, or complain

about it; they only complain when they cannot get it to do. Nearly all of them dislike slack times almost as much because they are empty days as because they are also very hard days. Yet too many of their would-be champions speak and write as if work itself were the evil.

I had lately the amusing experience of attending an informal open-air meeting at which an ardent Socialist told the crowd about the good time coming. He assured them that it had been calculated that if everyone worked, including the now idle rich, one hour's toil a week would supply everything necessary for the community. His listeners grinned.

'You can't quite swallow that?' he said. 'Well, suppose we say one day's work a week all round?'

The men looked as if they thought there might be something in the idea; but a woman made signs to the speaker.

'Ah, a lady has a question to put. Yes?'

'What I want to know is, if I've only got to have to cook my husband's dinner one day in the week, who's going to do it the other six?'

The speaker began some confused reference to communal work.

'Ho! *Soup kitchens!*' she said, with a snort which print cannot reproduce.

No one deprecated the intrusion of women into politics more sincerely than that orator did at the moment.

In the pleasanter part of the neighbourhood, near Dalston, there is a house which I never pass if I can help it, for it was the scene of a heart-rending tragedy, the death from cancer of a daughter and the subsequent violent insanity of her aged mother. There was much that was curious about this family, probably a lot more than I ever guessed. They must have come from a superior class, and they carried the 'keep myself to myself' rule to an excess. Naturally the mother never thought that she would outlive her daughter, but she did by a few weeks, and as she had always maintained that she had no relations, there was no one in charge when the older woman became insane and had to be removed. The wildest rumours were afloat amongst the neighbours. It was asserted that the old woman was very rich, that her family thought she had disgraced herself by her marriage, that there were many boxes of money which she had hidden about the house and could not find, and that at the last she had been in the habit of burning 5*l.* notes. All the foundation for the last statement which I ever discovered was that one 5*l.* note was picked up on the floor by a very poor neighbour, who, with the utmost honesty, handed it over to a small shopkeeper, who undertook the duty of arranging the daughter's funeral. But there

were some bits of furniture which had once been good, notably a piano, of a curious make. It was long and narrow, standing on four fluted legs; the keyboard took up about two-thirds of the length, the remaining third forming a box for some of the strings; and the maker was Broadwood. I opened it once, and touched the orange-colour keys, but they were almost dumb; perhaps pianos do not like being used as cupboards into which anything, including medicines, may be thrust. I was told that no one had ever claimed any of the furniture, nor the remains, if any, of the considerable burial insurance; I was told also that the furniture had been turned out into a yard; but my informant added: 'I expect it turned in again pretty quickly when the new people came, don't you?' The legend of hidden treasure lives, and grows.

It is impossible to write of the district round the Kingsland Road without thanking Heaven for the Geffrye Museum. There it stands, in the Kingsland Road, on the right hand as you go towards Stamford Hill; you cannot miss it, for it is the only beautiful thing that you will see for a long distance. Built about 1715 by Sir Robert Geffrye, and used for long years as almshouses for pensioners of the Ironmongers' Company, it consists of three sides of a square of tiny picturesque houses, enclosing a large space of turf and pavement. It had the very narrowest escape from destruction just before the war, when the site was held to be too noisy, and the houses too inconvenient, for the people who had there found refuge, and who were moved away into the country. Mercifully the London County Council, in an inspired moment, bought it, and turned it into a most enjoyable and instructive museum of furniture, more especially of London furniture. The little low almshouses have been knocked into long galleries without being defaced, and here you may see what London furniture once was like, and may be like again. You see mantelpieces of deal inlaid with pewter, and realise what a sweet honest wood deal is when it is not insulted by stain and varnish, and what a street door should be like, or a staircase, and note the beauty of hand-made chairs and tables. Shoreditch is the very centre of furniture-making, one of London's best and oldest industries, and wise craftsmen come here at times to study line and design.

But it is not only, or even mainly, the galleries for which I return thanks: it is the whole place. The courtyard is attractive, with its good grass, its fine trees, and the seats on which weary folk may rest and look at flowers. There is a playground for children, too, at the back, a real blessing. The last time I was there I was disappointed at not being able to get into the little chapel, in the very centre of the building; but I hope that was only a temporary disappointment. It is such a strange little chapel, so

stern and severe. The congregation must have believed indeed that order was Heaven's first law. The only ornament which I could see was an extra-large Table of the Ten Commandments. This interested me, because a dear old woman, whom I knew, had lamented that her husband had become 'almost a heathen' because he had gone to church with her (not at this chapel) and had spent too much of his time in studying the two Tables of Commandments in front of him.

'It's no use,' he announced. 'I figured it out. Do those things in solid stone that size, and there's no man could carry them down a mountain-side. Why, I couldn't do it myself!'

From the chapel I turned to the garden outside, and saw with pleasure the notice that a band plays there every Thursday evening in the summer.

'Is the place full?' I asked a pleasant gardener.

'Very.'

'Do they dance?'

'Well, not officially; and of course we can't have them on the grass, or it would not last a season; but you know what young girls are when there is a band. Up here, on the paved part, it does not hurt, so of course they do.'

The whole of the best part of the story of Shoreditch, its courage, pathos and humour, is to me summed up in the life of a most gallant old woman whom I visit. The last time I saw her she was rather troubled by her failing sight.

'I told the doctor, I did, and he just laughed. "Why, you're well over eighty," he said. "What do you expect me to do for you? I can't make you young again, you know." "No," I said, "and if you could, I wouldn't go to you. I had enough of being young."'

'Which is the best part of life?' I asked her.

'This, if you've not got too much pain. Your children are all out in the world, or else gone ahead; and your grandchildren are settled, too, or should be. As for friends, well, you are not likely to lose many more; you are more likely to be meeting the whole lot of them before long. The end is best.'

SYDNEY K. PHELPS.

THE COMING OF THE FRANCISCANS TO ENGLAND, 1224

SEVEN hundred years ago, on a Sunday in September, 1224,[1] a small band of travel-stained, shabbily clad labourers (for so they looked), some of them foreigners, some English, landed at Dover from Fécamp. They were the vanguard of a new crusading force, destined to accomplish great things, the first wave to reach these shores of a vast movement, eddying in ever wider and wider circles. From distant Umbria, at the bidding of the ardent Francis, these, his first envoys, had reached England.

Francis had dreamt years before that his brotherhood should embrace all nations. He beheld in vision 'a great multitude of men' coming to share their habit and their Rule, flocking towards Assisi 'from nearly every nation. The French come, the Spaniards hasten, the Germans and English run, and a great multitude speaking divers other tongues makes speed.' His missionary fervour—exemplified in his own journey to the East—had already despatched Brethren to France, Spain and Germany; the hardships they experienced in the last-named country at the outset through ignorance of the language may have determined his choice of three English Brothers to take part in the English expedition. The Friars Minor (Franciscans) had been preceded in this field by the Preaching Friars (Dominicans), who had arrived some three years earlier, and who received these later comers with brotherly hospitality. For their passage across the Channel they were indebted to the Benedictines of Fécamp.

[1] September 10, '*feria 3a post festum Nativitatis beatæ Virginis*' (Thomas de Eccleston, *Tractatus de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam*). This work, completed about 1258, is our chief authority for the early Franciscans in England, supplemented by allusions in contemporary chronicles Thomas had studied at Oxford, and entered the Order about 1232. He is in the main trustworthy and well informed on English affairs. References in this article are made to the critical edition of the *Tractatus* by Dr. A. G. Little (1909). It has been translated, with a valuable Introduction, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in *The Friars, and how They came to England* (Sands, 1903).

See also Dr. Little's *The Grey Friars in Oxford* (1892) and *Studies in English Franciscan History* (1917); *Monumenta Franciscana* (Rolls Series, 1858); Kingsford, *The Grey Friars in London* (1915); Charles Cotton, *The Grey Friars of Canterbury* (1924); J. Sever, *The English Franciscans under Henry III.* (1915); and Dr. Jessopp's *The Coming of the Friars* (1889).

The party numbered nine, of whom four were clerks. At their head was Agnellus of Pisa, a capable and devoted Brother in deacon's orders, about thirty years of age; he had previously been Warden of the Paris Friary. The three Englishmen were Richard of Ingworth (in Norfolk), Richard of Devon, and William of Esseby, a novice. The two others were young men, while Richard of Ingworth was elderly, and already known as a saintly priest and preacher.[1] The foreigners were a Lombard, Henry of Treviso, so sagacious and devout that he was made first Warden of the London Friary; a Frenchman, Laurence of Beauvais, who at first practised a trade ('*laboravit in principio in opere mechanico*'[2]), 'as the rule enjoined'; William of Florence, who soon returned to France; a Brother named Melioratus; and a novice named Jacobus, probably an Italian (*ultramontanus*). Agnellus and Laurence, at any rate, knew St. Francis personally; Laurence visited him not long after, returning to England 'gladdened by his most sweet benediction.'

But though this privilege cannot have been the lot of many of the English Brethren, the chief charm of their early history lies in seeing how closely they were able to preserve the spirit of their founder, how far the flower of his sowing bore transplantation to such alien soil. The answer on the whole is, With wonderful success. Some pages of Eccleston renew for us the *naïve*, joyous atmosphere of holy simplicity that pervades the *Fioretti*; we find examples of the same cheer, self-sacrifice, devotion, and obedience; of the courtesy that Francis called 'own sister to charity'; and of knightly zeal for the 'Lady Poverty.' This was in the early days, before ideals were dimmed by the admission of recruits on a large scale, by the favour of the great, the ambition for distinction in the schools, or the inevitable friction with the parish clergy, to which I must refer later on.

I must first sketch briefly the movements of the little band of friars on their arrival. The Lanercost Chronicle relates how they were mistaken for spies or robbers at a great house near Dover where they had sought shelter, until their behaviour showed up the mistake. On their arrival at Canterbury they stayed for two days at the Priory of the Holy Trinity, after which Richard of Ingworth and Richard of Devon, with Brothers Henry and Melioratus, proceeded to London. The five who remained were lodged at the 'Poor Priests' Hospital.' For over forty years the Canterbury settlement consisted of cells and a chapel in the grounds of this hospital, on a small island in the Stour. In 1267

[1] He was appointed first Provincial Minister of Ireland when the friars penetrated there in 1230, and finally ended his days as a missionary in Syria.

[2] Eccleston, p. 7. The second English recruit received into the Order had been a noted tailor ('*in arte scissoria famosissimus*': *ib.*, p. 19).

a pious alderman, John Digge, gave the friars a site immediately opposite, divided from it by one arm of the river, on the large island known as Binnewith. Here is still to be seen the remaining portion of the friary—a beautiful Early English building on arches over the river, together with a bridge, the foundations of the friary Church, and various other fragments. In 1294 the friars agreed to pay the monks of Christ Church three shillings a year for certain tenements belonging to them situated within the Grey Friars' precinct. In the sixteenth century the property passed into the hands of the Lovelace family, though Richard, the Cavalier poet, does not seem actually to have resided there.

The London group were made welcome by the Dominicans for the first fortnight, after which they obtained land in Cornhill, where they built the mud and wattle cells that were the type of dwelling enjoined by their rule, which condemned more solid buildings, and which composed the central home of the Order, the Portiuncula at Assisi. The rule also forbade the ownership of land or property, so we find in England that benefactors gave the sites for friaries to the municipality or some other body to hold on behalf of, or in trust for, the friars. Henry the Lombard, as already stated, was left as Warden in London; he seems to have taught ('*didicit literas*') in the evenings in St. Peter's Church, Cornhill.

The two Richards made but a brief stay in London, as before All Saints' Day we find them at Oxford, where again the Dominicans received the Minors fraternally until they were able to set up their own friary in St. Ebbe's parish. In the following year they moved to a house and ground hired from Richard the Miller. William of Esseby, now fully professed, became its first Warden, while the two indefatigable Richards went on to start yet another friary at Northampton. Cambridge and Lincoln are next mentioned, but the dates of their establishment are not given. The first site granted by the Cambridge townspeople was 'an old synagogue, hard by the prison.' The King, here, as elsewhere, a munificent benefactor of the friars, gave them a donation to improve the position, but it did not lead them into extravagance. They put up 'such a poor little chapel that a carpenter made it in one day' (made probably its wooden framework). It is to be observed that the Canterbury and London friaries had no chapel at all at first.

In 1225 the London friary was moved from Cornhill to quarters provided by a certain John Iwyn, 'citizen and merchant of London,' in the parish of St. Nicholas-by-the-Shambles, the exact locality bearing the agreeable name of 'Stynkynglane'! We sometimes in other towns find the friars building on marshy or otherwise undesirable sites, but Dr. Little has pointed out that

we must not conclude that they *preferred* such from self-sacrificing motives; these sites were probably assigned them because land was available there, and at a moderate price. Moreover, the houses of nobles and wealthy persons are found in similar localities.

The Franciscan friaries were almost always in the larger towns, and their numbers rapidly increased. By the end of Henry III.'s reign there were forty-eight in all, distributed over the country, six more being added under Edward I. Each consisted of at least thirteen members—twenty-five was an average number—under a warden (*gardianus*), but the numbers would be affected by the constant coming and going of the Brethren. Smaller settlements were called *loca*. The Oxford friary was probably the largest, as it was certainly the most renowned. Built so humbly at first that a man could scarce stand upright in its infirmary, it was soon improved and extended by generous benefactions. Even the strict Agnellus had recognised the need for its school to be adequate (' *satis honestam* ').

The Franciscan province of England—comprising for some considerable time a reluctant and protesting Scotland [4]—was divided into custodies, in each of which the friaries were grouped under a *custos*. There is some uncertainty about their number and extent, but London and Oxford were two of the earliest custodies; Cambridge, York, Salisbury, and Worcester are mentioned by Eccleston as others. The *custos* acted as visitor, directing the wardens, receiving novices as proxy for the Provincial Minister,[5] and attending the Provincial Chapter, which was the most powerful and important feature in the whole provincial organisation. At the head of all was the Provincial Minister, whose powers, however, were considerably limited by the Chapter; he was directly responsible to the Minister-General of the whole Order. In addition to the permanent visitor (the *custos*), the General Chapter of the Order instituted a travelling visitor for each custody, who should report to the Provincial Chapter on the conditions he found therein. Persons known as Procurators also came to be recognised to take legal action on behalf of the friars, and to deal with the financial affairs, endowments, and other benefactions, which they were not allowed to handle themselves. The rule had equally forbidden the acceptance of money through an 'interposed person,' and the stricter observants repeatedly protested against these Procurators. Similar functions were performed for the friars by 'spiritual friends,' who in some cases may have been Tertiaries. Little is known about the Tertiaries

[4] Scotland, though not officially recognised as independent, was probably largely so in practice.

[5] This was only formally sanctioned in 1260.

in England, or about the Second Order, the Poor Clares, or Minoresses. The latter seem to have arrived rather before 1252, and to have numbered among them many ladies of good birth. The friars, too, had early recruited men of wealth, position, and importance, who were, no doubt, attracted by their example of a purer and simpler life and by the appeal of renunciation. One of the most distinguished of them, Adam Marsh (de Marisco), is specially reported by Eccleston to have joined the Order by reason of his 'zealous love for poverty.'[6]

The friars had a strong middle-class following also. Father Cuthbert speaks of them as 'drawn from all ranks in society and friends of all.'

The life of these Franciscans was, indeed, a striking object-lesson, as many anecdotes in Eccleston's narrative prove. Their poverty was real. 'We hear of them at Canterbury, Salisbury, Shrewsbury, drinking joyfully dregs of beer mixed with water: at London lacking bread, and lying close together, "as is the manner of pigs," to keep a sick Brother warm, having no other means of doing so.' Their naked feet left bloodstains on the frozen mud and snow of wintry roads. A certain Brother, Walter of Madeley, one day wore a pair of shoes that he had found, and then dreamt he was attacked by robbers 'in a dangerous pass between Oxford and Gloucester'; because he went shod, they jeered at his plea of being a Friar Minor, so that, on awaking in terror, he threw away the shoes. The friars' buildings were at first poor and small, as instances already quoted show, and the gifts of land, timber, food, clothing, etc., were not in excess of their real needs.

It would, no doubt, have been more in the interests of economy, apart from idealism, to have constructed the buildings on a solider and ampler scale at first instead of having to enlarge them afterwards, or even to transfer them to another site. Eccleston admits this. 'In several places the simplicity of the friars had housed them with so little forethought' ('*ita inconsiderate*') 'that it was not a question of extending sites, but of moving the buildings altogether.' At Shrewsbury the Minister, in his enthusiasm for poverty, actually had the stone walls of the dorter removed, and replaced by mud ones, 'with marvellous devotion and . . . at no little cost' ('*permagnis sumptibus*')! John of Malvern, the second visitor appointed, removed at Gloucester the coloured windows and the pulpit painted by one of the Brethren, and the Brother in question, together with the Warden who had permitted them, were deprived of their hoods. Brother William

[6] Eccleston, p. 23. Adam Marsh (died 1258) was the master of Roger Bacon and the friend of Simon de Montfort and Grosseteste. See *Mon. Franc.*, vol. i., for his *Letters*, and Little, *Grey Friars in Oxford*, pp. 134-139.

of Nottingham replied to a friar who complained that he took no steps to complete the London House: 'I did not enter this Order to build walls.'

The friars were diligent in prayer, and in reciting the Offices. 'There was scarce an hour throughout the night in which some Brothers would not be found at prayer in the oratory.' They were earnest as confessors, and much sought after in that capacity. We read of a saintly Brother, Wilfrid of Salisbury, who used to weep and sigh when his penitents showed no contrition. When a distinguished nobleman, Alexander of Bassingbourn, made his confession in a casual way ('*quasi narrando quandam narrationem*'), Wilfrid himself wept bitterly, and thus moved him to tears, and to the intention of joining the Order, in which last he was prevented by death.

Laughter these Brethren loved, as well as contrite tears, even as their founder had loved both. At Oxford among the younger friars, laughter was so much the order of the day that repeated penance failed to check it, and nothing less than a vision conveying a supposed stern rebuke from the Crucifix expelled it from the choir. We read of friars intervening as peacemakers, just as Francis had done. Agnellus himself died in December, 1233, largely worn out by his vain efforts to reconcile the King and his Earl Marshal, Richard of Pembroke. Matthew Paris tells us how, at the Council of Westminster in the previous October, the friars, 'whom the King was wont to honour and listen to,' had exhorted Henry to make peace, and to love his people.[7]

That same Agnellus lamented some of the 'frivolous' disputations in the schools. Hearing some student friars discuss 'the existence of God,' he cried: 'Alack, alack! Simple Brethren win to heaven, while learned ones debate if there be a God!'

Eccleston also tells us of the humility of these early Brethren—their instant readiness to admit themselves in the wrong, or to go wherever sent by their superiors. As preachers they were very effective, their sermons being direct, homely, and moving. These homilies were often illustrated by lively anecdotes, some of which have come down to us. Bishops sometimes borrowed them. All the time, the Franciscans must have been pursuing their calling of devoted service to the lepers and other sick, ministering to bodies as well as souls; little direct record of this is extant for England, though the Order is known to have numbered several physicians. We gain altogether a wonderful picture of the zeal and holiness of these early days, which—if Eccleston's patriotism did not invent it—led the celebrated Minister-General, John of Parma, to exclaim: 'Would that such a Province could

[7] *Chronica Majora* (ed. Luard), iii., p. 251.

be set in the midst of the world, that it might be an example to all!'

One wishes that the picture could have stood as thus attractively sketched. But, alas, shadows soon creep in. The very popularity of the friars, and the gifts showered upon them, proved a snare. Among the crowds who flocked to the Order were many who did not share the lofty ideals of the early band. Matthew Paris probably exaggerates the luxury of their buildings when he compares them to royal palaces, but inevitably large establishments involved large expenses, and some friars became inveterate beggars. To a once 'incomparable preacher,' Brother William of Abingdon, the King is reported to have said: 'Brother, thou wert wont to converse in such spiritual fashion, but now thou canst say nought but "Give, give, give."' The poor complained of their exactions, while accusations were brought against them of harrying the wealthy on their death-beds for legacies; of selling absolutions and dispensations from crusading vows; of defrauding parish priests of burial fees, and of alms at 'surreptitious Masses'[8]; and of sparing the sins of the rich in their sermons. They were also attacked as spies and extortioners of taxes for the Papacy, though, as Matthew Paris admits, this may often have been against their will ('*licet invitis*').

We are not dealing here with charges brought against the degenerate, vagabond friars of a century or more later by Chaucer, Wyclif, and the satirists and ballad-mongers, but with charges formulated within thirty or forty years of their first coming to England.[9] Allowance must, of course, be made for the jealousy felt by the older monastic Orders—to which many of the chroniclers belonged—towards these popular and successful new-comers, supported by the Papacy, and for that of the 'secular' priests, who saw their flocks frequenting the preaching and the confessional of passing strangers. The friars, however, cannot be acquitted of arrogance and greed, while in some quarrels, at times leading to bloodshed, they were certainly the aggressors. This was the case at Bury St. Edmunds, where, in 1258, they forcibly intruded themselves into the Abbey grounds, and, invoking the aid of two nobles, set up a house in despite of the Abbot.

The jealous rivalries between the Dominicans and Franciscans, which began as early as 1243, were the most regrettable of all, and occasioned the greatest scandal. The heads of both Orders did their utmost to allay them, and to rewaken the early spirit of brotherhood. Both Orders came under rebuke for not opposing heretical teaching, and for too daring scholastic speculations.

[8] Pope Gregory IX. rebuked them for this.

[9] *E.g.*, by Matthew Paris in his *Chronica Majora* (vols. iii., iv., and v., ed. Luard) and *Historia Anglorum*. He usually associates the Dominicans with the Minors in his accusations.

The new pursuit of learning would, indeed, have seemed no less a snare than that of wealth in the eyes of St. Francis and the first Brethren. The question of the compatibility of learning with poverty, of the life of a scholar with that of a friar, has been hotly discussed from the thirteenth century onward. The English friars *did* try to combine them, and their studies—as was notoriously the case with Roger Bacon—were constantly hampered by restrictions on the purchase of books and other materials, and by the claims of their life as friars. It would, of course, be impossible here to dwell on the amazing record of the friars' schools at Oxford and Cambridge; one can only repeat the well-known boast that no other Province could show a list of scholars of European fame to compare with the Province of Bacon, Duns Scotus, Hales, and William of Occam. Friars all over Europe attended the Oxford school. Grosseteste was its first *Lector*.

In politics, the Minors seem to have been true to the tradition of their Order in siding with the people against oppression. We find them, for instance, in spite of royal benefactions, warmly espousing the cause of Simon de Montfort, and they were specially spared by Wat Tyler in his rising. In 1252 they sent back a present of cloth for their habits offered them by the King, because it had been extorted by him from the merchants, with the fearless reproof to *dominus rex* that one does not 'make alms of stolen goods'! They successfully interceded, in 1256, for the lives of some Jews who were under sentence of death for the supposed murder of a Christian boy, at the cost of incurring unpopularity in London. They were active in preaching Crusades, and in missionary efforts among the Saracens and other heathen.

When one adds to instances like these the memory of the hundreds of unrecorded lives among the friars spent in devout performance of religious duties and in the service of others; when one recalls the fact that long afterwards, at the time of the Dissolution, the Franciscan houses were found to be quite the poorest of all, one feels that, despite all failings and fallings-off the Order can never have been altogether unfaithful to the pattern set by the first friars at their coming to England.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

THE RACES OF IRELAND

FEW sciences have made more rapid advances in recent times than the science of ethnology—the science which deals with the origin and distribution of races. Its progress has been largely due to the adoption of new methods, especially the biological method which studies the physical characters of man. These physical characters include the following:

(*a*) Stature and general muscular and osseous development.
(*b*) Colour of the skin.
(*c*) Colour and texture of the hair and of the beard.
(*d*) Colour of the iris.
(*e*) Shape of the nose.
(*f*) Shape of the lower jaw and degree of prognathism.
(*g*) Shape of the head, and especially the cephalic index.
(*h*) Dentition.

Many of the above characters are found to be more or less constant in the various races, and to afford a satisfactory differentia. Popularly mankind is supposed to be divided according to complexion into the white or Caucasian, the yellow or Mongolian, the brown or Polynesian, the black or Negro races. The woolly hair of the Negro and Negrito, the lank, coarse hair of the Mongolian and indigenous American peoples, the wavy or curly hair of the Caucasian, are found to possess such distinctive characters that Pruner-Bey goes so far as to say that 'a single hair presenting the average form characteristic of the race might serve to define,' and Huxley takes a somewhat similar view. The small, flat, concave nose of the Mongolian, the broad nose with wide nostrils of the Negro, the large, arched, or straight nose of the Semite and the European, are found practically constant in the several races. The nasal index was regarded by Broca as an important test of racial stocks. The protruding lower jaw—*i.e.*, the prognathism—of the Negro race is highly characteristic. The American, Mongoloid and Negro races are, with a few exceptions, almost beardless, while a flowing beard is found amongst many of the Caucasian races. The oblique eyes of the Mongoloid races are a striking characteristic. The cephalic index—*i.e.*, the proportion between the length and the breadth of the skull—has generally been relied

upon as a differentia of much importance, but its value has been overrated, as so many intermediate types are found. Asia is the great nursery of the broad heads. Most Africans—Negroes, Hottentots, Bushmen, etc.—Arabs, Berbers, and many Europeans, are long-heads. The so-called Alpine race is broad-headed, while the Mediterranean and the Nordic races are long-headed.

There has been much discussion as to the determining causes of the physical characters of the various branches of the human race. It is clear that temperature alone will not account for racial characters. If we follow a parallel of latitude round the globe we shall find at approximately the same distance from the equator such profoundly divergent types of race as the American aborigine, the Negro, the Semite, and the Polynesian. Nor will elevation above the sea-level secure any uniformity of type. The Aztec of the Mexican plateau and the Inca of the Peruvian highlands had little in common with the Swiss highlander, the Afghan or the Kashmiri. How far change of climate and locality will in the course of time modify physical characters is a point upon which there appears to be a conflict of evidence. The Jew, so careful of the preservation of his racial purity, seems in all countries to retain his physical characteristics. It is said that after six generations the British residents in Barbadoes show no variation from the average Anglo-Saxon type. On the other hand, there is evidence that a company of a few hundred Germans of Würtemburg, who in the year 1816 settled in Transcaucasia, in a few generations lost many of their original features, and became approximated to the prevailing Georgian type, although there had been no intermarriage There is some reason to believe that the United States is developing an American type of which squareness of jaw is one of the features. In Australia there is an impression that the young Australian of the third or the fourth generation is developing a relatively tall and slender figure, the so-called 'corn-stalk' type, although it may be doubted whether the physique of the Australian military forces in the Great War corroborated this view. The whole subject is singularly obscure. It must always be remembered that the changes consequent upon climate and general environment are very slow in operation. Professor Mendes-Corrêa, of Oporto, has recently studied this subject in its relation to Portugal, and comes to the conclusion that races once stabilised are very constant, being only very slowly modified.

Ethnology has established some very important conclusions, of which one of the most important is that language is no key to race. The so-called Latin races, speaking some form of Romance language, are not necessarily ethnologically allied. Celtic language and Celtic culture do not necessarily imply community of race. Conquering races often impose their language and their culture

upon the conquered, or conversely adopt the language and the culture of the subject races. After the conquests of Alexander the Great the Greek language became the *lingua franca* of many diverse races of the East. The same phenomenon followed the rise of Rome to world-wide dominion. Latin became the medium of law, statecraft, and culture. On the other hand, the Teutonic conquerors of France soon adopted the Latin language and the culture of their subjects. The Anglo-Saxons ultimately made their language the speech of England, though with much borrowing from their Norman conquerors. But, while language is a fallacious key to race, it is not wholly negligible in this connection. Place names are very ancient, and there is some reason to hold that river names are the most ancient of all. Settlements commonly bear the names of the settlers. Thus the following place names in Ireland are of Danish origin: Carlingford, Strangford, Waterford, Wexford, Howth, Arklow, Wicklow, and many others. Proper names in a community throw some light upon ethnic origins. The prefix 'O' (O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Reilly, O'Byrne, O'Carroll, O'Malley, O'Sullivan, O'Flaherty, O'Grady, O'Hagan, O'Neill, O'Hara, etc.) points to an early Irish extraction. There are many Anglo-Norman names in various parts of Ireland. Scotch names are very common, especially in Ulster, in some counties of which they amount to 60 per cent. or 70 per cent. Danish and Swedish names occur, and there are a few Huguenot names.

Ethnology has shown that there are no pure races. Everywhere there has been some intermingling of races, and even in the most homogeneous populations there are always remnants of alien or primitive types. The Irish are a more composite race than is commonly supposed. There are not less than six races represented in Ireland, and this may be an under-estimate. The primitive type, if that expression is admissible, present in all great centres of population, is not wanting in Ireland. We all know the comic Irishman who appears from time to time in the illustrated papers. It is not a pleasing countenance—square-shaped face, snub nose, heavy jaws, beetling eyebrows. This type does exist in Ireland, but it is rare, and quite distinct from the mass of the population. It probably represents an aboriginal type long submerged by other and more favoured races. Wilde thought that it was relatively common in Connemara.

Ethnology teaches us to be cautious in inferring racial affinity from cultural correspondences. Primitive man everywhere learnt to chip stone for the provision of weapons and tools, to devise simple instruments, and to protect himself against rain, storm, and wild beasts by some form of shelter. Such things imply no racial connection. Similar necessities begat similar expedients. Perhaps the most striking proof of the natural trend of the human

mind under the most varied conditions of climate and environment is to be found in the widespread prevalence of the practice of erecting megalithic monuments—cromlechs, menhirs, and dolmens. They are to be found, often in astonishing numbers—one oasis in Mauretania had no less than 10,000—in the north and west of Europe; in North Africa; in North, Central, and South America; in Asia Minor, Moab, Syria, Palestine, Arabia; in the Crimea and the area of the Persian Gulf; in the Deccan, the Khasi, and Naga Hills; in some of the islands of the Pacific. It is difficult to believe that they owed their spread to cultural contacts. More probably they owed their origins to a natural human impulse rather than to cultural infiltration, though this view may be, and has been, disputed. They began as memorials of the dead, and ended by becoming shrines of worship. Primitive man obeyed two impulses—to honour the dead and to placate the spirits of the dead. Fear of the ghosts of the departed was one of the fundamental instincts of our remote ancestors, and is the key to many primitive beliefs and practices.

According to Professor Sergi and other authorities, there are three fundamental racial groups in Europe, viz., the Nordics, the Mediterraneans, and the Alpines. The Nordics have their chief centre on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Their physical characters are the following: large muscular and osseous development; a relatively tall stature, about 1·7 m. or over; fair hair; ruddy complexion; blue eyes; long heads. The Mediterraneans have their chief centre on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Their physical characters are the following: medium stature, about 1·6 m.; dark hair; a brunet complexion; brown or black eyes; moderate muscular and osseous development; long heads. The Alpines occupy a territory between the Nordics and the Mediterraneans, along the central mountainous spine of Europe and the adjacent lowlands. They are numerous in Central France, Switzerland, South Germany, Bavaria, and Austria. Their physical characters are the following: moderate stature; a somewhat 'stocky' figure; brown eyes; chestnut or auburn hair; broad heads. The British Islands contain representatives of all these three stocks, and it is probable that in the order of time the Mediterraneans come first, the Alpines second, and the Nordics last. The Alpines are only very slightly represented in Ireland, while the Mediterraneans and the Nordics are fully represented. The original inhabitants of Great Britain would appear to have been a dark, relatively small, long-headed race. According to Thurnam and Huxley, into this long-headed primitive race there was intruded in the Bronze Age a certain proportion of the stocky short heads, who only penetrated to a very limited extent into Ireland. There are few broad-heads in Ireland, though inter-

mediate (mesocephalic) skulls are not rare. The Mediterraneans are most abundant in the Mediterranean area, and according to some authorities their origin is to be sought on the southern rather than on the northern shore. They include the Berbers of Mauretania, Algeria, and Tunisia; the Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese; the inhabitants of the Mediterranean islands. The ancient Egyptians may have been partly of this stock. From their original home the Mediterraneans spread west and north to France and the British Islands. The Basques of the Biscayan region speak a non-Aryan language, but do not differ essentially from other Southern Europeans as regards physical characters. Geoffrey of Monmouth and Giraldus Cambrensis state that the Basques colonised Ireland, and may have added their quota to the complicated factors of Irish ethnology. Through the fog of legend and tradition which renders Irish origins almost impenetrable we can detect threads of connection between Ireland and the Iberian Peninsula and other parts of the Mediterranean. Those mythical people the Firbolg are stated to have come from Greece. The equally mythical Fomorians are traditionally described as African pirates. The Milesians are said to have come originally from Scythia—a geographical term used loosely in early times, and sometimes taken to include a large part of Northern Europe—but very significantly we are told that they migrated to Egypt, then to Spain, and finally to Ireland. All this is legendary, but legends usually contain some kernel of truth. But we have better evidence than legend, or even tradition, for accepting a connection between Ireland and the Mediterranean area. Trade between Southern Ireland and Spain seems to have been active from the earliest times. The dark hair, brown eyes, and general physical development of large sections of the Irish population, especially in the south and west, recall the Mediterranean type. If their complexions are more ruddy than those of Spaniards, Portuguese, or Italians, we may fairly attribute that feature to a residence of thousands of years under the temperate skies and among the moist breezes of Ireland. We may find further corroboration in such facts as the love of Galway women for gay kerchiefs and red petticoats, the sport-loving temperament of the Southern Irish, their love of music, their gifts for story-telling. W. G. Mackenzie confidently affirms that 'the descendants of the Mediterraneans abound in the west of Ireland at the present day. They are a dark, long-headed, rather short people.' How far these Mediterraneans are of the ordinary Iberian stock, whether they have any appreciable admixture of Basque blood, it is not possible to say. But these people have been largely modified by racial admixture. In a certain proportion of cases we find the unusual combination of dark hair and blue eyes, a

combination which always suggests a mixed race. The blue eyes come from the Nordic element. The mythical Tuatha De Danaan, who figure largely in Irish legend, are described as 'fair-haired, of large size, fond of music and horse-riding.' We know nothing of their origin, but analogy would suggest that they were Nordics.

Ireland had other immigrants who were also of Nordic stock. From a very early period Ireland was famous for its rich pastures and fine herds of cattle, also for its abundant supplies of gold. It is inherently probable that it would attract the attention of Scandinavian and Norse rovers, even in prehistoric times. Many of the place names in Ireland are of Norse derivation. The Copland Islands, off the coast of Down, mean the trading islands (Copland, *cf.* Copenhagen), and were centres of trade (often trade in slaves) at a remote period. Another tradition (rejected by Huxley) affirms that Lapps or Finns entered the north of Ireland in prehistoric times. Whether there are any traces of Mongolo-Tatar blood in the present population of Ireland it is difficult to say.

The Picts were in Ireland, especially in the north, at a very early period. Who were the Picts is one of the numerous puzzles of ethnology. One theory is that they were a non-Aryan race, and that the name denotes the Picti, or the painted (tattooed) people. This is very improbable. Another view is that they are identical with the Pictones or Pictavi, whose name survives in Poitou and Poitiers—a more likely theory. They are described as a swarthy people of somewhat low stature. No certain remains of the Pictish language are available. While the question remains open, there is a good deal to be said for the view that the Picts were of Iberian (Mediterranean) origin, and among the earliest, if not the earliest, immigrants into the British Islands from the Mediterranean area.

We may thus conclude that long before the dawn of history, probably in the late Neolithic Age, Ireland had received immigrants of two of the fundamental European races: the dark, long-headed Mediterraneans and the fair, long-headed Nordics. There is no evidence of Palæolithic man in Ireland.

We get upon somewhat more solid ground when we come to the Scoti, or Scots, although legend is still busy. It would seem that at an early period the Scoti formed a large element in the population of Ireland, that they gave their name to the country, viz., Scotia, and that it was only in the early centuries of the Christian era that they passed on to North Britain, where they conquered the Picts, established their hegemony and ultimately transferred the name Scotia to Scotland, which had been previously known as Alban, a name which may contain the same root as Alp and Albania. Who were the Scoti? A persistent tradition associates the Scoti with Scythia, from which the name is said to be derived—a doubtful derivation. Sir William

Wilde was inclined to identify the Scoti with the Milesians. What seems probable is that the Scoti belonged to the Teutonic branch of the Indo-European family, that they were Nordics. Confirmation of this view may be gathered from the Report of the Anthropometric Committee of 1882-83, which found that the proportion of light hair and blue eyes was 47·4 per cent. in Ireland, against 46·3 per cent. in Scotland, 40·1 per cent. in England, and 34·6 per cent. in Wales. Light hair and blue eyes are indubitable signs of a Nordic origin, and we may infer that the Scoti were Nordics. When they came to Ireland, what areas of the country they occupied, how far they intermarried with the Mediterranean race, are questions regarding which we have no certain information. They passed on to Scotland in various migrations, of which the most important was, according to tradition, in A.D. 503. They had given the name Dalriada to a portion of Ireland lying east of Lough Neagh, and crossing the Channel under the leadership of three chiefs of Dalriada—Fergus, Angus, and Lorne—they settled in what is now Argyllshire, and in some of the western islands. They gave the name of Dalriada to this region, gradually extended their power, and ultimately became the dominant race in what is now Scotland. Tradition says that Fergus became king of the Dalriadic Scots and was the ancestor of the subsequent kings of Scotland, from whom, through the Stuarts, our present royal family is descended. The presence in Ireland for a prolonged period of these Nordic Scoti and their intermingling with the earlier races helps to explain what is otherwise unintelligible in the physical characters of the Irish people.

Much confusion has arisen regarding the Celts, for which the eminent anthropologist, Paul Broca, is in part responsible. He described the Celt as short, squat, swarthy, and broad-headed, in contradiction to Cæsar and many of the earlier historians, who ascribed Nordic physical characters to the Celt. It is now generally admitted that Broca was mistaken, and that his description of the typical Celt really applies to the Alpine race of more recent anthropologists. There has been a confusion between Celtic language and culture on the one hand and Celtic race on the other hand. A. H. Keane affirms that the word 'Celt' has been applied to so many racial types as to have lost all ethnical significance, and W. G. Mackenzie calls the word 'Celtic' a 'purely arbitrary name' with no precise ethnical significance. He believes that the word 'Celt' means 'forest man.' We cannot too often remind ourselves that language is no true key to race. The Welsh language and the Gaelic of the Scotch Highlanders are near akin, but there is an acute contrast from the biological point of view between the dark, brunet, medium-sized Welshman and the tall, ruddy, often light-haired or red-haired Highlander. One is clearly Mediterranean,

the other equally clearly Nordic. The fact that they speak a kindred language is simply an accident of history. The Gaelic of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland is closely allied phonetically with the Cymric of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, but we are not justified in inferring any close affinity of race. There is a parallel in the case of France, now one of the most culturally homogeneous of nations, speaking a Latin or Romance language, and welded into a compact whole by the charm and persuasiveness of French civilisation. But France is by no means a homogeneous country from the ethnical point of view. Nordics predominate in the north, Alpines in certain parts of the centre, and Mediterraneans in the south. Mackenzie is of opinion that

> there is no satisfactory proof that the Gaelic language, as a branch of Celtic, originated on the Continent. On the contrary, the proofs are cumulative that it was formed and partly developed in Ireland, and that its traces in England and Wales and its introduction into Scotland and the Isle of Man equally derive their source from the country of its origin, namely, Ireland.

It is not definitely known when the peoples of Celtic language and culture—that is a safer expression than to speak of the Celtic race—came to Ireland. Native historians fixed the date about 320 B.C., and there are reasons for believing that this date is not far from the mark. Nor is it known by what route they came to Ireland, whether from Spain or from the Low Countries. It is probable that these peoples introduced the use of iron into the country. The Iron Age was much later in Ireland than in Central and most parts of Western Europe. The safest conclusion would seem to be that the Celtic-speaking folk were a mixed race, largely Nordic, but including other elements, and exhibiting both long skulls and broad skulls, the former predominating. We have no certain information as to whether, like the Normans in England, they were a relatively small body of conquerors and governors or came in large numbers. What is certain is that they imposed their language and their culture upon the whole island, which thus assumed a fallacious appearance of ethnical unity. There is no record of a time in Ireland when the people spoke anything but Gaelic.

As we approach the historical period the racial distribution in Ireland was approximately as follows:

(*a*) A remnant of an autochthonous race, especially in the remote west.

(*b*) The Mediterraneans or Iberians, especially in the south and west, but widely distributed, and modified ethnically by intermarriage with people of Nordic blood.

(*c*) Nordic peoples of various strains, especially in the north and along the coasts.

(*d*) A small proportion of broad heads, who may have come in with the Celtic-speaking invaders.

The next stage in the ethnical history of Ireland was the coming of the Danes. Here we are on solid historical ground. It was towards the close of the eighth or in the early years of the ninth century that the Norsemen or Danes began to make descents upon the coasts of Ireland. They came from Norway, Sweden, Jutland, and in general from the islands and coasts of the Baltic. They were pirates and marauders, intent upon pillage and booty, ruthless in their methods, and hostile to Christianity. Their first attacks were upon Rathlin Island, and in the neighbourhood of Lambay Island and Skerries, but later they extended their ravages along the coasts and sometimes penetrated far inland. Armagh, Louth, and large areas of Ulster suffered from their raids. Limerick was one of their principal settlements. They sailed up the Shannon and cast anchor in Loch Ree. Other bands invaded Carlingford Lough, Lough Neagh, the Boyne and the Liffey. Dublin was captured in the year 836 and became a Danish city. Meath, Connaught and Munster suffered from their depredations. Everywhere the monasteries and the convents were the first objects of attack, their gold and silver vessels, used in the service of the Church, exciting the cupidity of the invaders, who had not yet embraced the Christian faith. Before the Anglo-Norman invasion there were Danish settlements in the following areas: Dublin, Wicklow, Arklow, Wexford, Waterford, Kerry, Limerick, Galway, the Aran Islands, Innishowen, Lifford, Antrim, Lough Neagh, Belfast Lough, Strangford, Seaforde, Carlingford, and elsewhere. In the course of time the Danes adopted the Christian religion, settled down as permanent residents, and entered into industrial occupations. For more than 200 years the Danes occupied an important place in Irish life, although their defeat at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014 put an end to their domination in the country. We do not know how far they intermarried with the native Irish, or to what extent they affected the ethnical distribution of the people. But when we consider the number of the Danish settlements and the long duration of the Danish occupation, it is safe to assume that some considerable infiltration of races occurred. The Danes were Nordics, and made their contribution to the Nordic element in Ireland. There are many Danish place names in Ireland—Carlingford, Wexford, Waterford, etc.—but the Danes did not give their language to the country. They became assimilated to the Celtic culture. After the Battle of Clontarf we hear little of the Danes in Ireland. The great battle was followed by a century and a half of internecine strife, which prepared the way for the Anglo-Norman invasion. That event marks a new epoch for Irish ethnology. The general course of the Anglo-Norman

conquest from the arrival of Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Prendergast in 1169 to the partial conquest of the country a few years later by Henry II. is well known. We are here concerned only with its ethnical results. The invaders were nobles and soldiers of fortune and their retainers; many of them were of Cambro-Norman blood. There is evidence that after a time they settled down, intermarried and trafficked with the natives. The customs of fosterage and gossiped, rooted in Irish usage, facilitated the amalgamation of the races, and Joyce says definitely that 'so completely did they [the Anglo-Normans] become fused with the native population that an English writer complained that they had become *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*.' The policy of the segregation of the two races and the delimitation of the Pale came later. We read that the descendants of the Anglo-Norman settlers became more and more Irish in their habits, sentiments, and language; were quite incorporated with the natives and indistinguishable from them in everything except their family names. This was especially true of the great family of the Fitzgeralds. We read that James, the ninth Earl of Desmond, married a daughter of O'Brien of Thomond, and that the Kildare family were connected with many of the leading Irish families. The Anglo-Norman element in Ireland, though probably limited in amount, played a large part in subsequent Irish history. Many of the most illustrious names in Irish annals are of Anglo-Norman extraction, such names as Butler, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, De Burgh (Burke), De Courcy, De Lacey, Barry, Blount, Bellingham, Blake, D'Arcy, Brooke, Bingham, Bagenal, Power, Walter, Nugent, Skeffington, Morris, Roche, Perrott, Carew (Carey), Keating, Boyle, Purcell, Eustace, Talbot. Of the Geraldines Joyce tells us that

> they had become thoroughly Irish; . . . they spoke and wrote the Irish language, read and loved Irish books and Irish lore of every kind; kept bards, shanadries, and antiquaries as part of their household; and intermarried, fostered, and gossiped with the leading Irish families.

This Anglo-Norman strain has been a potent ferment in Irish nationality.

A new phase in Irish ethnology is marked by the adoption of the policy known as 'The Plantations,' a policy which dates from the reign of Queen Mary. Previous to her time the deposition or banishment of a troublesome chief was simply followed by the installation of another chief in his room, the general body of occupiers remaining undisturbed. In the reign of Queen Mary the plan was adopted of handing over confiscated lands to English 'undertakers,' as they were called, on condition that they would bring in a certain number of English or Scotch settlers. The first case of this kind of colonisation took place in Leix and Offaly (Queen's County and King's County, as they came to be called

from Mary and Philip). In the reign of Elizabeth a beginning was made of the 'plantation' of Ulster, a policy carried into fuller effect in the reign of James I. The scheme for the general plantation of Ulster was adopted in the year 1609 under the direction of the Irish Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, and this policy was carried through in the succeeding years. In Elizabeth's reign there had been a project for the general plantation of Munster, and under Charles I. the plantation of Connaught was contemplated, but these schemes never came to fruition. All that we are concerned with here is the bearing of the plantations upon Irish ethnology. In the report of Nicholas Pynnar, dated 1618, it was stated that in six Ulster counties there were 1974 British families and 6215 men capable of bearing arms. We have no certain information regarding the population of those counties at this period, so that any estimate of the ratio of the new settlers to the original inhabitants would only be conjectural. A certain number of the Irish inhabitants remained. We are informed that two-fifths of the plantation area were assigned to British colonists, being equally divided between Englishmen and Scotchmen. Rather more than a fifth went to the Anglican Church, and about the same amount to the 'servitors' and the natives. It must be remembered that long before the plantations there had been a large influx of Scots into Ulster, especially into Antrim and Down, and a smaller influx of English.

The English settlers first established themselves on the shores of Belfast Lough. Belfast was originally an English settlement, but became Scotticised owing to the preponderance of Scots in the rural districts abutting on the lough. The English settlers passed on to Lisburn, the east shores of Lough Neagh, Armagh, and Tyrone. A large number of them came from the apple districts of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, and brought their customs with them. This is the key to the practice of fruit-growing in North Armagh, where a pure English type can still be recognised. The Scotch settlers entered at the Giant's Causeway, Donaghadee, and Bangor, passed on to Comber, Saintfield, Ballynahinch, Dromore, Dromara, Antrim, and Ballymena, and constituted the dominant element in Antrim and Down. The Rev. Edmund McClure read a paper before the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club in the year 1874 in which he analysed the proper names in county Antrim. Of the names upon the roll he found that 565 were Lowland Scots, including the Norman names; 234 were Highland; 251 English; Irish, 181; Anglo-Normans of the time of the Conquest, 16; Welsh, 7; Huguenot, 6.

It is difficult to get any definite information regarding the intermarriage of the settlers with the natives and the consequent intermixture of the races. This policy was discouraged by the

English Government, but we read that intermarriage did take place, and that the Scots were more ready than the English to intermarry with the natives. This is not surprising, as they were racially more akin to the Irish than were the English settlers. In the following centuries intermarriage was probably rare, as there was intense antagonism between the settlers and the original inhabitants, an antagonism born of confiscation and accentuated by difference of creed, which was a more potent barrier than difference of race.

The next event in the ethnological history of Ireland was settlement of a considerable number of Cromwell's Ironsides in various parts of the country, Tipperary—a county which had at an earlier date received a considerable immigration of the English —absorbing a large proportion. These settlements of Ironsides can still be traced, and many of the stalwart members of the Irish police derive their vigorous physique and hardy qualities from the men who fought at Edgehill and Naseby. It is recorded that the Cromwellians married Irish wives, adopted the Catholic faith, and, like some of the Anglo-Normans, became *Hiberniores ipsis Hibernicis.* The fact that they did so throws some light upon the attractive qualities of the Irish character and civilisation.

A minor but yet important event in the fortunes of Ireland was the arrival of a certain number of Huguenot refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Such names as those of Crommelin and Delacherois are well known in the north, and there were also Huguenots in Cork and Waterford. These Frenchmen were people of good stock and high culture. France's loss was Ireland's gain. Louis Crommelin, who settled in Lisburn, introduced many improvements into the linen trade, which was a very ancient industry in Ireland, and put it on the way to that supremacy in the markets of the world which it now enjoys. The Huguenots were too few to make any appreciable impression upon Irish stock.

The problem of Irish ethnology is admittedly one of great difficulty and complexity. It is a field in which it becomes us to walk warily. Legend is abundant, but untrustworthy. Tradition is in no better case. History is often obscure, and not seldom biased. Of true scientific inquiry based upon biological principles there has been little until recent times. Our conclusions can often attain only to a certain grade of probability. But we can at least clear the ground of much accumulated rubbish and prepare the way for further advance. It may, at all events, be confidently affirmed that the Irish people are an amalgam of many strains, not, as so often supposed, merely two races : Scoto-English in the north and 'Celtic' in the south and west.

J. A. Lindsay.

ENGLAND AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES

WHAT should be Great Britain's proper attitude towards the Olympic Games? It is a subject on which there is likely to be lively discussion in the immediate future.

The recent Games in Paris drove home once more the lesson which has been taught at each successive meeting since the Games were instituted, namely, that unless we take the training of our athletes more seriously we cannot hope to compete successfully against other nations. As far back as 1906 the Special Correspondent of *The Times* at the Intermediate Games at Athens wrote:

> The truth is that a total absence of organisation marked the arrangements for British representation at the Games. In fact, there were no arrangements at all, and the traditional English principle of leaving everything to individual initiative and effort was rigidly adhered to. In striking contrast was the excellent provision made for many of the foreign teams.

In 1908, it will be remembered, the Games were held in London, when, with the great advantage of playing on our home ground (the programme being drawn up largely with an eye to our own preferences and our full strength being available in all events), we succeeded in amassing an enormous number of points. But even then, in speaking of the track and field events, the Special Correspondent of the same paper (another individual than he who had written in 1906) said:

> In many cases our men were as children beside the athletes of the United States. Or, to put it differently, they were as amateurs compared with professionals. They have not been so well taught; in many cases they have not been taught at all. . . . If we are to compete against the world, especially against such business-like athletes as the Americans, we must be business-like too.

Of our performances in 1912 at Stockholm *The Times*, in a leading article, said:

> It is not that we are a decadent people—we are nothing of the kind—but that we do our best to appear so in the eyes of the world. . . . A large proportion of our runners at Stockholm were amateurs in the most eclectic sense of the term. They ran by the light of Nature, and they did it for the fun of the thing. . . . But we have to recognise that it is futile to stake our

national reputation in international competitions without creating in this country the mechanism which such competitions require.

In a document issued by the committee organised in London to prepare for the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916, there is an interesting table which shows the results of all the track and field events (excluding steeplechases and relay races) in all the Games held up to that time, from 1896 to 1912 inclusive. At all the five meetings combined Great Britain had only won ten events, as against sixty-four won by the United States. No one probably—not even any American—believes that this approximately represents the comparative natural athletic efficiency of the two peoples. Our raw material is first-rate. How good it is is shown by the fact that in this same series of five Games, among the competitors left in for the final heats in all the track events, there were nearly 30 per cent. more representatives of the British Isles than of all the rest of the world together exclusive of the United States. They were just not good enough to win against the better-trained Americans. It was a matter of training only. More striking still, perhaps, is the quality of our very best men. There is an excellence of genius in running which is as difficult to define as is genius in any other sphere but as unmistakable. The individual performances which have really thrilled the great assemblages in the stadiums in recent Games have been few. It is probable that an impartial spectator, of whatever nationality, who had witnessed the meetings at Stockholm and Paris, would mention no more than five: those of Jackson in the mile and Kohlemainen in the 10,000 metres in 1912 and of Abrahams in the 100 yards, Liddell in the quarter-mile, and Nurmi at long distances in 1924. It is not a mere question of time. World's records may be reduced to ruins and leave the spectators cold. There is an inspiration, a touch of genius, a flame—one knows not what—which lifts the onlookers out of themselves and makes an achievement immortal. With all the magnificent competence of the Americans, the almost ruthless perfection of their organisation for victory, there is probably no one of them whose name and figure live and will live in the memory of all who saw those two meetings as will those of the three Britons and two Finns.

There are many to whom it will seem that in this fact alone there is justification enough of our traditional English methods. If we can thus turn out these super-heroes, what need is there to bother more? Let us go on playing our games for the games' sake, letting each man develop according to his individuality; why strive by the machinery of training to grind all up to one dead level of perfection? It is a plea which touches a weakness common to us all. We love the old gentle, rustic ways of the green

and the playing field and the amateur regatta. 'Professionalism,' 'specialisation,' 'track tactics'—these are dreadful words. The old methods were good enough to make us the first athletic nation in the world; so let us keep to them.

Alas, if only it was the same world! We were first then among nations which were even more casual, less organised, than ourselves. Thirty-five years ago amateur sport in America—save for a certain amount of college athletics and village baseball and for less than half a dozen 'athletic clubs' in the larger cities—was a negligible thing. It played no part in the social life of the community. As for the continent of Europe, it was only when M. de Coubertin fired France with an enthusiasm for the Olympic revival and the organisation of games *à l'Anglaise* that there was anything beyond the practice of the local sports peculiar to one or another country. It was our example which inspired the peoples of the world to make themselves into athletes; and having started, they have bettered our methods until with each decade, with each Olympiad, we become less and less the leading nation, and our reputation falls lower and lower from its former high estate.

And this is really the crux of the whole matter: we hardly—and perhaps, if at all, unwillingly—recognise how largely our reputation as a nation of athletes contributed to the greatness of Britain in the eyes of the world; and still less—still more unwillingly—do we recognise now how much that reputation must in future rest on the figure that we cut in the Olympic Games.

To be quite frank, England has never had any affection for the Olympic Games. There was a pretty sentiment behind them; and if, by our encouragement, we could help the cause of honourable sport in the world at large, of course we were willing to give them our countenance. But from the point of view of our own convenience they were rather a nuisance. We had all the sport that we needed; and what gain was there, commensurate with the trouble and expense, in going to absurd meetings (of which we secretly entertained grave doubts of the real amateurism) at such places as Athens and St. Louis? They offered no honours comparable with those to be won at home. It was ridiculous to suppose that any Olympic eight-oared race could be on a plane with the Grand at Henley, that the Olympic lawn tennis could be classed with Wimbledon, or that membership in any British Olympic team could mean what it meant to play for one's 'Varsity at Lord's. Thinking lightly of the Games ourselves, we were slow to comprehend how much they might stand for in the eyes of other peoples who had no well-established meetings of their own, and to whom the Olympic Games have represented from the first

almost the whole field of international sport. We only began to comprehend it, perhaps, after the Stockholm Games of 1912. The intensity of international feeling which manifested itself there shocked many of us; and the splitting up of the peoples into rival camps foreshadowed in some measure the groupings of Powers in the Great War. Our evident inferiority, not to the United States only, but to Sweden as well, provoked something like derision, which, spread abroad through the Press of the world, influenced opinion—opinion of Great Britain as a nation—far outside the walls of the Swedish Stadium. Englishmen came back from Stockholm determined either that we must never compete in the Olympic Games again or that we must compete on such a scale as to restore our injured prestige.

In contrast with what we have lost by the Games, the value of their success to the Americans has been incalculable. The world no longer looks to Britain as the leading athletic nation. That position has passed, and rightly passed by any standards that the world can judge by, to the United States. Considered merely as an advertisement, the investment of the United States in the Olympic Games has been almost fabulously profitable. It might plausibly be argued that no other single thing—not its wealth or power, not its share in the war, not even the splendour of its world-wide charities and benefactions—has done so much to win admiration for the United States, at least in the eyes of the youth of the world, as have the American triumphs in the Olympic Games.

The war washed out the memory of the efforts which were made in England in 1913 to raise the funds needed for our representation at Berlin in 1916 on such a scale as would enable us to win back some, at least, of the honours that we had lost. In 1916 we were not holding Games in Berlin. In Paris this summer (for the meeting of 1920 in Antwerp counted for little) we had a better organisation, a better team as a whole, than at any former Games. We had some brilliant successes and did, on the whole, respectably, but not well enough to finish, in the final tabulation of all the sports, in higher than fourth place. Besides the United States and, again, Sweden, France (with the advantage of being the home country) also accumulated more points than we. For the fact is that, though our representation at Paris was the best that we have ever had, other nations also have improved since 1912. Nation after nation is taking up the systematic cultivation of athletics. The Olympic standard of excellence grows constantly higher, and more and more certain does it become that we can only hope to compete with credit by immensely more careful preparation and training and by being approximately as earnest about it as are those whom we have to meet. And all this means the radical

reformation of our whole national theory and practice of athletics, especially in relation to our schools, and, for the provision of sports grounds and trainers and appliances, the expenditure of much money.

Is it worth it ? Beyond doubt a very large number of people will unhesitatingly say : 'No ! ' It is absurd, it will be argued, to talk of spending huge sums of money in reforming and semi-professionalising our whole athletic theory and practice for the purpose of competing at Games which we have never liked and do not need. If our prestige has suffered, we can stand it. Let us 'cut our loss' now and get out.

The incidents at Paris this summer helped to increase our national distaste for the Games. There is no need to retell here the story of those incidents, to mention names or narrate how one country felt aggrieved or the representatives of another misbehaved. The details are immaterial. The outstanding fact was that national passions ran riot, not on one occasion only, but on a score of occasions. National jealousies and prejudices overrode all considerations of sportsmanship and swept crowds off their feet into demonstrations of partisanship that were a disgrace to all concerned. It was bitter to those who had the higher ideals of the Games at heart. Even more than at Stockholm, it was impossible to resist the conviction that the meetings only exacerbate international animosities instead of creating amity. No brotherhood of sport can operate to diminish political antagonism between peoples when the politics intrude to poison the sport at its source.

What argument in favour of our continuance as competitors at the Games, then, can possibly be advanced ? Yet arguments there are.

It would be a simple matter if we had never taken part. But we have taken part ; and we have, relatively, failed. It is a difficult thing for a competitor who has tried and been beaten to say that the competition is not good enough for him. If we withdraw, we must be under no misapprehension as to what the world will say. It will say, and will believe, that we cannot take a beating ; that we are that worst of all types of sportsman, the kind that sulks in defeat and will not play again. Perhaps we can stand that also, can afford to add that extra humiliation to the tale of losses that must be cut.

But Great Britain's withdrawal will not kill the Olympic Games. Other nations will go on competing ; and, for the purpose of competition, they will go on training and making themselves into athletic peoples. No one who knows what France has been doing in the last five years in the way of providing local sports centres and encouraging the development of local talent will suppose that she

will withdraw from the Olympic arena. Nor will Finland or Sweden, in both of which the new enthusiasm has worked such miracles, or either of the other Scandinavian countries. If half of what one heard in Paris is true, Argentina is leading the way in a great athletic revival in South America. Belgium will co-operate with France, and the next Games are being held in Holland. The United States will certainly not relinquish the position and the glory which it has won. Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Esthonia, Lettland, Turkey, Japan, Egypt, Spain—in advance of any official pronouncement, it is safe to assume that all these nations (and many more) will be represented at Amsterdam.

It is true that at Amsterdam the Olympic programme will probably be very much curtailed. All the *corps à corps* sports, at which the outbursts of national feeling were at Paris most violent —such as boxing, fencing, wrestling, Rugby football, water polo— are likely to be dropped, as well as such things as high diving, in regard to which there is most danger of the decisions of the judges being disputed, and a number of what are fairly regarded as second-class events, including the hop-step-and-jump and the walk from among the contests in the Stadium and 'tub' pairs and fours and double-sculls from the river. Lawn tennis, yachting, riding and shooting may or may not be retained.

Such a reduction would obviously make it more easy for Great Britain to compete, both because it would reduce the risk of international friction and because there would be less difficulty in raising funds for representation on the more limited scale. But it leaves the problem of our training for the track and field events untouched. These, at least, are not going to be eliminated. On the contrary, they will become more and more the core of the Olympic Games. And what we have to recognise is that, when all the world around us is continuing to train and to organise its athletics systematically as an element in the national life of constantly growing importance, it is in the last degree improbable that we shall consent to be left behind. When we consider such a thing we are, to begin with, leaving out of consideration the athletes themselves. How and by what right are we to deny their ambitions to the men who feel that they have in them the capacity to win world's championships? Our men will surely compete as individuals, however reluctant the public as a whole may be to support the Games or to subscribe large sums of money for teams of 200 or 300 contestants to go to, for example, Los Angeles in 1932.

We are going to continue to breed athletes—athletes of genius —and they are not going to consent to be starved of those facilities for perfecting themselves which their colleagues in all other countries are receiving. We cannot ask them to consent.

Olympic Games or no Olympic Games, in fact, we are still confronted with the necessity of reforming our present methods. This is no place in which to go into an arraignment of our existing governing bodies in particular sports, but the whole athletic world knows how badly reform is needed there. And, in a larger sphere, the lack of playing grounds at our elementary schools; the wilful and, let it be added, rather hypocritical neglect of track athletics at our public schools (as if to give a boy a chance to find out what capacity for any particular sport he might possess would in some way debase him); the hopeless absence of any opportunity to develop any latent athletic abilities in individuals over vast areas of the country, as, conspicuously, in most of Scotland; the fact that there are whole English counties which have no swimming bath nor any ground or centre, public or private, where any sort of training in running or in field events is to be acquired—these are all relics of an England of another age and cannot possibly be perpetuated in a world which is moving as the world around us moves to-day.

It is not a question of the Olympic Games only, but of the making of something better than a 'C 3' people. It is not a question of 'specialisation' or 'professionalism,' but of improving the physique of our growing boys and men. To rail at professional training is like saying that we must not have professional doctors or nurses or masseurs, professional barristers or solicitors. It is not a question of 'track tactics,' but of teaching British youths how to breathe, and hold themselves, and exercise, and run. It is not a question, as is often sneeringly suggested, of 'breeding champions'; but for every champion that is bred we breed 500 near-champions, and fire by his example the emulation of 5000 more. By withdrawing from the Olympic Games we are not going to escape the necessity of revolutionising our theory and practice of athletics. And the sooner we put it in hand, the less leeway we shall have to make up in comparison with other peoples. If we allow ourselves to drift too long, in place of being, as we were a generation since, the leading athletic nation, we shall be pointed at by all the world as the one people conspicuously undeveloped and physically unfit.

One other consideration there is which, at the risk of priggishness, must be taken into account. However much our reputation has already suffered, our example still counts for much. Those who think that we are the sole repository of the true amateur sporting spirit simply do not know the world as it is to-day. Our athletes who competed at Paris—in spite of all that happened there—could correct that impression. But our influence is, and can still be, salutary. Have we any right to shut ourselves up in our tent in a huff and tell the world that we have no concern with

the way in which its Games are played or conducted—we, who started the world at playing?

The whole problem is not as simple as, at first sight, it may seem. In spite of the evil taste left in one's mouth by the incidents at Stockholm and Paris, I do not believe that the time has come entirely to despair of the Games, or that total withdrawal from them is practicable. We may regret that they were ever started, but we have accepted them and are engaged. The reduction of the programme to the limits indicated above offers us some loophole of escape. There is no reason why we should compete even to the full extent of the programme as curtailed in 1928. We can send to Amsterdam only such contestants—few, but very select—as will do us credit, whose influence and example will be all for good. It is of no use to send British representatives who are not up to international standard, which standard will be higher at Amsterdam than it has ever been before. We can thus keep our place in the Games, marking time, as it were, and meanwhile put our athletic house in order, so that if the Games continue, and the scandals of Paris have the chastening effect that they may have, we shall be able to resume full membership, so to speak, on a scale which will give our performance some chance of being equal to our past reputation. It is much more important than the Games themselves that we should put the reforms in hand that will make us a competent people.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

'MECHANICALISED' ARMIES

SINCE the conclusion of the Great War little interest has been taken in our Army, and this, perhaps, was to be expected. A similar phenomenon has followed nearly all great conflicts after the issue at stake has been decided. A comparatively recent instance, drawn from the experience of the writer, may be of interest in this connection. In 1908, six years after the conclusion of our war in South Africa, still, in those days, called 'the' war, Lord Methuen assumed command of the British Army still remaining in that country. Upon his shoulders fell a double task. He was charged not only with the command of our own troops, but also with the responsibility for advising the Governments of the four South African 'colonies,' and after 1910 the Government of the Union of South Africa, in all defence matters. The question of replacing British troops by South Africans was one of immediate importance, but both Briton and Boer were tired of the very mention of war, of defence, and of all matters connected therewith. This attitude was still noticeable amongst the people after Lord Methuen left the country in 1912, when it fell to the lot of Generals Botha and Smuts to organise and train a South African defence force to take the place of the British troops on their withdrawal from South Africa. The services of that defence force were required long before its organisation and its training could be completed.

A similar lack of interest in defence matters in Great Britain followed the Great War. In spite of the tremendous lessons taught by that great upheaval, we neglected to co-ordinate our foreign policy with our resources for defence, and our narrow escape from actual war with Turkey, which might have rekindled the whole conflagration, is an example of the consequences.

Interest in Army matters is now reviving. A few weeks ago Mr. Stephen Walsh informed an interrogator in the House of Commons that 'the British Army is being organised now, as before, with a view to the military defence of the Empire wherever the necessity for action may unhappily arise.' The words 'as before' in that reply will doubtless have recalled to many minds the variety of the tasks which the British Army has in the past

been called upon to fulfil in defence of the Empire, for instance the discharge of treaty undertakings and of 'honourable obligations' such as those which caused its despatch to France and Flanders ten years ago. Certain military responsibilities which we have accepted—somewhat light-heartedly, perhaps—in connection with various mandated territories also offer food for thought.

Soldiers are generally credited with a lack of imagination. In no direction is this quality more urgently required than it is over the question of 'mechanicalising the Army.' In common with many labels applied by schools of thought in controversy, the expression, in itself, contains a contradiction in terms. If the point is conceded that an army may be defined as an organisation composed of human beings, it needs no great exercise of the imagination to realise that an army cannot be 'mechanicalised.' There was similar talk in pre-war days about the Navy, which was reflected in Admiral Hopwood's fine poem, *Our Fathers*, written during the naval manœuvres of 1913:

> Though machines be ne'er so perfect, there may come a day, perhaps,
> When you find out just how helpless is a heap of metal scraps.
>
> . . . . .
>
> In an age of swift inventions it is frequently believed
> That the pressure of a button is as good as work achieved;
> But the optimist inventor should remember, if he can,
> Though the instrument be perfect, there are limits to the man.

You can neither make men into machines nor machines into men. You can, it is true, devise machines for moving fighting men about on land faster and farther than they can proceed on their feet, or even upon horses or camels, but the nature of these machines must depend upon the country in which you want to employ them. Taking the extremes: On the one hand, imagination enables us to conceive a terrain in which the strategical movements of an army could be carried out along good roads with the help of ordinary motor cars, lorries, and tractors, while cross-country tactical movements could be speeded up by the use of caterpillar transport. In such a country, by a further exercise of the imagination, we can visualise a decisive battle, determining the future of nations, between armoured obstacle-devouring Dreadnought tanks which, following the naval analogy, would drive all lesser combatants out of the theatre of warfare. The French have already conducted experiments in this direction with 70-ton tanks, but I understand that the conclusion has been come to that the time for them has not yet arrived. On the other hand, it is not difficult to conceive conditions—in mountains, over rocks, or in marshes—where an army dependent entirely upon mechanicalised transport would be helpless and incapable of movement. For such reasons it is well to remember, when exer-

cising the imagination, that the British Army problem differs not only in degree, but also in its fundamental nature, from the main problems which face Continental armies, such, for instance, as the French and the Italian. 'Whoever writes on strategy and tactics ought not in his theory to neglect the point of view of his own people. He should give us a national strategy, a national tactics.' So wrote a German writer (von der Goltz) before the Great War. Wishing to conceal the strength of their great turning movement through Belgium ten years ago, the Germans sent infantry in lorries with their cavalry screen. Sordet, with his gallant corps of French cavalry, failed to ascertain the secret which lay behind that screen, and on the morning of August 24, the day after Mons, Sir John French, seeking protection for his left flank, found Sordet at Avesnes with his horses ridden to a standstill and unable to move for twenty-four hours. Fortunately, on the critical day of Mons (August 23) the German cavalry corps (Marwitz) on that flank had been far away, searching for the British Army in the direction of Courtrai, and it was only on the 24th that they turned up, not round the flank, but in the middle of von Kluck's army. For that good fortune we must thank the patient pre-war workers in the *contre-espionage* department of the War Office, whose prompt action in the early days of August caused the Germans to be completely in the dark about the movements of the 'Old Contemptibles' until it was too late to surround them. But that is another story. The point is that British soldiers, while avoiding being obsessed by the Continental school of land warfare, cannot afford to ignore its lessons.

Since the conclusion of the Great War the French Army has taken the place of the German as the strongest in Europe. The French have devoted their well-known military genius to providing for what, in their opinion, are probable future eventualities. They have been credited with the intention of 'mechanicalising' the whole of their army, and with having partly fulfilled that intention. The subject being of special interest to ourselves, I now propose to indicate the extent to which Dame Rumour has in this instance been living up to her reputation. We will take the French cavalry first, since we are now hearing a good deal about the possibilities of the horse disappearing from the field of battle, as he is already beginning to disappear from the streets of our great cities. Recent changes in the French Army are indicated briefly by nomenclature. There are no longer 'cavalry' divisions and 'infantry' divisions. Their place has been taken by 'light' divisions (*divisions légères*)—one's mind goes back to the days of the Peninsular War—and 'line' divisions (*divisions de ligne*). Whether the 'cavalry spirit' and sentiment will allow this nomenclature to endure I do not know. I should say that it was doubtful,

in view of the conservative spirit in the French cavalry; but, whether the name *division légère* survives or not, its composition is likely to remain unchanged for some time, and that is the main point. Having referred to the effective use of infantry, transported in lorries, with German cavalry in the open warfare of 1914, it will be as well to mention first that the French, at the present stage, do not include any infantry in their light divisions. Three of these divisions have already been formed; they are partly in the Rhine Army and partly in neighbouring French territory. Other 'light' divisions will doubtless be organised, and these divisions will form a highly mobile reserve, kept under the direct command and always at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief of the French Field Army. The up-to-date light division is stronger by between 3000 and 4000 officers and men than its predecessor, the cavalry division of 1918. One of the reasons for this increase of strength is that it has been found desirable to increase the proportion of horse-holders, so that the led horses may be more mobile during dismounted fire action. (In our own Empire, the old Cape Mounted Riflemen used to make a special study of handling their led horses, the most difficult feature of the mounted rifleman's tactics.)

We can estimate the war strength of a French *division légère* at about 10,000. Compared with pre-war days, the main change has been a great development of fire power. Besides the rifle fire the following can be brought into action: the celebrated *soixante-quinze* (75-mm.) guns, of light pattern; guns of 37-mm. calibre in armoured cars; trench mortars (58 mm.); heavy Hotchkiss machine guns, and lighter ones (*fusils-mitrailleurs*). It seems fairly obvious that a cavalry force organised as of old would be faced with a difficult proposition if ordered to press through the defensive screen which one of these new divisions could rapidly establish and discover what was behind it. Conversely, it would be difficult to hold up such a division if led by a commander, with the old cavalry spirit, determined to advance. The addition of some more artillery, from reserves which I propose to describe in due course, would add greatly to its offensive power. So would some fast tanks.

To go further into detail, a French *division légère* now contains a divisional headquarters, three brigades of cavalry, headquarters and three squadrons of armoured cars, two brigades of horse artillery (75-mm. guns), 400 cyclists (in three platoons), one machine-gun section (heavy Hotchkiss), one trench-mortar section, and a complement of cyclist engineers, signal detachment, and veterinary section.

For the rest, a French cavalry brigade contains two regiments, each of four squadrons and a headquarters squadron; the

armoured car commander has his own fighting car, and each of his squadrons has twelve of them, all armed with one 37-mm. gun and one heavy Hotchkiss machine gun. It may be that for cross-country work these cars will be fitted with caterpillar tracks instead of with hind wheels, like our own Citröen cars that were on view at recent reviews at Aldershot. The cyclist platoons are each divided into three sections, each of three combat groups, a light machine gun with each group. Whatever the future may hold, these are all the changes which have so far been effected towards 'mechanicalising' the cavalry of the French Army. We can now pass to the Army in general, to the divisions of the line and army and army corps troops.

Tanks are the best-known mechanicalised weapon in land warfare. We must pay full tribute to the imagination of those who hold that the issue therein will some day be determined by battles between fleets of great armoured land ships.[1] At the same time, we can accept the conclusion, arrived at by French military experts, that the organisation of armies must be based upon the resources of the present rather than upon visions of the future. The tank, in its present form, is a British invention. The credit for its origination has not been brought home to any single individual. This in some ways is a pity, but we must also bear in mind that our system of conducting warfare saves from all consequences to themselves the originators of new theories of military strategy. If both credit and blame could be brought home to individuals, and the originators of ideas were held responsible for their successful application, who knows whether we should come out badly on the balance? Responsibility might destroy the quality of imagination, which has its value both in warfare and in peace preparation, if not allowed to run riot.

To pass from theories to facts, taking the French Army as a model in military progress, but remembering at the same time that problems confronting the French General Staff differ from our own not only in degree, but also in their nature and in the assumptions upon which they are based. The French still use the types of tank which were familiar to those who served on the Western Front in the 'last hundred days' in 1918. Their heavy ones are of the British (Mark V.) pattern, the lighter ones of the Renault type. We should not be far out in estimating that they could put about 3500 tanks in the field, mostly Renaults, organised in between forty and fifty battalions. Then come armoured cars. These, as I mentioned before, are mostly with the 'light' divisions, formerly called cavalry divisions. Every car carries a 37-mm. gun and a heavy Hotchkiss machine gun. Probably about

[1] *I.e.*, a struggle for the domination over areas, rather than for the capture of 'positions.'

240 of them could take the field, organised in squadrons, and their value is undoubted both in Europe and elsewhere. I do not think that the incident has yet been forgotten of the Duke of Westminster's cars in desert warfare on the western borders of Egypt in the late war. The story of the general in the campaign of 1918 in Syria who reached Aleppo in an armoured car 120 miles ahead of his cavalry is less well known. To the imaginative it opens up wide prospects of the possible nature of future warfare in such countries until wiser methods can be devised for settling disputes between nations.

The French, with the largest and most 'up-to-date' Army in Europe, have set the pace in 'mechanicalisation.' The Italians have not yet followed the lead either in tanks or in armoured cars, possibly because the cost of their other military forces entails curtailment of expenditure upon their regular army. They have, it is true, a detachment of Fiat tanks, but apparently they do not rely much upon them for European warfare, while not losing sight of their value in colonial expeditions. They have also a few armoured cars with their army, but here again their general policy, if determined, has not yet taken definite shape, probably because of the expense of maintaining two different armies.

Perhaps the most notable feature in the art of land warfare in recent years has been the influence of the internal combustion engine upon the road transport of heavy guns, and, with the lighter natures, upon their transport across country. (Our own effort in that direction, embodied in the latest type of 'dragon,' was in evidence in the 9th Field Artillery Brigade at recent parades at Aldershot.) If the French Army were to take the field to-day, we can visualise at the disposal of its commander-in-chief an immense mobile reserve of mechanicalised artillery, some of the guns or howitzers (with their tractors) carried on lorries, some drawn by tractors, some on caterpillar or electrically driven mountings, some of the heaviest on special mountings on the railway lines, the calibres in this great mass of ordnance varying from that of the celebrated *soixante-quinze* (75-mm.) field gun to the 520-mm. (about 20-inch) of the biggest monster. We should probably not be far from the truth in guessing the total number at about 600 light guns and nearly 500 heavy guns and howitzers. The effect of such a force of artillery, held in reserve, can be imagined; so can the tremendous weight and cost of the necessary ammunition and the difficulty in open warfare of keeping up the supply. There remains the point that the guns with the field army itself, with cavalry in the light divisions and with infantry in the line divisions, are all still drawn by horses. A great difficulty confronts the General Staff of all armies when writing march orders for troops varying in their rate of marching

between the three miles an hour of infantry on their feet and the, say, fifteen miles an hour of fast tanks or 'dragon'-drawn guns. By keeping the mechanicalised artillery in army reserve the French plan seems to be for the bulk of the Army to move at its normal rate of speed, and the reserve artillery to join, wherever its services are required, by marching in bounds. For example, an army of men on their feet might cover, say, sixty miles in four days. Mechanicalised reserve artillery could start from the same point on the fourth day and join in one sixty-mile bound.

This brings us to the main question. Assuming that infantry are still the main arm, why should they tire themselves out by marching to the field of battle? Why should they not be conveyed there in lorries, and arrive upon the scene fresh? This question is not a new one. We all remember the celebrated 'taxi-cab' reinforcement of Maunoury's army north of Paris in the early days of September 1914, just before the Battle of the Marne. Numerous similar examples could be quoted from the history of later years of the war. The words 'embussing' and 'debussing,' which have been added to our military vocabulary, speak for themselves. Experiments have been carried out, both in this and in other countries, but the problem is more complicated than it appears at first sight, and a satisfactory solution has not yet been found. If, for example, a battalion of modern infantry was composed entirely of men on their feet, carrying their weapons, ammunition, tools, equipment, and everything that they required to fight a battle, the problem of 'embussing,' transporting, and 'debussing' such a force would be quite simple. A glance at the war establishment of a battalion of infantry in our own service soon cures this fallacy. If the men are all 'embussed,' what is to be done with the hundred or so horses and mules with their important loads? It is true that these are not all needed in action, but many of them are, and these are essential. Similar conditions apply to other arms in a greater degree. The expense of devising and providing mechanicalised cross-country transport to take the place of horses and pack mules, able to negotiate all country which men can traverse on their feet, would be so tremendous that even the French have not yet attempted it. It may be that in course of time we shall hear of mechanicalised line (infantry) divisions in the French Army, even as we now hear of mechanicalised light (cavalry) divisions, but that time has not yet arrived. Meanwhile there is nothing to prevent the gradual extension of the principle as new types of cross-country vehicle are evolved. I estimate that, using the motor vehicles of the present day, a mechanicalised French *division de ligne* would require nearer 2000 than 1000 vehicles, mostly lorries, and that, if the whole division were to be put on one road (this is unlikely), it would occupy about forty

miles. The point, however, about mechanicalised transport is that the vehicles can repeat their trips. The 'debussing' of a large force and its deployment for action presents a problem of staggering complication, especially if the need for concealment from air observers enforces the conduct of the operation by night. That mechanicalisation of an army entails the close co-operation of friendly aircraft, both on the march and in action, is a principle thoroughly accepted in France.

The summary of the whole matter is that, as a result of mechanicalisation, the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when great armies on the continent of Europe will be able to move at the rate of sixty instead of at fifteen miles a day. Such movements are more likely to be forward than backward. The loss of industrial areas was proved to be so harmful by the events of 1914 that the dangerous German theory of 'defensive war,' of hitting first when in fear of being hit, is likely to gain more advocates in foreign armies as mechanicalisation becomes more perfect. This adds force to the arguments of those who are pleading for delay for arbitration before plunging into wars. Fear is a potent cause of war. It is not so much the strength of armies that causes Continental nations to fear their neighbours; it is rather the state of readiness in which armaments are maintained. 'Mechanicalisation' (so called) by increasing that state of readiness, and so facilitating immediate and far-extending invasions, will increase fear and suspicion, and will add to the already urgent need for international sympathy and understanding.

GEORGE ASTON.

PROTECTION OF WARSHIPS AGAINST TORPEDOES

When ironclads replaced wooden ships the weapons they had to meet were guns and the ram.

The protection given against guns was armour, while subdivision of the hull below the water-line into watertight compartments was hoped to keep the ship afloat after being rammed.

The ram as a weapon dropped out after the introduction of the locomotive torpedo, which had the same effect at a greater distance. This weapon attacked the most vulnerable part of a ship, that below the water-line, which had to be thin to give sufficient buoyancy to the hull to carry armament, machinery, fuel and other stores. Now subdivision could only afford protection to a limited extent, as certain large spaces below could not conveniently be subdivided, and if filled with water by a torpedo explosion the ship, if not sunk, would probably be disabled.

The great object, therefore, was to give further protection against such an attack, and it took the form of surrounding the ship about 25 feet from her side with stout wire nets, connected together and suspended from poles the inner ends of which were secured to the hull. These nets being 20 feet deep, would intercept a torpedo set to run from 10 to 20 feet below the surface, the most effective depth for this weapon.

The idea was ingenious, but its application from the outset had the fatal defect that the netting would only operate if the vessel was stationary or moving very slowly through the water. With an increase of speed the nets would sag to the surface, and a further increase would bring about a collapse, nets and poles coming alongside with great risk of fouling the propellers. Hence this protection was no use when most wanted at sea, and after the introduction of destroyers we gave ships a number of small guns, but they were of little avail to stop a craft approaching at a speed of 25 knots, especially at night.

No one seems to have thought of making the hull of a large vessel capable of sustaining the explosion without serious damage. Ideas ran in a different direction.

In a paper read at the Institution of Naval Architects on

ships of war in March 1876 by the late Sir Nathaniel Barnaby he said:

> I contend that the defence against the ram and the torpedo must be sought for, not in the construction of the ship alone or mainly, but also, and chiefly, in the proper grouping of the forces at the point of attack.
>
> Each costly ironclad ought to be a division defended against the torpedo and ram by smaller numerous, but less important, parts of the general forces.

In the discussion which followed the late Sir C. J. Reed made some remarks. He did not think the auxiliary vessels could keep in company with the ironclad when at sea. The point to make, however, was this: In a determined attack by a number of torpedo boats or destroyers at night would not one or two at least evade the auxiliaries, and get within torpedo range of the ironclad?

We continued to supply nets to big ships, but I found one man so impressed with their defects that he determined to improve upon them. This was Dr. Horatio Jones, a dentist in London. His idea was to suspend steel shields at the end of the poles, which would not, like the netting, sag to the surface with the ship going at any speed. Many and various were the modifications for getting the shields in position worked out from time to time at considerable cost to the inventor. He asked me periodically to inspect his progress, which certainly indicated improvement on the nets. I was too busy on different work at the Admiralty then to pay much attention to the subject, but being free early in 1909 I considered the matter, and on my next visit to Dr. Jones told him warships had now so increased in speed that nothing projecting outside would stand the vibration and pressure set up at over 10 knots. My view was that the principal defence against torpedoes should be in the hull itself, not by covering it with armour, but by putting an outer chamber in which the liberated gas of a torpedo explosion could expand and lose its power for mischief. To illustrate my meaning I took a piece of paper and drew a bulge on each side of the hull of a ship. Dr. Jones grasped the idea, and in October 1909 took out a provisional protection for bulge construction, providing ships with an external water-tight and air-tight caisson or blister. The date is important, as nothing of this sort had so far been proposed in this country. Dr. Jones continued working on this caisson idea, but did not succeed after the war in obtaining an award from the Royal Commission on Inventions, though he had spent years and much money in his praiseworthy endeavours to improve torpedo defence.

I took no further action at the time, but at the end of 1911 or early in 1912 wrote and published a brochure with the title *The*

Battle of the North Sea in 1914. In it, alluding to the inefficiency of net defence, I said:

> Can, then, science find no means to protect the vessel against this deadly attack—the effect of 250 pounds of most powerful explosive ignited against her side from 10 to 20 feet below the water-line? There appears but one remedy: to construct the vessel with a double side, the exterior steel wall to be of sufficient thickness for rigidity, and to explode the torpedo on impact: to preserve the internal hull from penetration this outer skin to be about 10 feet from the inner and the space between filled with pieces of cork or other substance to act as a cushion.

An air space only would also dissipate the blow.

Now, curiously enough, in 1912 the Admiralty began experiments with explosives against the sides of ships below the armour; but not until October 1914 did the Constructive Department submit designs for fitting bulges to some old cruisers. These were *Edgar*, *Grafton*, *Theseus* and *Endymion*. The Board approving, orders for the construction followed, and also to fit bulges to some of the early monitors. With what result? A torpedo struck one of these cruisers during the war and exploded against the bulge. This filled with water, giving the ship a considerable heel over on that side. To get her on an even keel water was admitted to the opposite bulge, which added to the draught of the vessel, but did not impair her efficiency. In fact, she then steamed faster than before—at least, so Lord Fisher told me. One of the monitors so protected sustained the explosions of two torpedoes, and though considerably damaged, reached port in safety.

Without the bulges both vessels would have been sunk, and shared the fate of the *Cressy*, *Hogue* and *Aboukir*.

Previously the Admiralty had done little or nothing to improve the protection of ships below the water-line. A distinguished admiral told me that when Controller of the Navy a good many years ago he tried in vain to get the Constructive Department to take the matter into serious consideration and get out a design on certain lines suggested by him.

Had the enemy also done nothing in this important matter? Reading of the gallant and persistent attacks by our destroyers on the German fleet at the Battle of Jutland, I could not understand why apparently so little result followed. It seems also to have puzzled many who took part in these attacks.

Admiral Sims, in his book *The Victory at Sea*, says: 'Destroyer officers have been heard to express the curious opinion that the enemy ships were more or less unsinkable.' The explanation came after the war in the Memoirs of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, written in 1919. He says:

> Until 1906 our ships were but little protected below the water-line, whilst the English ships were badly protected even as late as this war.

As soon as the Navy Bill was settled I caused this question to be taken up with great thoroughness. We soon found that we had to experiment with actual explosions to gain sufficient experience. We built a section of a modern ship and carried out experimental explosions on it with torpedo heads. We tested the possibility of weakening the force of the explosion by letting the explosive gases burst in empty compartments without resistance. We found further the effect of the explosion was nullified if we compelled it to pulverise coal in any considerable quantity. This resulted in a special arrangement of a portion of the coal bunkers. We then met the force of the explosion so modified by a strong steel wall. This torpedo bulkhead was carried without interruption the whole length of the vital parts of the ship. The buoyancy which was attained by our system stood the test. In contrast to the British ships, ours were well-nigh indestructible.

Jutland proved the value of these measures. Only one German battleship was sunk by a torpedo: the old *Pommern*, which had not this special protection. One naturally asks: Did not our Admiralty know of these experiments, which von Tirpitz says 'were continued through many years'? Had not our naval attaché over there reported on them?

Not until 1915 did we fit a battleship with bulges, when the old *Revenge*, so provided, took part in the operations off the Belgian coast. On our side at Jutland one battleship—the *Marlborough*—was struck by a torpedo, causing a large hole in her side, but her watertight compartments confined the admitted water to the space between two bulkheads, so the ship continued in action, though she had to reduce speed.

The supply of nets continued. Even the German ships had them, for Admiral Scheer, who commanded the high seas fleet at Jutland, says in his book, alluding to an examination of damages after the battle:

We arrived immediately at one conclusion: a final decision on the much-debated question of protective torpedo nets for the fleet, to the effect that the nets must be done away with. On most of the ships they were so damaged as to make it impossible to remove them after the fighting: they hung for the most part in a dangerous fashion out of their cases, and it was a wonder they did not get entangled in the propellers, an occurrence which during the battle—or at any time, for that matter—might have greatly inconvenienced the fleet. The total impression produced by all the damage done was that by their splendid construction our ships had proved to be possessed of extraordinary powers of resistance. The nets rolled up, and in cases of some sort lay outside the ships, therefore much exposed to gunfire.

We continued to rely upon nets, and in the Dardanelles operations suffered severely from not having a better protection. The *Goliath* was sunk by a torpedo, with great loss of life. The *Triumph*, steaming slowly with nets out, succumbed to a submarine attack whose torpedo passed clean through the nets. The same fate befell the *Majestic* a few days later when at anchor

with nets out, the torpedo in this case also passing through them. When the chance of penetrating the Dardanelles with a naval force had practically passed we sent monitors and old cruisers with bulges to assist the Army on which hopes were now fixed of occupying the Peninsula and getting to Constantinople. These hopes eventually disappeared when the general who relieved Sir Ian Hamilton recommended evacuation. Lord Kitchener confirmed this after a visit out there.

I have read, or been told, a curious story that, inspecting the trenches, K. of K. exposed himself too much, being a tall man. They told him he would probably be shot. He replied: 'Not likely. I was told some time ago my end would be to be drowned at sea.' Curious that it should come true.

The type of bulge adopted by the Admiralty is naturally confidential. The official naval historian, writing of the later Dardanelles operations, says in a note:

> A bulge ship was a ship fitted with an outside hollow belt as a protection against torpedo attack. The belt was termed a 'bulge' or 'blister,' and these vessels were known later as 'blister ships.' From 1914 onwards bulges were included in the designs of all large ships.

Rather a crude description, and little applicable to later developments.

Several existing battleships have also received this addition. The question then arises, Who first originated the idea of applying bulges to the side of a ship as a protection against torpedo explosions? Dr. Jones put in a claim before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, but did not succeed. Presumably, therefore, someone was before him. Who was it? Long after we had first discussed the matter I discovered something which might be accounted a prior claim. In 1901 a Russian naval constructor, named Goulaeff, took out a patent in England for 'improvements in ships' hulls.' Now Goulaeff had been associated many years previously with Admiral Popoff in the construction of those circular ironclads which aroused so much curiosity at the time. He probably also had to do with the *Livadia*, built as a yacht for the Emperor of Russia, the characteristic of which was great breadth, to obtain a steady platform. Now Goulaeff's 1901 design for an improved warship embodied great beam at the water-line, the object, as stated, being

> to prevent the vessel sinking or heeling should the hull be damaged below the water-line, as is nearly always the consequence, with the present shape of hull, of torpedo explosions, ramming or collision.

He effected this by having practically three sides below the water-line subdivided into watertight compartments and running the whole length of the ship. The completed design somewhat

resembled the *Livadia*, which had a breadth of 153 feet with a length of 235 feet. In both cases the upper hull rose up at some distance inboard from the water-line. Though ingenious, one can hardly regard this as a bulge ship, nor have I ever heard of any craft being built to this design.

During the war, when the Germans began sinking hospital ships, I urged the Admiralty to fit them with bulges. What loss of speed resulted would have been a benefit rather than otherwise to the wounded on board, but this was not done. Admiral Sims in his book says:

> Germany attacked these ships in order to make us escort them with destroyers and thereby compel us to divert these destroyers from the anti-submarine campaign.

They may have regretted the necessity, but did not apologise for their action!

Finally, I may be asked why I did not put in a claim as the originator of the bulge protection; but having observed the procedure of the Commission in two cases, I came to the conclusion that I should probably be told that research had brought to light that the Ark was fitted with a bulge, for which Noah had taken out a patent, so I was out of court.

S. Eardley-Wilmot,
Rear Admiral (retired).

THE SUDAN

AMID all the vacillation that has characterised the attitude of the British Government towards the Egyptian question during the past six years, the one outstanding feature has certainly been the constancy of British policy in regard to what is known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. That policy, the broad lines of which were enunciated by Lord Cromer on the morrow of the reconquest,[1] was crystallised in the statement which Viscount Allenby made two years ago to a group of representative Sudanese at Khartum. He said:

> I find that there has been some fear in the minds of people of the Sudan that there will be in future a less close association of Great Britain with the development of your country. The British Government has no such intention.
>
> In confirmation of this I cannot do better than tell you what the Prime Minister of England said in the House of Commons on February 28 when discussing the question of the independence of Egypt. The Prime Minister spoke as follows:
>
>> 'I now come to the Sudan, which is very important to the British Empire. The Sudan calls for more than a passing word. The combined efforts of Great Britain and Egypt were needed to rescue that vast country from devastation and ruin. Since the reconquest, more than twenty years ago, Great Britain and Egypt have alike contributed men and money towards the restoration of peace and prosperity to what should one day prove a country as fertile and populous as it was barren and empty. His Majesty's Government will never allow the progress which has already been made and the greater promise of future years to be jeopardised. Nor can His Majesty's Government agree to any change in the status of that country which would in the slightest degree diminish the security for the many millions of British capital which are already invested in its development, to the great advantage of the Sudan.
>>
>> 'Egypt, on the other hand, has undeniable right to the most ample guarantees that the development of the Sudan shall never threaten or interfere with her existing water supply, or with that which she may require in order to bring her own territory under full cultivation. Such guarantees His Majesty's Government will be ready to afford, and there is no reason why they should in any way hamper or retard the progress of the Sudan.'
>
> I think this should be enough to reassure you, and I hope when you go

[1] At Omdurman, January 4, 1899.

to your homes you will tell your people not to be afraid that Great Britain will abandon the Sudan.

That statement of policy, which has since been confirmed on behalf of the British Government by Lord Parmoor and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, constitutes a covenant between the British nation and the people of the Sudan ; and any deviation from the definite pledge so solemnly given two years ago, and now as solemnly reiterated, would be a serious breach of the trust which we have assumed.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is the territory lying to the south of Egypt between the 22nd and 5th degrees north latitude and the 20th and 37th degrees longitude. It is bounded by Egypt on the north, Uganda on the south, the Red Sea, Erithrea and Abyssinia on the east, and the French Sahara and Belgian Congo on the west. Through it flow the three principal tributaries of the Nile : the Atbara and the Blue Nile, which rise in Abyssinia, and the White Nile, which has its source in Uganda. The White and Blue Niles unite at Khartum to form the main river, into which the Atbara falls some 200 miles further north. From the point where the White Nile enters the Sudan to the Egyptian frontier is over 2000 miles,[2] and some idea of the vastness of this territory can be gathered from the fact that five of its provinces each exceed Great Britain in size and that its whole area is equal to that of British India.

According to Dr. Reissner,[3] the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan embraces much the same part, with nearly the same races, as the 'Southern Lands' administered by the New Empire of Egypt.[4] It includes the area known in ancient Egyptian history as Kash—the Cush of the Bible and the Ethiopia of the classical writers. The fact that the trade route between Egypt and Central Africa ran through the 'Southern Lands' attracted to them the attention of various of the rulers of ancient Egypt. But their effective rule did not extend beyond what is now Sennar, about 200 miles south of modern Khartum ; and after the Ethiopian dynasty that actually at one time reigned at Thebes was driven out of Egypt ancient Egyptian control never revived in the Sudan. In fact, close Egyptian connection with what is now known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan only started at the beginning of the last century.

It was in 1820 that, pressed for money to meet the insistent demands of his suzerain, Mohamed Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt,

[2] It is another thousand miles to the sea, and thus—an interesting point in view of the controversy over the possession of the river—not only is the source of the Nile entirely outside Egyptian and Sudan territory, but it actually flows for less than one-third of its total length through Egyptian soil.

[3] *Sudan Notes and Records*, Part I.

[4] 1250–340 B.C.

despatched an expedition to the Sudan, where he had heard there existed vast quantities of gold, ivory and precious objects and any number of 'wretched folk,' as the Egyptians have from time immemorial called the black races of Africa. At the end of two years' campaign the whole area had been conquered, and there had been set up an administration which had for its direct object the accumulation of wealth for the benefit of Egypt.

The story of the Egyptian *régime* in the Sudan is one of oppression and of despotism scarcely equalled in any other land. No opportunity was neglected for maintaining the steady flow of gold, ivory and slaves which the Viceroy and his pashas demanded, and by the time that the Khedive Ismail had been compelled to abdicate, in 1879, the Sudan had been reduced to ruin.

It was this state of affairs that provoked the revolt led by Mohamed Ahmed, the son of a Dongolawi carpenter, who in 1881 proclaimed himself El Mahdi—'the guide'—and whom the population soon regarded not only as the promised celestial messenger, but as destined to bring them relief from the terrible oppression which they were suffering.

The vitality of the administration had by this time been completely sapped. It proved quite incapable of dealing with the revolt. The situation was aggravated by the inefficiency of the troops, and the disaster that befell Hicks Pasha's ill-equipped expedition to El Obeid in 1883 simply served to enhance Mohamed Ahmed's prestige, and placed the entire Sudan at his feet. The fall of Khartum and the tragic end of Gordon in 1885 completed the story, and Egypt had to withdraw from the Sudan and fix her southern boundary at Wadi Halfa, but not until Britain had lost many valuable lives in vain attempts to relieve beleaguered Egyptian garrisons. Thus ended in ignominious fashion the modern Egyptian administration of the Sudan.

For ten years the country south of Wadi Halfa was left in the hands of the Dervish hordes of the Khalifa Abdulla, who had succeeded Mohamed Ahmed. During this period Egypt applied herself, under her British controllers, to the reorganisation of her own affairs. By 1890 the race against bankruptcy had been won, and Egypt, with annual surpluses in her budget, was able to turn her attention to the development works which she so badly needed.

Foremost amongst these problems was the extension of the cultivated area. An agricultural country with no rainfall, Egypt had always depended on the Nile for the watering of her land. The expansion of cotton cultivation and the steady increase in population called for the provision of more water, and for the substitution of perennial irrigation for the basin system that had hitherto sufficed for the needs of the country. The only means whereby this could be attained was by regulation of the river to

the south, and experts agreed that a dam at Aswan with subsidiary works at Esneh and Assiut was the first indispensable step.

So long, however, as the upper reaches of the two Niles were in hostile hands, no works for the regulation of the waters of those rivers could be erected with any certainty that the object they had in view would be permanently assured. The Sudan had become, so to speak, a No Man's Land. It was attracting the attention of the European Powers whose African colonies were contiguous, and who at any moment, on pretext of the disturbing effect of these uncontrolled forces on their own frontiers, might invade and occupy commanding positions on the headwaters. It became daily more imperative, therefore, that control should be re-established on the Upper Nile.

Accordingly in 1896 it was decided to embark on the reconquest of the Sudan, and the first step was the reoccupation of Dongola. For this expedition the Egyptian Government had obtained permission to supplement its current resources by certain of its financial reserves. But international difficulties subsequently intervened, and the Mixed Courts ordered the refund of the 515,000*l.* already allocated and drawn. The prompt action of the British Government—due to Lord Cromer's foresight—in placing forthwith 800,000*l.* at the disposal of the Egyptian Government extricated the latter from its dilemma and enabled it, with the subsequent assistance of a strong contingent of British troops, to carry on the campaign to its successful conclusion.

The reoccupation of Khartum two years later found a French force under Major Marchand installed on the White Nile at Fashoda, about 1000 miles to the south of the capital. Its object was obviously to establish a claim to all the upper part of the Nile Valley abandoned since the Mahdist revolt. But, thanks to the energetic action of the British Government and its intimation that it regarded this as an unfriendly act on the part of France, Major Marchand was speedily withdrawn.

'It is absurd to suppose that without British assistance in the form of men, money and general guidance the Egyptian Government could have reconquered the Sudan,'[5] and it is still more inconceivable that, alone and unaided, Egypt could have compelled France to abandon her claim to the Upper Nile. Egypt owes entirely to Great Britain the liberation of the Upper Nile from foreign control, the protection of her frontier and the assurance of her water supply.

After the reconquest the first preoccupation was the future political status of the country and the form of administration that should be set up. As Lord Cromer has put on record, 'it was essential that British influence should in practice be paramount'

[5] Cromer, *Modern Egypt*.

so as to avoid a repetition of the misgovernment of the past, and it was necessary to devise some method whereby the Sudan should be at one and the same time Egyptian to such an extent as to satisfy equitable and political exigencies and yet sufficiently British to avoid the baneful internationalism which prevailed in Egypt.

There was, therefore, invented what has come to be known as the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium, created by the agreements signed between Lord Cromer and Butros Ghali Pasha, Egyptian Foreign Minister, on January 19 and July 10, 1899.

The preamble recorded that the reconquest of the country had been effected by the joint military and financial efforts of both countries, and that Great Britain had a claim, by right of reconquest, to share in the settlement and future working and development of the administration. The agreements laid down that the British and Egyptian flags should be used together on land and water throughout the Sudan; they vested the supreme military and civil command in a Governor-General, who should be appointed by Khedivial decree on the recommendation of the British Government and be removed only by Khedivial decree with the British Government's consent; they provided that proclamations of the Governor-General should have the full force of law, and that no Egyptian law, decree or Ministerial *arrêté* should apply to any part of the Sudan except in virtue of a proclamation of the Governor-General. No special privileges were to be accorded to the subjects of any one Power in regard to trade with or residence in the Sudan; the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals was not to extend to, or be recognised for any purpose in, any part of the Sudan; and no diplomatic or consular agents were to be accredited to the Sudan except with the previous consent of His Britannic Majesty's Government.

These agreements, by their provisions regarding legislation, the Mixed Tribunals and the consular jurisdiction, distinctly separated the administration of the Sudan from that of Egypt. At the same time they introduced into it the element of partnership, but a partnership which, by the very nature of all the circumstances amid which it was created as well as the phraseology of the deed itself, connoted that Great Britain should be 'the predominant member.'

At that time Egypt was fully occupied with her own internal affairs. She was finding it difficult enough to produce officials for her own administration, and it was therefore all the more impossible for her to supply men capable of filling prominent posts in the Sudan. The administration of the Sudan was consequently left almost entirely in the hands of British officials, who were assisted by Egyptian mamurs (district officers) and sub-mamurs, generally Egyptian officers. Some of the latter made good, and were

periodically promoted to inspectorate posts, but the general distaste for service in the Sudan which Egyptians have ever displayed not only stood greatly in the way of the promotion of the more capable of these mamurs, but also made it increasingly difficult to secure the nomination of good officers.

The quarter of a century that has elapsed since the pacification and reorganisation of the Sudan were first undertaken has witnessed an astounding transformation. When the reoccupation took place no semblance of a government existed anywhere. The country was completely disorganised and presented on all sides a sad picture of desolation and despair. At every turn one came upon evidence of the terrible sufferings of the people and the extent to which they had been terrorised and reduced by the tyranny of the Egyptian and the savagery of the Dervish *régime*. And amid all these unmistakable signs of the havoc caused by the just-ended era of anarchy, with its internecine strife, its famines, its epidemics and its slave raids, the most striking feature was the scarcity of able-bodied men and the almost complete absence of children.

Out of this chaotic, almost hopeless state of ruin there has now arisen a new Sudan, scarcely recognisable by the older inhabitants. An efficiently working administration has been organised throughout the million square miles that comprise the Sudan. There is a complete system of law-courts. Public security has been re-established, and has attained a very high standard. Railways run into the heart of the country. Steamers ply regularly between Khartum and Rejaf, 1000 miles up the White Nile. Motors connect most of the principal stations. A complete network of telegraphs covers the whole territory and links up the most inaccessible points. All the provinces have their hospitals, many of them their own schools, and education has now made it possible to admit the people to a share in the administration by appointing young Sudanese to posts of mamur and sub-mamur.

Furthermore, the country has for over a decade shown an annual surplus in its budget. Its revenue has attained the E.4,000,000*l.* mark, and its foreign trade now exceeds E.7,000,000*l.* per annum. (In 1898 neither revenue nor trade existed.) Its economic resources have, moreover, been investigated and found to be well-nigh boundless, and a programme of development and production has been inaugurated that promises to make the country one of the most productive portions of the African continent. Indeed, in respect of cotton cultivation it possesses possibilities which might eventually go a long way towards rendering Lancashire independent of extra-Imperial sources of supply of raw material. No longer can the Sudan be considered a 'useless possession.'[6] It has now acquired a prominent place on the economic map of the world.

[6] Gordon's Journals, October 25, 1884.

Every traveller who passes through the land bears witness to the striking success that has attended the policy followed by the Sudan Government in dealing with the very varied elements that compose the population. No matter where you go in this vast territory, on the plains as on the hills, on the rivers as in the jungle, even amid the swamps and primeval forests, you will meet the same tokens of peace and prosperity, the same evidence of the complete confidence which the people, be they Moslem or pagan, nomad or sedentary, Arab or Negroid, repose in those set in authority over them. Considering the area involved and the widely differing social condition of the various tribes, it seems almost incredible that this result should have been accomplished with such little display of force. No better example of 'government by consent of the people' could indeed be found than that afforded by the present administration of the Sudan; and the little band of Englishmen to whose capacity, devotion and personality this remarkable regeneration of the 'Land of the Blacks' is entirely due constitute undoubtedly one of the finest civil services the world has ever seen.

Although on the administrative side, Egypt, as already explained, has necessarily played a small part, she has at the same time made a considerable contribution towards the re-establishment of the country's finances. From the very outset the Egyptian Treasury was called upon to balance the Budget and provide money for capital expenditure. In 1913, however, the Sudan ceased to require any subsidy; and since that date all Egypt has been called upon to contribute has been the cost of the upkeep of the portion of the Egyptian Army employed in the Sudan.

In considering this financial contribution it must be remembered—(1) that the abandonment of the Sudan had been entirely due to the inefficient nature of the Egyptian administration; (2) that that administration had decimated the population by its seizure of slaves, and had impoverished the country by the drainage of gold, etc., a condition of things which the advent of the Dervish *régime* merely served to aggravate; and (3) that the reconquest of the Sudan was carried out solely for the protection of Egypt, whose development was in jeopardy so long as the upper reaches of the Nile remained in hostile hands.

Egypt's financial assistance, therefore, has been partly of the nature of restitution and partly in furtherance of her own interests. However that contribution is viewed, the fact remains that it has been returned to her a hundredfold. Egypt, in fact, owes the great prosperity that has accrued to her since 1898 entirely and solely to the tranquillity she has enjoyed on her frontier and to the storage works, the erection of which has been rendered possible by the control of the Upper Nile.

But while this financial assistance has been generally treated—and quite rightly so—as payment for the security obtained, any sum that could legitimately be attributed to any development work, such as, for example, the creation of Port Sudan, has been regarded as a loan and carried to a special account for eventual repayment. For some years now the Sudan has been paying interest to Egypt on part of these loans.

The foregoing explains the reason why Egypt was called upon to subsidise the reorganisation of the Sudan up to 1913, and since that date has continued to bear the cost of such Egyptian troops as are required in that country. It is clear that the circumstances of her financial contribution justify no claim on the part of Egypt to interfere in any way with the *régime* that under the Condominium, to which she was a party, has been in operation since 1899. And, as regards the military expenditure in particular, it may here be pointed out that but for the pacification of the Sudan Egypt would have had to bear an even greater military charge than she does at present, since, for her own security, she would have been compelled to keep on her frontier a much stronger force than the one now employed in the Sudan.[7]

The population of the Sudan, estimated at the end of the Dervish era at under two millions and to-day authoritatively[8] assessed at about six millions, comprises every grade of African race, ranging from the Arab to the Negroid, tribes in every stage of development, from savages dwelling in caves to semi-civilised village entities. Only north of a line drawn east and west of El Obeid, about 250 miles south of Khartum, does one, however, find any Arabic-speaking or Moslem majority. Beyond that point the people, who represent nigh on three-quarters of the entire population, are Negroid, savage and pagan, speaking dialects having no linguistic affinity to Arabic. In other words, there is neither ethnological, linguistic nor religious tie between the Egyptians and the bulk of the population of the Sudan, who in reality are entirely alien to their neighbours in the north.

Nor is there any sentimental bond between them. In fact, the one haunting fear of the Sudanese, Arab as well as Negroid, is that the present *régime* may be in any way altered, and that the Egyptian element, bitter memories of which still linger in the land, may be reintroduced into the administration.[9] It was, indeed, the restlessness created among them by the movement in Cairo for the inclusion of the Sudan in the Egyptian kingdom that made

[7] Only 18,700 Egyptians (including Sudanese officers) men employed.

[8] *Sudan Almanac*, 1924, p. 37.

[9] The recent pro-Egyptian 'demonstrations' that took place consisted of a few disgruntled Sudanese who, together with their leaders, had been discharged from the service for various reasons, and who were deliberately incited and assisted by agitators from Cairo.

it necessary for Lord Allenby to utter the reassurance reproduced at the opening of this article.

The speech of the British Prime Minister on February 28, 1922, which Lord Allenby quoted had been delivered on the occasion of the British declaration abolishing the protectorate over Egypt, and recognising her independence. The Sudan was, it is true, included among the subjects reserved at the time for future discussion; but, as the words of Mr. Lloyd George clearly indicate, this was done not with any idea of discussing the status of the Sudan, but merely because it was considered that the regulation of the question of Egypt's water rights might fittingly form part of the agreement that would be come to with regard to her own political status.

The claim put forward by the Egyptians that the Sudan is an integral part of the Egyptian kingdom, and that they should be given control of its administration, rests, indeed, on no solid foundation, and cannot be entertained for one moment. It is to a very great extent the result of the *surenchères* in the matter of national aspirations and demands indulged in by the various political factions in Egypt. Nevertheless, as the British Prime Minister has declared, ample satisfaction can, and must, be given to Egypt in regard to her water rights while there are various questions arising out of the changed political status of Egypt herself, such as the command of the Egyptian Army, which has hitherto been combined with the Governor-Generalship of the Sudan, and the stationing of troops in that country, that are susceptible of easy adjustment. It should not indeed be difficult for the two Governments to come to an agreement on these points; and the very full guarantees which Great Britain is prepared to give Egypt in regard to her legitimate share of the waters of the Blue and White Niles should entirely set at rest her fears as to the future.

Instructed Egyptian opinion realises that all Egypt really needs is satisfaction of her water requirements, and that her interests would be far better safeguarded with a continuation of the present *régime* south of her frontier than if she herself were in possession or control of that territory. It is only the Chauvinist element which, stifling all contrary opinion, refuses to recognise that 'were our flag to disappear that of Egypt would go with it,'[10] in other words, that Egypt could not stand alone in the Sudan. The maintenance of British control in the Sudan, while it is essential to the fulfilment of the trust which we have undertaken towards the people of the country, is, moreover, the finest guarantee that Egypt could possibly obtain for the security of her frontier and the permanent assurance of her water supply.

ARTHUR MERTON.

[10] Valentine Chirol, *The Egyptian Problem*, p. 52.

COAL AND POWER

THE subject of coal-mining and the utilisation of coal to the best economic advantage must always be of paramount interest to a country like this, which is dependent on its production and manufactures for the supply of food to the people. While the introduction of this subject to politics may be useful because the whole body of electors are thereby compelled to take an interest in it, as they may possibly have to record their votes in reference to it at an early date, it is certainly not advantageous to the trade of the country that electors who cannot possibly know the whole facts of the case should be forced to give decisions which may have momentous effects on the future prosperity of the country. However much one may regret that the exigencies of party politics have intervened to obscure the real issues at stake, it is all the more a duty to submit the facts to impartial examination and discussion.

In *Power and Coal* the impression is given that one of the principal drawbacks to the economic development of the coal-mines in this country is the private ownership of the minerals, and the acquisition of the minerals is put forward as the chief means of curing the ills of the industry. The argument that owners of minerals have not acted rightly in the use made of the revenue derived from mineral royalties, and that, therefore, as a body they should be penalised, is one which can be applied equally to all owners of property, of whatever kind, and should have no weight when discussing the problem from an economic point of view. It may, however, be interesting to note what contributions are really made by the owners of mineral royalties. In the first place, it may be observed that the coal in a property is a limited quantity which is being exhausted year by year, thus differing from agricultural produce, which may continue for all time so long as the land is cultivated. The working out of a coalfield is therefore in the nature of a realisation of capital. In all other investments it is a recognised principle that annual revenue should bear its fair proportion of taxation, but that income which represents the realisation of capital is not subject to taxation. Capital invested in minerals and capital spent on

shaft sinkings and similar work have, for some unknown reason, been excluded from this arrangement, with the result that the total revenue is subject to taxation as if it were all profit in the ordinary sense of the word.

The assessment of local taxation varies in different districts, but in one form or another the minerals have to bear a proportion of the local rates. In Scotland, for example, the gross revenue received from minerals is made the basis of assessment. In districts where coal is being worked the local rates for parish and county council purposes amount to 10s. to 12s. per pound of annual rent, this being payable approximately one-half by owners and one-half by tenants. Although, as already shown, the coal in a leasehold is a wasting asset, it has to bear its full share of all taxation. From returns made by the Mines Department the average royalty paid on coal during 1923 is shown to be 5·8 pence per ton, and amounted to 6,317,186*l.* If the Scottish rates may be taken as representative, the contribution to local rates in respect of this revenue would be more than 1,500,000*l.* by the royalty owners and 1,500,000*l.* by the colliery owners. In addition the royalty owners are assessed for Imperial taxation in respect of mineral rights duty to the extent of about 250,000*l.* Income tax is then chargeable on the balance. The amount of it is uncertain on account of the incidence of supertax, but a figure somewhere about 2,000,000*l.* may be taken as the contribution under this head, so that the amount paid in the form of taxation is not less than 3,500,000*l.* by the royalty owners and 1,500,000*l.* by the colliery owners. The remaining revenue is not all available to the royalty owner, nor would it be available to the State. The expenses of administration are considerable, and under State control these would be increased. For example, the royalty owner employs professional men to survey the underground workings as they proceed and exercise a general supervision so as to prevent loss in working. If the minerals were owned by the State it would be necessary to establish an elaborate system of State surveys and supervision. To carry on this part of the work under State control would require an army of Government officials of between 800 and 1000 men of various degrees of qualification.

It is claimed that one of the benefits of State control would be the reduction or abolition of royalties to suit the needs of the poorer districts, to be compensated for by imposing higher royalties on the richer districts. At first sight this appears very simple, but unfortunately it is not practicable to put down a circle on the map of the coalfields and mark it 'Poor' and another circle and mark it 'Rich.' Within each of the circles there would be collieries struggling against exceptional physical conditions and collieries which have exceptionally favourable physical conditions. In the

flux of time the unfavourable colliery may get over its difficulties, and in the other the favourable conditions may have disappeared. At present these varying conditions are constantly being met with, and are subject to adjustment in a spirit of give-and-take between landlord and tenant. Such adjustments would not be practicable under the machinery of State control when the personal contact as between landlord and tenant was entirely eliminated.

One of the chief arguments put forward for the State acquisition of minerals is the removal of arbitrary boundary lines and the substitution of natural boundary lines complying with geological conditions. In an old country such as this, where property is held under ancient titles, the natural features of the surface, such as winding streams, have been adopted as the boundary lines between one property and another. So far as these irregular lines form the division between one mineral leasehold and another, they are liable to hamper the systematic development of the underground workings. A great deal of political capital has been made of this point and of the alleged loss of coal in such artificial barriers. To what extent there is loss or inconvenience no real information has been put before the public, but the very vagueness of the subject makes it a useful political asset. It is true that several Coal Commissions have referred to the amount of coal left in as barriers, but no real attempt has been made to distinguish between coal barriers left in for safety or economic reasons and barriers which may have been left in for arbitrary reasons. Speaking from my own intimate practical knowledge of the Scottish coalfield, I can say that the loss or inconvenience due to unnecessary barriers is quite negligible. There are several general causes which have contributed to this result. When a coalowner proposes to sink a shaft to develop an area belonging to a number of small proprietors, his first object is to secure the rights over a sufficiently large area to make the venture a commercial success. The majority of Scottish collieries have been established under conditions of this kind, where a number of comparatively small properties have been combined into one large leasehold with suitable and convenient boundaries. In the case of large estates the coal may be, and as a rule is, let out in suitable blocks between natural boundaries, each block being of a convenient size for the establishment of a colliery. Difficulties do sometimes arise owing to short-sightedness or prejudice on the part of a proprietor, or to a defective title. To meet such difficulties the Mines (Working Facilities and Support) Act was passed in 1923. Part I., clauses 2 and 3 of this Act, are as follows:

(2) Where the persons working two adjoining mines have agreed on an adjustment of boundaries between the mines with a view to reducing the amount of minerals to be left unworked between the mines, or to enabling

the minerals to be worked more efficiently or more economically, and effect cannot be given to the agreement by reason of the failure or refusal of the lessors or the owners of the surface or any of them to concur, a right to work the minerals with such adjusted boundaries may be conferred in the manner and subject to the provisions hereinafter appearing on the persons working the mines respectively.

(3) Where any facility, right, or privilege is required in order that minerals may be properly and conveniently worked by the person entitled to work the same, and the proper and efficient working of the minerals is unduly hampered by the inability or failure of that person to obtain such right, facility, or privilege (hereinafter referred to as an ancillary right), such ancillary right may be conferred in the manner and subject to the provisions hereinafter appearing on the person having the right to work the minerals who is working or desirous of working them either by himself or through his lessees.

Although the powers conferred by this Act have not yet been invoked to any extent, the mere fact of its being on the Statute Book is probably sufficient to prevent any unreasonable obstruction.

It should be clearly understood that underground barriers are absolutely necessary for the protection of mines, chiefly in connection with ventilation and drainage. The largest mining disaster which the world has known—that at Courriers, in France, when over 1100 men lost their lives—owed its magnitude to the fact that barriers had been eliminated throughout a large area of underground workings. So far as drainage is concerned, barriers are necessary from the economic point of view to retain water at as shallow a depth as possible, and thus reduce the fuel required for pumping. Had sufficient barriers been left in by the 'old timers' who worked out the shallow coal along the outcrops, the fuel consumption at many of the present-day collieries would be only a fraction of what it is. The term 'barrier' is used very loosely by politicians. Pillars of coal left in for the support of surface buildings and under railways, reservoirs, etc., are all slumped in as barriers, with an implication that some political opponent is to blame for having been wasteful in causing such barriers to be left.

The mention of pillars for the support of the surface raises another interesting point. In the scheme put forward by Mr. Lloyd George the intention appears to be to acquire the minerals, but not the overlying surface. Most mining engineers have experienced the difficulties which arise when the ownership of the minerals is severed from that of the surface, and the records of the law-courts afford abundant evidence that these difficulties are not capable of easy adjustment. If the coal is worked the land must subside. In some cases the damage done by this subsidence is insignificant even though the surface has gone down many feet; in other cases the damage would far outweigh the value of the coal recovered. A Commission is at present investigating the whole of

the complex laws relating to this subject, and investigations are being carried out by scientific societies to elucidate the effects of coal-working on the surface. Doubtless as a result legislation will be proposed to simplify the arrangements between surface owners and mineral owners where there has been severance in the ownership, and any sound legislation to effect this purpose will be welcomed by all parties concerned. The severance of the whole of the ownership of the minerals from the ownership of the overlying surface would raise an enormous crop of difficulties, which apparently Mr. Lloyd George and his advisers have completely ignored. Does Mr. Lloyd George propose to acquire the right to lower the surface ? If not, how does he propose to make adequate arrangements for the support of buildings, drains, etc., and for compensation to those private individuals or public bodies whose rights of support are affected ?

In dealing with the question of wasteful methods of consuming coal there may be some obscure political reason for making a sweeping accusation against colliery owners that millions of tons of coal are being thrown away by inefficient steam-generating plants at coal-pits, but no substantial facts can be adduced in support of this contention. Presumably, if there is anything in the accusation, it is more likely to be found at the older collieries where plant is still in use which was erected thirty or forty years ago. Of course, the science of steam-raising has been making great advances in recent years, and no doubt will continue to make advances until we can say that the last possible ounce of thermal value has been taken from each ton of coal consumed. It is a process of natural evolution. Whenever the owner of a workshop or factory finds that it will pay him to scrap his obsolete plant and put down more efficient, up-to-date plant, he does so, provided he can finance the operation. So also does a coalowner, but a workshop or factory differs essentially from a colliery in that it is a more or less permanent establishment, whereas a colliery has only a limited life, and must be abandoned when the coal is worked out. Again, the works manager can buy his coal in the open market and select the most suitable material for his purpose, whereas the colliery manager must make shift to do the best he can with the poorest material at the colliery, for which there is often no market. I had charge of a colliery some time ago where the boilers were fired with small, dirty, non-coking coal which could only command 3*d.* to 6*d.* per ton in the open market. Relatively the fuel consumption at that colliery was large, and of course helped to swell the aggregate returns which are held up to us as a glaring example of inefficiency. The problem of utilising inferior classes of coal, such as that mentioned, is receiving great attention from engineers and chemists, with valuable assistance from the Fuel Research

Board, but this is a scientific problem, and cannot be solved by contending politicians.

For several years much stress has been laid on the advantages to be gained by the erection of great super-power stations. In this case, again, the cry is largely a political one, and it is not backed by any solid body of practical engineering experience. Most modern large collieries find that they can generate electricity at a cheaper rate than it would be possible to purchase it from any power company situated twenty or thirty miles from the colliery. An 'all in' cost of ½*d.* per unit is quite a common figure at such collieries. The switchboard cost at a super-power station could hardly come under this figure in the most favourable circumstances. The household consumer paying 5*d.* per unit for his lighting will naturally inquire as to the reason why he must pay more than ten times the initial cost. The reason is that the great proportion of the expense of electricity is in the distribution, and not in the generation. The item for fuel cost at many of the generating stations throughout the country does not exceed one-tenth of 1*d.* per unit. In view of that figure, it is obviously impossible to effect any material saving by scrapping existing plants and substituting super-power plants. New plants which may be erected should certainly be of the most scientific design and of the most economic size for the purpose in view, but, again, surely this is a problem for engineers and administrators, and not for party politicians.

For more than forty years mining engineers and chemists have been co-operating in efforts to devise better methods of treating coal so as to secure all the valuable bye-products. Present indications are that by various processes of low temperature carbonisation a fuel can be produced from which the bye-products have been extracted, which will burn readily in domestic fires without the production of smoke. In the commercial application of these processes the chief difficulty is to find a profitable use for the gases recovered. In the manufacture of metallurgical coke the coke ovens are placed at collieries which produce coking coal, and the surplus gas is used to some extent in generating steam at the colliery boilers. Where such collieries are in the fortunate position of being near a town, as, for example, in the Sheffield district, the surplus gas may be purchased by the corporation gas department. In most of the plants designed for low temperature carbonisation the gas produced is of low thermal value per cubic foot, and can only be used to a limited extent in town gas, but is eminently suitable for the production of power either directly in gas engines or indirectly by the generation of steam in boilers. A very good example of power development by such gases is afforded by the Midland Coal, Coke and Iron Company's plant at Apedale

Colliery, Staffordshire. At that colliery a gas engine plant was put down a few years ago to utilise the coke oven gases for the generation of electricity for colliery purposes. The results in thermal efficiency and costs per unit were equal to the very best of any existing public power station. Similar electric generators could be put down in conjunction with low temperature carbonisation plants at collieries, but there is still one difficulty to be overcome, that is the marketing of the surplus electric power thus produced. The only effective way to accomplish this is by linking up such installations to the power supply of the district. In the utilisation of such waste gases Germany has for years been ahead of this country. In Westphalia alone there were in 1910 twelve private electric power stations, principally working with blast furnace and coke oven gases, linked up to the public electric mains. These stations had contracts with the electric power companies whereby all surplus power was turned into the mains, and when the works required additional power it was taken from the mains. The accounts were settled on the differences at the end of each quarter. Somewhat similar arrangements have been applied in the Newcastle and north-east coast district, with the result that electricity is being produced there at a rate below that of any other district in Great Britain. The application of this simple arrangement to collieries which can produce surplus electric power at a cheap rate would go an enormous way towards the solution of the problem of production of smokeless fuel and the utilisation of inferior coal resources which at present have no economic outlet. Unfortunately most of the power companies have not yet seen their way to encourage such give-and-take arrangements. A proper system of unification and linking up, together with the utilisation of all the sources of power at present running to waste, would meet the requirements in a far more economic manner than could be done by means of the proposed super-power stations, and at a fraction of the cost. The difficulty in carrying out any such idea is to get the first start. Who will take the initial risk of putting down a plant on such lines? It is proposed by the Government to devote a sum of 10,000,000*l.* to improving electric power plant. Half a million devoted to the financing of a smokeless fuel plant, utilising the gases for the production of electric power, would give a definite start to the project. There is little doubt that the success of the first experiment would lead to the speedy commercial development of similar schemes, and thus help to solve at least three most important national problems—the utilisation of resources at present going to waste, the elimination of the smoke pall over our cities, and the production of cheap electric power.

ROBERT W. DRON.

THE DIVERSITY OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE

BRITISH agriculture, as a factor in the life of the community, is absolutely important and relatively insignificant. Its importance needs no demonstration. This is continually emphasised, not only by those who are engaged in, or connected with, farming, but also by politicians, economists, sociologists and writers of all schools of thought, and is admitted by the public generally. Only when the sordid statistician intrudes his cold comparisons does the term 'insignificant' appear relevant.

A century ago agriculture was still, as from the earliest times it had been, the dominant industry in the country, whether measured by production or employment. In other words, agriculture was greater than industries, and England was, as most of the new countries and many of the old ones still are, predominantly agricultural. At the present time according to the latest available figures—those of the Census of Production of 1907 and the Population Census of 1911—agriculture represents less than 10 per cent. of the total output and the total employment of the country.

During the past century there has been some shrinkage of the agricultural area and a considerable reduction of the persons employed on farms—many of whom were very precariously engaged—but the change in the status of agriculture is, of course, mainly attributable to the expansion of industries and not to the decline in agriculture.

But the comparative insignificance of British agriculture is most apparent when the area which it occupies is contrasted with that of other countries. For this purpose we may take a few figures from the *Annuaire International de Statistique Agricole* published by the International Agricultural Institute in 1922, premising that 'productive area' comprises all land which is put to productive use, including woodland :

	Productive area, thousand hectares.	Population, thousands.
Great Britain	19,287	42,917
Italy	26,308	38,835
Canada	44.494	8,772
Germany	44,687	59,857
France	49,875	39,210
United States	365,640	105,711

These figures are not strictly comparable, as the years to which they relate vary. Those for the productive area are in most cases pre-war, while the population is in all cases post-war. But they sufficiently illustrate the fact that British agriculture, like the British Isles, is a small affair when compared with that of other great nations which, judged by commercial or industrial standards, would occupy very different relative positions.

The figure above given as the productive area of Great Britain (equal to approximately 47,000,000 acres) includes, as has been noted, land which is not agricultural in the ordinary sense of the term. Deducting woodlands, deer forests, and what are termed rough grazings, the area actually farmed is not more than about 31,000,000 acres, of which about 47 per cent. is under arable cultivation.

In attempting thus briefly to get the magnitude of British agriculture into due perspective the object is not to minimise its importance, but to emphasise its most remarkable characteristic. Within the narrow limits of these 31,000,000 acres is to be found almost every variety of agricultural enterprise that can exist in the temperate zone.

The basic cause of this variety is, of course, physical. Whereas in many countries vast tracts of land lie flatly on the same geological formation, in the British Isles the whole range of strata, from the earliest rock to the latest drift, lies, so to speak, on edge, and thus provides samples of almost every class of soil. With this unusual diversity of soil are naturally associated wide variations of situation—upland and lowland, sheltered and bleak, watered and arid—while the climatic conditions are such that some parts of the country have an average rainfall of 100 per cent. greater than others.

The historical development of British agriculture tended to diversity rather than to uniformity. The manorial system, with its open-field and communal farming, was not universal, though for centuries it was predominant. So far and so long as it prevailed, it, no doubt, enforced a widely extended stereotyped practice of husbandry. But even at the time of its greatest influence there were occupiers of holdings, among whom the religious corporations were prominent, who exercised the freedom and initiative of individualists. Had the manorial system been universal, and had it broken up all at once, it is probable that the effect would have been to impose upon the country the ideas of land development which were current at that particular period. But the process of enclosure was prolonged over several centuries, and consequently parishes were laid out, fields were arranged, and farms defined in accordance with widely varying theories of estate and farm management.

The causes of diversity are physical, climatic, historical and economic. The fact merits a little consideration.

The different forms of tenure under which agricultural land is held need not detain us, especially as in this respect recent legislation has expedited the disappearance of the last surviving forms of mediæval tenure. In this respect, indeed, uniformity largely prevails. Leases for a term of years are comparatively rare, except in Scotland, and the great majority of farms are held on yearly tenancies. In connection with the ownership of land many quaint instances of conditions of tenure may be discovered by the curious, and even in the tenancy of farms it is not impossible to find the ancient stock and land lease, or the exotic metayage agreement, in isolated cases within the boundaries of rural England to-day.

In the size of the holdings the range is from 1 acre (excluding what are technically defined as allotments) up to, say, 10,000 acres. Holdings exceeding 1,000 acres are very few, and are mostly to be found in districts where spacious downs or uplands provide large ranges for sheep. Confusion sometimes arises as to the definition of an ' agricultural holding.' In one sense the total area occupied by one man (or a firm or company) is his ' holding,' even although it may not all lie together, or be rented from the same landlord. It may, indeed, comprise several ' farms,' for a farm, properly speaking, is a parcel of agricultural land which at some period, commonly at the time of enclosure, has been laid out and equipped as an economic unit. In the course of time the two antagonistic processes of subdivision and of aggregation have gone on. In the former case the number of economic units is increased ; in the latter case each farm may retain its identity, so to speak, and the only change is that two or more farms come under the same management, and are worked as one business concern. Subdivision in these days commonly means ' cutting up for small holdings,' and may be termed a social process. Aggregation, or, as it was commonly termed, often with vehement disapproval, ' laying farm to farm,' being the expression of the human instinct of acquisitiveness, is an individualist process.

The influence of these two deliberate processes has, after all, but very slight effect on the size distribution of farms. Neither the sociological enthusiasm of county councils nor the aggrandising zeal of individuals accounts for the fact that in the Isle of Ely and the Holland division of Lincolnshire nearly 82 per cent. of the farms are of not more than 50 acres, while in Cumberland and East Suffolk small holdings represent only about 51 per cent. of the total.

The adoption of more or less persuasive or mercenary measures to extend the arable area has been widely advocated of late.

Sanguine theorists are ready to promise an almost illimitable extension if adequate inducement is offered or stimulus applied. In doing so they overlook the facts which might set bounds to their fancies. It will be admitted that no inducement, however generous, can be more effective in securing the result than legal compulsion, applied with all the patriotic sanction of the nation's need.

In the food production campaign of 1917-18 the original aim of those responsible for the scheme was to add 3,500,000 acres to the existing area of arable land in England and Wales. This standard of hopefulness was subsequently reduced to 2,500,000. The actual achievement was 1,500,000 acres. There were, no doubt, certain peculiar difficulties which in normal times could be more readily overcome, such as shortage of mechanical, horse and manual labour. But even if compulsion were applied in time of peace, the general enforcement of a 'ploughing-up' policy would quickly encounter the inexorable facts. It is not by the design or effort of Governments that Cambridgeshire to-day has 80 per cent. of its farmed land under the plough, while Derbyshire has only 20 per cent. and Westmoreland less than 17 per cent. These variations are not accidental, nor do they arise from any defects or virtues in the race of farmers who have occupied the land in these counties. In a propagandist pronouncement, which has been circulated somewhat extensively, it is remarked: 'Somerset, for example, which has a soil and climate suitable for tillage, must be made to feel that, with about 80 per cent. of its cultivated area under permanent grass, it is not doing its duty as a producer of food.' The 179,000 acres of arable in that county represent, to be precise, 22·34 per cent. of its farmed land, and, as it happens, the area of arable was increased in 1923 by 11,000 acres. It is at least conceivable that the farmers of Somerset are 'doing their duty' as food producers as well as those of other counties, and it is at any rate certain that without a very intimate knowledge of the county and its local conditions it is dangerous to condemn them dogmatically.

It is when an attempt is made to catalogue the products of British land that its versatility—if the term is permissible—becomes apparent. Unfortunately the materials for the complete analysis of the output of agriculture at the present time do not exist. The first attempt at a comprehensive survey was made under the Census of Production Act, 1906, when the Board of Agriculture conducted an inquiry, the results of which were published in a 'Report on the Agricultural Output of Great Britain.' It may be noted that the Board was then the Agricultural Department for the whole of Great Britain; since then it has become a 'Ministry,' and its jurisdiction is confined to England

and Wales, Scotland having a department of its own. A Census of Production was again taken for 1912, but unfortunately the outlook of the war stopped the tabulation of the results, and it was never completed. Since the war efforts were made in 1920, and again in 1922, to obtain authority for another Census, but, as Mr. A. W. Flux said at a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society last March, 'the need for financial economy was judged to be so great as to override the need for information.' The present Government having, in this regard at least, a truer sense of perspective than their predecessors, have obtained the necessary parliamentary authority to undertake another Census of Production, the preparations for which are now actively in train. When this is completed, a measure of the present agricultural output, in gross and in detail, will be available. In the meantime it is possible to rely on the results ascertained for the year 1908 in so far as relates to the relative importance of the different products. In broad outline—for instance, the proportion of arable land, the area under the main crops, the number of live stock, etc.—the agricultural position now is much as in 1914, e xcept that about 1,250,000 acres have been withdrawn from farming and devoted to other, mainly urban, uses. A few comparative figures will show this at a glance. The figures in all cases represent thousands.

	1914, thousand acres.	1923, thousand acres.
Total farmed area	31,900	30,668
Arable land	14,294	14,479
Wheat	1,868	1,799
Other corn crops	5,077	5,010
Potatoes	614	604
	Thousands.	Thousands.
Cattle	7,093	7,017
Sheep	24,286	20,621
Pigs	2,634	2,798
Horses	1,296	1,253

It will be observed that if allowance be made for the shrinkage by about 4 per cent. of the farmed area, the position in 1923 is substantially the same as in 1914.

The importance of particular products in the general output is their value as sources of revenue to the producers. The valuation of all of them is different now from that of 1914. In 1923 the prices of the main farm products collectively were 57 per cent. above the pre-war level. Nevertheless the relative value *inter se* has not so much changed as to vitiate comparisons based on the results of the 1908 inquiry.

Of the total quantity of food consumed in this country about two-thirds is vegetable and one-third animal, but, from the British farmers' point of view, animals and animal products are the more important. Of the aggregate farm revenue of the country—that is,

the amount which the producers receive for the produce sold—crops of all kinds represent about 35 per cent. of the total and animals and animal products about 65 per cent In a sense, as all flesh is grass, crops represent the whole, but this calculation is based on the money value of the products as marketed for human consumption.

Farm animals sold for food are mainly cattle, sheep or pigs, which together represent 40 per cent. of the total farm revenue. The remaining 25 per cent. includes dairy produce—milk, butter, cheese, etc.—poultry and eggs. What may be termed the 'live stock interest' has thus a comparatively limited range, although an exhaustive list of animals kept for food would be fairly long, including as it would rabbits, turkeys, geese, fowls, pigeons, etc., while the humble goat is establishing a claim to be considered as a milk-producing, if not a meat-producing, animal.

When an attempt is made to schedule the crops which are of more or less commercial importance, the diversity of the agricultural output is evident. Saleable crops differ in one respect markedly from saleable animals. Live stock of all kinds are distributed almost universally. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry may be profitably kept in any district. Differences in breed and character render them adaptable to local conditions. Crops, on the other hand, are all, in a greater or less degree, localised, although the main farm crops will be found in nearly every county.

Wheat, by long tradition and by virtue of its position as the staple foodstuff, claims priority among British farm crops, but nevertheless it represents not more than 7 per cent. of the collective revenue of British farmers. Next to it, and closely rivalling it in economic importance, come potatoes. Barley, as a saleable product (a considerable portion being consumed on the farms), probably comes next, though its total marketable value is not greater than, and may very possibly now be less than, that of fruit. It is, indeed, not easy to estimate the present position of fruit in agricultural economy. It would appear from the agricultural returns that the area of small fruit has been somewhat reduced since 1908, but in the interval certain alterations in classification have been made which impair the comparability of the figures.

It is difficult to believe that fruit-growing is less important now than it was fifteen years ago, and there has undoubtedly been a marked improvement in the cultivation of fruit crops, with a resultant increase in the production from a given area. Orchards, in particular, are now better tended, while it is a matter of common observation that the consumption of cider has very greatly increased. In the inquiry of 1908 an attempt was made to obtain returns of the cultivation of crops grown under glass, of

which, it was stated, there had been 'a great extension in recent years,' but it was admitted that the data were insufficient for a calculation of the total output of these crops.

Fruit crops cultivated in the open for the market include apples, pears, plums, greengages, damsons, cherries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries and nuts, while under glass grapes, peaches and strawberries are grown on a large scale. Whether the tomato is to be classed as a fruit or a vegetable may be debatable—it is grown as a fruit and consumed as a vegetable—but in any case the quantity grown, mainly under glass, is very large, though there is at present no measure of its magnitude. Returns received in 1908 of 20 acres of tomatoes grown under glass showed an average of 30 tons per acre, valued, at the prices then current, at 830*l.* per acre.

Other crops grown under glass as a commercial proposition include cucumbers, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, beans, chrysanthemums and narcissi.

Among field crops ordinarily grown in the course of farm rotations are the following, stated approximately in the order of the extent of land occupied in any year: clovers and rotation grasses, oats, wheat, barley, turnips and swedes, potatoes, mangold, beans, peas, mixed corn, cabbage, kohlrabi, rape, vetches, rye, lucerne. Some of these crops, such as cabbage, beans, and peas, are 'dual-purpose,' being grown partly for human and partly for animal consumption. This may also be said of all the cereal crops. Oats especially are grown mainly as food for animals, and only secondarily for the direct use of man. Dr. Johnson's familiar gibe that oats are food for men in Scotland and for horses in England, with the rejoinder that Scotland produced the best men and England the best horses, is losing its sting by lapse of time. There is now probably more oatmeal eaten south than north of the Tweed, in the aggregate if not *per capita.* Barley is primarily a 'drink crop' and secondarily food for pigs and poultry. As an ingredient of bread—except in war-time—it has fallen into desuetude, unless 'barley bannocks' are still eaten. Even wheat, which is typically the food crop, is increasingly used for poultry-feeding. These diverse uses of the crop have the effect of complicating the business even of the single-minded corn-grower. A different use means a different market, with all that this implies. This fact was lately emphasised in a discussion at the Farmers' Club on the varieties of wheat. Stress was laid on the fact that some of the new varieties are much harder and better adapted for bread-making than the old. It was consequently suggested that wheat-growers would be well advised to adopt them. The suggestion seemed obviously sound, until one farmer said that he grew a considerable quantity of wheat, most of which he sold for biscuit-making, and

for that purpose the old soft wheats were demanded. He sold the remainder of his crop for poultry-feeding. Thus wheat-growers have three markets, for each of which the requirements are different. In the case of barley there is a still more marked diversity. Malting barley and feeding barley, as marketable products, are as wide apart as if they were different crops. Indeed, they might be termed different crops if it were not that the dividing line is indefinite, wavering from season to season.

For all the field crops there is a special market if they are grown and ripened for seed. Outside the ordinary range of general cultivation there are many crops which are grown on limited areas where the local conditions are favourable. Among these are carrots, broccoli, celery, rhubarb, brussels sprouts, mustard, asparagus, parsnips, lettuce, sea-kale, beetroot and flax (both for seed and fibre). Sugar-beet has been for many years spasmodically and precariously cultivated in this country, and latterly, with the assistance of the Government and specially by the remission of the excise duty on sugar, it bids fair to occupy a permanent, and not unimportant, place in British agriculture. In June 1923 the returns showed that 16,919 acres were devoted to this crop, being almost precisely equal to the area under brussels sprouts.

Of smaller and still more specialised crops which come within the catholic scope of British agriculture the list is long and curious. In 1908 the following were returned as commercially grown: aconite, artichokes, belladonna, borecole, chicory, dill, henbane, horseradish, lavender, leeks, lupins, marrows, mint and peppermint, parsley, radishes, spinach, teazles, watercress and woad.

The wide range of products on which occupiers of agricultural land rely as sources of income makes it impossible to generalise as to the economic position of farmers at any given time. Neither a slump nor a boom affects them all equally. A secular change in the price level, that is, in the money value, of all commodities, seriously affects for the time being all producers, and involves a process of readjustment which is usually painful as well as difficult. The pain and the difficulty fall upon individuals, but the economic position of the industry, after the transitional period of readjustment, is not affected. If the business of any individual occupier of land embraced the production of all kinds of agricultural products in due proportion to the relative demand for them, a change in the price level of all commodities would affect him but slightly. In the nature of things there cannot be in agriculture such a 'universal provider.' Every farmer is compelled by the conditions under which he farms to specialise more or less. The old-fashioned farmer, in the good old days, was a specialist by tradition and habit. He relied, for example, on his wheat crop, and was indifferent to any other possible product of the

farm. He was a specialist by indolence. This generation has disappeared, or is fast disappearing. The modern farmer is a specialist by intelligence, but he qualifies his specialisation with an appreciation of the homely warning against putting all one's eggs in the same basket. By the variety of his products he is able to enter several markets, which are subject to various influences, so that at any given time supplies may be plentiful in one and scarce in another. The markets for the products of the land have a peculiarity which, broadly speaking, differentiates them from the markets for industrial products. The settlement of prices by the relation of supply to demand is, of course, common to both. But industrial producers have, in the long run, complete control of the supply, while the control by agricultural producers is always subject to the intervention of Nature as the dominant influence.

This variation in the market conditions affecting particular products is readily seen by reference to the wide range in the comparative prices realised during any particular period. Taking pre-war prices as a basis for comparison, the increased prices of 1923 ranged from 13 per cent. in the case of potatoes to 117 per cent. in the case of fruit. For other important products the percentages of increase were: wheat, 30; barley, 19; oats, 35; hay, 30; vegetables, 48; hops, 52. Thus prices for crops were relatively low, the general weighted average increase for all products being 57. On the other hand, prices of food animals and animal products were relatively high: cattle, 51; sheep, 87; pigs, 65; milk, 74; butter, 59; cheese, 69; poultry, 73; wool, 44.

There are other aspects of agricultural diversity which might be discussed. Perhaps the most variable factors in agricultural production are the producers. In other words, they are human. Whether the average standard of skill and intelligence is higher or lower among farmers than among other classes is debatable. What at least may be said is that the standard is gradually rising. Indeed, if this were not so the expenditure, which in the aggregate is considerable, during the past twenty years or more, of public money on agricultural education and research has been wasted—a conclusion which would be lamentable. But there is one point in this connection which has special importance in this small country and cannot be too insistently emphasised. Agricultural land is occupied largely by men who may have the skill and intelligence, but, for various reasons, have not the incentive, and therefore the will, to use it to its full productive capacity. This is peculiar to agriculture as an industry. Few men take a factory for recreation or a shop as a hobby. Many men occupy land merely, or mainly, for its amenities, which are pleasant, even if expensive.

Nor is the variability of the human factor confined to farmers. The agricultural labourer at his best is highly skilled, and by the nature of his employment must be more adaptable and resourceful than the average artisan or factory hand. But there is, no doubt, truth in the common assertion that farm workers in some parts of the country reach a higher average standard than in others. The causes are partly racial and largely historical. In view of the past treatment by the nation of the 'sons of the soil,' their present level of physical and mental efficiency is surprising. This, again, is a subject which cannot now be pursued, but on which much might be said.

The most cursory survey of the various factors and diverse conditions which make up the complex termed 'British agriculture' evokes impatience with the glib generalities which are common in popular discussion of the subject. The demand for a national agricultural policy is often construed as signifying the need for some heroic measure, or, in the phrase of the moment, some sweeping gesture. A sound policy need not be dramatic, but it must be discriminating. The rural problem is a conglomeration of problems. It can be solved only in detail.

The cure for agricultural ills must be sought not in Parliament, but in the parish ; not in Whitehall, but in the village.

HENRY REW.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY

A THING of beauty is something that affects the eye or ear in a particular and pleasing manner. This capacity for beauty, however, is not a law of the object's being in every place and at all times for all persons, in the same way that a circle is always a circle and not a straight line, but is a variable and intermittent creation of the intellect. It is not a quality immanent in things, nor even the mode in which everyone consistently regards them, but is merely the manner in which from time to time they are regarded by particular people. In other words, it is not an active quality, bringing its influence to bear on a more or less passive subject, but is itself the result of an active and imaginative intelligence. It is true that the senses of the percipient person are affected, but these affections are almost wholly shaped and controlled by the mind. For canons of beauty vary in different individuals, different nations, different climes, and different epochs. The same object may be beautiful to the eye or ear of one person and a matter of complete indifference or even distaste to another. A Greek statue, for instance, a painting by Correggio, or the city of Venice by moonlight, might arouse no feeling of beauty in an average labourer, not because his physical senses were less alive, but because his intellect had failed to appreciate many of the relationships between these objects and certain ideal conceptions which would have been seen at once by a more cultivated vision.

The same is true of music. An oratorio of Handel's might be nothing but a turmoil of cacophony to a simple peasant, who, nevertheless, might have so delicate an organ of hearing as to catch distant notes that would be quite inaudible to many admirers of the great master. On the other hand, harmonies considered beautiful by the aboriginals of Patagonia might not pass muster in Covent Garden. Or again, a symphony of Beethoven's that holds an educated audience entranced to-day may seem crude and barbarous to musical students 5000 years hence.

Beauty, then, does not belong as an inhering quality or unalterable law to the thing seen or heard, but is stamped upon the object by the active imagination of the person with eyes and ears to see or listen to it. It is the ideal quality which we fashion

for ourselves and to which we feel the object has some special near relationship. It is the communion, in short, which we believe we discover between it and the images of our own exploring thought, that makes it a thing of beauty for us, or in the absence of this communion an object of indifference or disgust. What is beautiful to us when we are boys often ceases to be so in later years. What seems commonplace when we are youths frequently becomes beautiful to us as we grow older. We transfer the crown of loveliness from one object to another; and just as we, as individuals, do this, so also do nations and schools and epochs.

There is, therefore, no fixed form of beauty, nor can there ever be. It can claim no definite and precise rules, for the intellect of man is restless. Relationships are always being discovered between objects of the material world and ideal conceptions that in turn are always being changed; and these relationships are being perpetually lost again, so that there is a continual shifting in the standards that are set up. Different races have their own favourite prototypes or ideal conceptions, and owing to climatic conditions, to environment, to tradition, to training, what is lovely to one set of people is often hideous to another.

Indeed, that it is a subjective and intellectual act, independent and variable, rather than any quality inhering in the object or any law of its being, that constitutes what is known as the beautiful, becomes apparent in whatever set of examples may be chosen. A snow-covered Alp, seen in the distance, is beautiful to the intelligent tourist, but probably conveys no æsthetic pleasure whatever to many of those who have lived in sight of it all their lives, no other sentiment, perhaps, than a feeling of confinement, or of anxiety lest an avalanche should overwhelm them unawares. It is beautiful to the traveller because he can associate it, maybe unconsciously, with certain idealistic conceptions of his own. He sees the lofty, snow-capped summit, lifting itself high above its neighbours, and immediately it becomes for him something unattainable, eternal, pure. He sees in its height and surroundings the first quality, in the material of which he knows it to be made the second, and in its starry robe the third; and in their combination he calls the possessor of them beautiful. But this loveliness is his own creation. It is not in the mountain, but in himself. He has conjured up these relationships to the ideal conceptions of his own mind, which in their union make the scene a beautiful one for him, a scene which without this imaginative activity would cease to be beautiful. To an untrained observer, on the other hand, or rather to a different kind of observer, the mountain might merely suggest fatigue, inconvenience, or peril.

Again, in the case of a beautiful sunset we have before us the stupendous result of occult agencies and the dramatic

change and contrast between the greatest chromatic display we can ever be witnesses of and black night, the completest want of light and colour that any mortal can experience. In addition to these, we are also aware of the irrecoverable nature of the spectacle, its fleeting and transient character. Here, then, are the facts ready to hand, and we find them attuned, more completely perhaps than in any other natural phenomenon, to the ideal conceptions we are always constructing of the power and mystery of the unseen forces of the universe side by side with the mutability, the transitoriness, the eternal changefulness, of all being. And this last, again, induces a feeling of sadness, which is rarely absent from and always enhances the effect of the beautiful—a stirring of compassion for the world in general, a feeling of association that we, too, are transitory. An unimaginative person might not see these relationships, and would therefore feel none of these things, and the sunset for him would not be beautiful. He would merely glance at it for omens of the weather on the morrow.

Or take a beautiful Englishwoman. Although lovely in her own latitude, she might excite no admiration among the natives of New Guinea or the Bushmen of South Africa. Similarly, a female Papuan or a Bushwoman, beautiful to her own people, might fail to be admired if she journeyed north or west. Yet they are all three beautiful, not because of any inhering quality of beauty, as such, in any of them, but because in the minds of their compatriots they seem respectively to approximate to certain prototypes or conceptions that are ideal. The Englishman, the Papuan, and the Bushman see in one or another of these women an object resembling their ideal conception of youth, a form as nearly in accordance with it as they can find. They see the embodied moment that will pass, the short span before decay sets in; and this aspect they bring into relation with their ideal conception of enduring achievement, of undying perfection, and so the object is idealised by them, and they call it beauty. Any person, therefore, whose form and features conjure up these relationships to the ideals of their own thought, in whom they seem to see these evidences of arrested time and defeated mutability, they idealise for the moment in their own manner and according to the flight of their own fancy, and call beautiful. Youth may bear traces of decay and age, just as age may preserve the symbols of ripeness and youth. But the more the contours and lineaments of a person wear the aspect of culminating youth, of that hour of bloom, of completion, that has not yet departed, so much the more will the observer's intellect fasten upon the object an ideal image, the conception of eternal perfection, of the absence of change and dissolution, which he here calls beauty—

a conception which is tinged with a measure of sadness, too, and so of tenderness, at the besieging and inevitable thought of the fleeting character, the doomed transience, of everything earthly.

Not only, therefore, are there no objective qualities of beauty, as such, inherent in things, but there is no such thing as beauty in the sense of some one invariable and universal attribute which must always be understood to be connected with an object before it can be regarded as beautiful. In other words, not only does the imaginative faculty in man actively create beauty for itself, arbitrarily constructing it out of relationships between worldly phenomena and conceptions of its own, but it can give birth to different kinds of beauty which need have no element or basis in common. It is, therefore, an idle search to seek for some common ground or formula in all beauty, such as a particular proportion in curves or angles. In every case either differing intellectual faculties in various individuals are creating their own standards of beauty, or the same individual is presenting pictures to himself of various objects, their several beauties being formed out of the relationship he finds in them to different idealistic conceptions that need have nothing in common.

The only starting point general to all intellectual activity that is creating loveliness for itself may be said to consist in this, that the imagination is continually striving to picture to itself the ideal, and from time to time discovers in objects a kinship, as it believes, with these elusive images of its own thought. The greater the number of these detected points of kinship, or the clearer they seem, the more beautiful to it will an object be, although it is found that even at the best an unbridgable gulf yawns between the ideal and the real—the infinite and the finite—and a feeling of sorrowfulness arises, a sentiment sometimes of compassion and even of tragedy, which all the more endears to us the things that we have crowned. Indeed, great beauty almost always stirs in us a half-submerged feeling of melancholy or pity which adds to our affection for it or increases its mystery. For in nearly every case the object of beauty, already related by us to an ideal and infinite conception, is nevertheless associated with the knowledge of the ceaseless passage of time, the transitoriness of all things. In the case of the sunset or the beautiful woman it is their own ephemeral character that stirs our compassion and is therefore a component part of their attraction for us. In that of the everlasting mountain it is its comparison with our own fleeting life that gives it a part of its sublimity. In all three a feeling of half-conscious sadness is induced—compassion for the objects in the first two cases, pity for ourselves in contrast with the object in the last, regret at the thought of parting from something we have attuned to our ideal conception of the eternal.

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AND AFTER

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Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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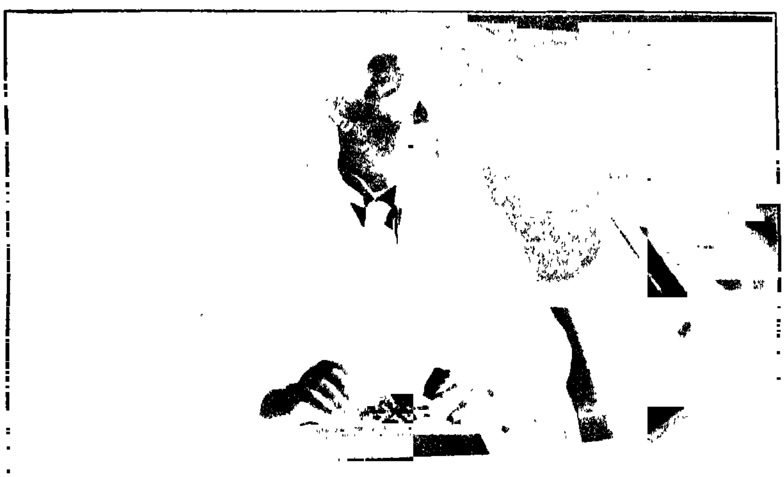
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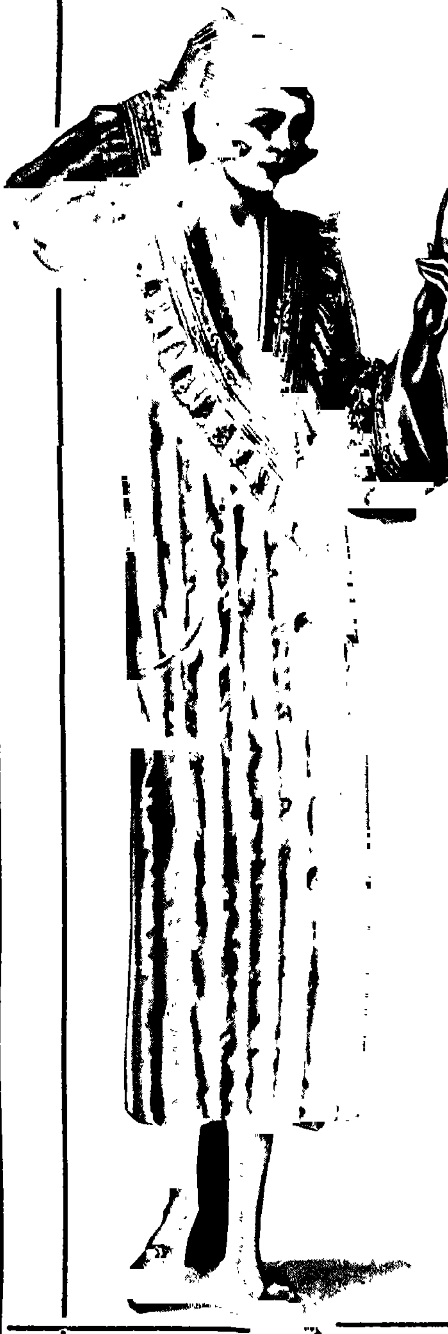
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XX

XIX

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GERMANY AND THE ALLIES

I. French Policy and English Critics [1]

If English critics of French policy would remind themselves from time to time of the intense difficulties of France, and particularly that, both economically and geographically, her position widely differs from that of England, their articles and speeches would lose much of that asperity which gives so much offence. A closer examination of those difficulties might force them to the conclusion that failure upon the part of the statesmen of this country to appreciate them had been primarily, or at any rate largely, responsible for the very actions criticised and deplored.

Rightly or wrongly, France has not shifted her policy since the termination of hostilities. Rightly or wrongly, we have changed ours more than once.

When the terms of peace were first discussed we were apparently

[1] If the story of the Battle of Cambrai (Nov.—Dec. 1917) is ever given in full, the services therein of the author of this article will be well understood and acknowledged.—Editor, *Nineteenth Century and After.*

in complete agreement with France as to what were major considerations, although it is true that we never saw quite eye to eye on the question of the best means of achieving the end mutually agreed upon. Since that date, however, other problems, at the time not anticipated, have arisen in which the interests of the signatories have not been identical. Whether we were right or wrong in our belief that the solution of the latter difficulties was an urgent and imperative necessity to the exclusion of all other considerations, it can hardly be doubted that we have forced France to the conclusion that she can no longer rely upon us to pursue the policy upon which we were once agreed, and which she still thinks to be of vital importance. The necessity of the steady pursuance of this policy undoubtedly appeared to her to be of even greater importance than the certain maintenance of completely amicable relations with ourselves. Convinced that she must depend upon her own energy, fortitude and resolution, she has adopted measures more drastic than would otherwise have been deemed necessary.

When the terms of peace were discussed the Allies were clearly agreed upon the two main and outstanding considerations :

1. That means must be devised to render impossible a war of revenge, which would be but a repetition, with added horrors, of the recent holocaust.

2. That Germany must be compelled to pay to the full extent of her capacity for the damage for which she alone was responsible.

Agreement was complete as to the end to be achieved. From the beginning, however, the English and American representatives apparently made it clear that they could not accept the simple and direct proposals made by France as to the means by her considered necessary to ensure security from invasion. The representatives of France dreaded a war of revenge coming from *one particular quarter*. She was assured in reply that means were being devised for rendering ANY future war impossible.

Security from invasion in the eyes of France was the whole end and object of the Treaty. Her ideas on the best means of achieving her purpose were simple and direct :

1. Occupation by the Allies in the first instance and the League of Nations subsequently of the bridgeheads on the left bank of the Rhine, together with the demilitarisation of a narrow zone on either side of the river.

2. A definite defensive alliance between England, France and America.

Looking back, it is hard to understand why, at that time at any rate, her proposals were not agreed upon. Whatever the difficulties may have been, it can be asserted that if an agreement on these lines had been reached, and that agreement loyally kept, a

war of revenge would have been rendered a practical impossibility. France could have rested secure with an army not more than half its present size. The doors through which invasion can come either from the East or West would have been held by France and Germany respectively.

The arrangement was just and equitable, and after a few years could undoubtedly have been worked with little, if any, dislocation or disturbance of domestic arrangements. It was at no time seriously proposed that the Rhine Valley should be permanently occupied, nor that the bridgeheads should of necessity be occupied except over a period by *French* troops. A force under the control of the League of Nations would have served the purpose equally well. That, indeed, was the actual proposal.

The occupation ultimately decided upon was in no sense of the word a military guarantee. It provided incidentally little, if any, security in the matter of reparations. It was agreed that after a small period of time these keys to the West should be handed back to Germany in such a way that if a war of revenge were seriously contemplated the master cards would be in the hands of the aggressor just as soon as it was possible for him to make full use of them. Within a year of the Armistice France, the victor, realised that these vital positions were again to rest in the hands of Germany, well able to utilise them to the best advantage.

The course originally proposed seemed simple and obvious, and possessed the very great advantage that it would have enabled France, no less war-weary than the other contestants, to dispense with a considerable portion of her army. Standing behind the Rhine, securely held, a fraction only of the forces necessary to hold the pre-war boundary would have sufficed for all her needs. The hideous and perpetual nightmare of invasion would have been definitely removed. Relieved of an immense burden of anxiety, she could have turned her mind away from thoughts of war and bent herself to the more congenial task of rebuilding her shattered fortunes.

In order to appreciate how she came to sign the Treaty in the absence of the definite security referred to, one must remember the atmosphere in which she was working. Surrounded by outstanding personages, the brilliant representatives of loyal and faithful allies, who, too, had some experience of the cost of war and had a common interest in preventing its recurrence, she probably failed to contemplate the inevitability of the time coming when they would be no longer allies and have, indeed, strong divergent interests. One thing was certain: they were co-signatories and guarantors of the Treaty. Of their good faith

it was not possible to have a passing moment's doubt. The League of Nations, itself a part of the Treaty, was in reality a League of Allies to which England and America in particular were pledged. That was the real security. Abundance of caution suggested tenacious adherence to the original proposal. In the face, however, of firm opposition, coming not from enemies, but the best of friends, it seemed impossible to press one's own views beyond a point.

And so France made her mistake. Had she stuck tenaciously and unswervingly to her original proposal, treating it, as indeed it was, as her only rather than a collateral security, refusing to sign the Treaty in its absence, she would probably have won over the co-signatories to her point of view, just as later in the Ruhr, by insisting on the substance rather than the shadow, she forced a settlement on the question of reparations. The collateral security—as is a way with collateral securities—soon proved to be no security at all.

As compared with security from invasion, with all its concomitant terrors, any other question is comparatively of secondary importance. The problem of reparations cannot be considered as a subject apart. As such, however, it came only second in importance. In this relation, and in order to understand the subsequent actions of France and form a judgment upon them from a purely moral point of view, it is necessary to consider the circumstances of the interested parties, and France and England in particular, as they appeared at the time when the Treaty was signed and as they subsequently developed.

It has been argued by certain critics that by taking independent action in regard to the Ruhr at a later date France broke faith or, at any rate, displayed a lack of consideration for the circumstances of her principal friend and ally. It is submitted, however, not only that she has been justified in every considerable action that she has taken, but also that such successes as have been gained have been the immediate result of her determination and initiative, without which something less than nothing would have been achieved, and further that, from the point of view of consistency alone, she has kept unswervingly a straight course, whereas our own country has laid itself open to the charge of the gravest inconsistency, and possibly something worse. Two charges can be formulated against us the refutation of which will call for the most skilful special pleading:

1. That for the purpose of meeting a danger then clear and obvious England sacrificed without complaining the flower of her youth. When, however, it became evident that continuance of the task, clearly not complete, entailed *economic* difficulties, she faltered and discontinued what had been begun, thus failing from

feebleness of vision to see the obvious, or viewing with equanimity the certain, exposure of the next generation to the selfsame danger.

2. That, having struggled, in conjunction with an ally, to free herself from a menace common to them both, she continued so long as the menace *peculiar to herself* remained obvious and outstanding; but repelled the suggestion that she was under a moral obligation to guarantee that for one purpose only the alliance stood firm and binding just so long as the same danger menaced *either*.

Whether these charges can be justified or not, we shall be well advised (if we set ourselves up as sponsors of morals) to bear in mind that belief that they *were* justified was more than a little responsible for the actions criticised. It appeared that we had come to the conclusion that circumstances had changed so much since the war that our real interest clashed with the plan and purpose then agreed upon and further, that we were inclined to pursue the course demanded by our own immediate needs to the prejudice of the common plan of action. Worse than that, we must have given the impression to the outer world that the change of policy loudly demanded by certain prominent leaders of public thought on the grounds of humanity and peace was really dictated by expediency.

These unspoken countercharges against ourselves are not irrelevant to the discussion of recent actions of the French, because if they are true they appear to provide a justification which is complete. If it can be sustained that there has been a change of front upon our part in the manner suggested, a sufficient reason will have been given for any actions which France herself deemed necessary, even if, incidentally, our own immediate interests were temporarily prejudiced. She will have been exonerated from the necessity of any consideration other than that of her own security and her own already established rights.

For the purpose only of providing justification of independent action—the subject with which alone this article is concerned—it is not necessary to go so far as to argue that there has been a change of front upon our part; the expression is perhaps unnecessarily harsh. Dealing only with the question of security from aggression, for example, it will be sufficient to show that there has been such a change in the atmosphere, in the mutual attitude of the two countries, as to make it clear that in any subsequent struggle arising directly or indirectly out of the bitterness caused by the recent struggle France is justified *in believing* that she might have to bear the brunt alone. If we can go further and establish that an implied promise of mutual assistance was the very basis of the Treaty, and that France gave up, or promised

to give up, her only real security on that clear understanding, we shall have done enough for our purpose.

In regard to reparations the position is much the same. We have changed. France has clung tenaciously to the original plan. The reason is obvious and the explanation simple. The *interest* of France in the carrying out of the original scheme as far as possible is the same now as then. Our interest has changed. The needs of her Exchequer, which has relied upon reparations and based its calculations upon them, represent to her a consideration of primary importance. Our position, on the other hand, is complicated by other difficulties, and notably the rate of exchange question. Whatever the needs of our Exchequer may be, it has appeared doubtful whether the collection of reparations according to the original plan would not damage trade more than it would benefit the Exchequer. Most unfortunately, however, this consideration did not make its presence felt until a later date, and after the contract had been signed.

I shall be immediately confronted with the suggestion that the recent agreement upon reparations has proved our *bona fides*, but that is not so. By taking the only security left to her France forced a conference and a settlement. She was able to demonstrate that a joint plan of action hurt the trade interests of this country infinitely less than a policy whereby France was forced to act alone. If she had not entered the Ruhr neither England nor Germany would have struggled with the same commendable enthusiasm to come to terms. She afforded an illustration of the truism that dealings between nations and individuals have a certain remarkable similarity. A little common interest effects more than a great deal of morality. If the occupation of the Ruhr needed justification the agreement has done much in that direction.

For England the moral is clear. The question of reparations is, after all, of minor importance, as far as France is concerned, as compared with the major question of immunity from invasion. In regard to the lesser she has displayed a quite remarkable tenacity, which appears to have been crowned with success. Is it possible that she will exhibit less tenacity in regard to the more important problem that confronts her, definite security against which lies within her grasp? If she is compelled to act alone—and she dare not sit down and do nothing—an intolerable position, for a time at any rate, may arise. She will certainly revert to her original proposal, and something in the nature of that proposal will have to be accepted or an alternative provided. If, upon the other hand, the intensity of her difficulties is appreciated—if it is realised that lack of resolution now means for France, not the possibility, but the probability, of another life-and-death struggle in our time, a struggle in which the advantage of position and

numbers may or may not be against her according as she displays foresight or not now—in this event public opinion in this country may help in the direction of a solution. If, upon the other hand, we insist upon turning a blind eye to her problems, expecting her to adopt a similar policy, we must not be surprised if she takes independent action. Angry criticism at a later date will help but little.

The visit of Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot to the Conference of the League of Nations, immediately after the recent reparations agreement, has not the significance that certain optimists would place upon it. It does not mean that France is prepared to surrender her right of initiative to that body, or even that she is considering the possibility of doing so. Anyone who holds such a view must be quite ignorant of French public opinion as expressed by the national Press and in the speeches of her public men. It may well mean that France is anxious publicly to demonstrate what she has frequently expressed, namely, that she has the liveliest hopes that the League will eventually play a great part in the maintenance of peace generally, and even, in regard to the problem under discussion, may so awake to realities as to assist in obtaining for her that security against aggression which she longs for, and which alone will satisfy her. That M. Herriot is perfectly genuine in his frequently expressed desire for peace no reasonable person will have any doubt. So far, nevertheless, he has given no indication of a desire to commit political suicide by compromising the claims of his people to tangible security. He hopes probably that the League of Nations may realise that, if it took its courage in its hands now and risked its very existence in the attempt, it might at one and the same time secure for France what she desires, solve her momentous problem and ensure its own future existence as a power for good.

In one way, and one way only, can this end be achieved, namely, by securing the transfer from Germany into safer hands of those doors to the West, to which reference has been made, which are not necessary to Germany for purposes of defence, but are of vital necessity to France. If the League could devise any machinery by which the bridgeheads on the left bank of the Rhine could be adequately and securely held against any aggressor coming from the East, there is little fear that France would complain because the task was entrusted to hands other than her own. That possibly is the dream of M. Herriot. He differs in this respect from M. Poincaré probably only to the extent of the difference in their mutual belief in the capacity of the League to deal with realities.

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The main security of France when the first attempt was made

to solve her double problem (after her own proposal had been repelled) lay in the apparent common interest of the principal co-signatories, England and America, in the end to be achieved. That statement, so far as it includes America, requires some explanation, and here it is.

The great spokesman of that country was the main agent in the construction of machinery devised to render impossible wars of aggression, and it appeared obvious that he had in mind the very problem which troubled herself: the avoidance of the one certain war of aggression looming as clear as the sun rising on the horizon.

Nor did the machinery itself seem contemptible. Born out of a grim and ghastly reality, it appeared certain that, whatever defects it might have, it would be REAL. With America behind it as its chief sponsor, lending her manhood for its use and purpose and the benefit of mankind, none but the most cynical could deny that it was a real security. Without America—without America as the most active and interested participant—owing to the confused and embarrassed state of Europe, the position would have been otherwise.

To this end through her President, then one of the world's greatest figures, America pledged her word, as she did on the solution of reparations embodied in the Treaty. If the machinery proved effective it would always be remembered that America devised it. The enthusiasm of her great President brought it into being. She certainly had a real interest in the machine serving its purpose. If it proved effective France's problem was solved. In this sense there was a mutual interest in the end to be achieved.

In the end itself, however, it cannot be argued that America had a personal interest in the same way as England and France. Here, both on the question of security and reparations, the interest appeared to be identical.

English opinion was unanimous that the security of England was wrapped up with that of France, and that expediency no less than honour dictated a continuance of the mutual understanding until such time as any possibility of the danger of another struggle emerging out of that in which they had been recently engaged had been definitely removed. Many documents prepared for the purpose of the Peace Conference have been subsequently published, and it is interesting to observe, in view of subsequent events, that all of them, without exception, which deal with the question of the recurrence of trouble from the common enemy, take it for granted, and base their calculations upon the assumption, that French and English forces will in a certain event still be directed towards the same objective.

France was shaken in her resolution.

For some reason the other Allies objected to the tangible and definite security which she proposed. Then let it go. The manhood of England and America standing behind France represented a sufficient security. Even Germany, with all her advantage of position, would hesitate before running her head against such a wall.

In regard to reparations the common interest was equally apparent. During four years of vast expenditure both countries had lived on credit, either internal or external. Neither yet had had an opportunity of taking count. It appeared obvious, however, that the needs of the English Exchequer were hardly less imperative than those of France.

The representatives of France took stock, as nations, like business men, always do, basing their calculations partly on promises spoken and implied, but probably still more on the circumstances of the contracting parties. Every calculation that they made was subsequently falsified, but no human being at the time could have correctly anticipated events.

The first shock came on the morrow of the agreement. America refused to ratify the Treaty. That she was entitled to do what she did cannot be doubted. It may, however, be confidently asserted that hardly a responsible person outside America had even considered the possibility of this eventuality.

Europe had grown accustomed to shocks, and took calmly the latest, ranking amongst the most devastating of them all.

To France, however, the news came like a stunning blow. It meant that the main consideration upon which she had based all her calculations, the security upon which she relied in the place of that which she had held within her grasp, both had gone. Without America the League of Nations was but a shadowy thing. It might have great possibilities in the dim and distant future. As far, however, as the one great immediate problem was concerned, it was no security at all, indeed might prove an embarrassment.

From that moment probably her policy changed. She realised that whatever help she might hope for from England, her one great remaining ally, she must rely in the main upon herself. Her army must be maintained at as great strength as before the war—nay, greater, because the war had made it clear and certain that if Germany came again she would do so in still greater force. Years have elapsed, and France remains an armed camp in the middle of Europe. What man who has taken the trouble to consider her difficulties, however, can say that she could have acted otherwise?

With England the first difference arose over reparations. It soon became evident that a consideration not originally anticipated complicated the problem. In England the view gained

ground that the trade of the country would suffer more from the embarrassments created by difficulties in the collection of reparations than the Exchequer would gain by the retention of the hope of extracting a shadowy and unascertained amount. A clear divergence of interest arose. Considerations which affected the one country did not affect the other. The one realised that, however difficult it might be, she could balance her Budget without extraneous assistance. Difficulties of the Exchequer represented for the other a main and paramount consideration. France knew of no means of making both ends meet unless large sums definitely promised and relied upon were forthcoming. The one country exhibited a coolness in regard to the difficulties of the other which had an effect on public opinion not a little irritating.

The one problem reacted upon the other. Grounds for mutual recrimination had been afforded of which critics and writers took full advantage. The sad story need not be unduly prolonged. The conclusion only will suffice. Such French statesmen as insisted upon realities were forced to the conclusion that, if the Entente were not definitely ended, it was so shaken that it could no longer be regarded as a security. It was no longer certain that France could treat England as a certain ally in the event of a struggle arising out of or, at any rate, in continuance of the one in which they had been jointly engaged. Certain English critics, indeed, within but a few years of its termination, had not hesitated to hint not only that the early resuscitation of Germany was to the best interests of this country, but also that an alliance with that country was not outside the bounds of possibility. Who could tell whether or not within a few years the school of thought represented by these critics would determine the policy of the country ?

This brings us to the Ruhr adventure, which was but the logical sequel of the events summarised. It is not possible, of course, to tabulate or summarise the precise considerations that actuated France. It may, however, be confidently asserted that to France it represented a policy, not deliberately chosen, but one enforced. England refused to act in a matter in which incidentally her interest lay in the direction of inactivity. France, however, who had the power and means within her hand of forcing a settlement, dared not, owing to the economic reasons referred to, stay her hand.

The policy incidentally was successful. It gave both England and Germany an interest in an early settlement, and the recent agreement was the direct result. This appears to be a harsh statement in regard to this country, but who can doubt its justice ? Was Mr. MacDonald straining at the Conference which preceded it to obtain reparations for England from Germany ? Were the

German representatives concerned only with an ardent desire on moral grounds to do that which by treaty they had pledged themselves to do ? Or were both anxious to get France out of the Ruhr, England because she was embarrassed economically, Germany because she had felt the power of the strangle-hold ?

If it were true, as some suggest, that France dreamt for a moment of the possibility of a policy which would make it economically impossible for Germany to rise again, it would be but further proof of the dangerous folly of abandoning her to despair. In fact, it is not probable that any of her leading statesmen have considered such a course merely because it would be foredoomed to failure. That they will consider themselves bound, however, to adopt any measures by them considered necessary for their security, regardless of inconvenience to the remainder of Europe, the Ruhr adventure is sufficient evidence.

In conclusion, I must express my opinion that, if this country had adopted a more consistent and direct policy, trouble, of which the occupation of the Ruhr was but a symptom, would not have occurred. An essential feature of that policy would have been a determination to bear in mind that France's policy must be based on the stern realities represented by her exposed frontier and small population. It is blind, if not hypocritical, folly to pretend to expect her to co-operate in any course which does not bear these considerations always in mind. If, owing to our own difficulties, upon the other hand, we are unable to co-operate with her in this direction, she has at any rate the right to expect that we should refrain from carping criticism in respect of actions in accordance with the spirit of plans and purposes originally agreed upon or forced upon her by an elementary sense of prudence.

It is suggested, too, that, if France proves strong enough to take such steps as her safety demands, she cannot justly be accused of gratuitously causing trouble. It would, however, appear to be preferable for the ex-Allies, as a whole, to avoid the necessity of independent action by showing that they realise that a war is not necessarily ended on the day that active hostilities cease, and that true loyalty demands continuance of the alliance just as long as the source from which the common danger originally came remains a danger to any.

The proposition is axiomatic. Judged in its light, however, can it be said that we in this country in our relations to France have consistently maintained the highest standards ?

It is still not too late. Morality and expediency appear to point in the same direction. If the Allies exert themselves to understand the difficulties of France they will probably be able to insist upon such measures of security as will save not only that

country, but Europe. By callous indifference they may force again upon her the odium arising from isolated action. They cannot, however, themselves escape from the just reproach that they discontinued their task before it was complete, thus jeopardising that very peace to secure which they sacrificed millions of lives.

C. E. LOSEBY.

GERMANY AND THE ALLIES

II. The London Agreement

Some eighteen months ago, when an article of mine appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*, a rather virile criticism appeared in the *Daily Herald*, which concluded with the words 'Why, oh why, does Macclesfield send a dormouse to Parliament ?' As, however, that good sound constituency has done me the honour of electing me for a third time as their representative, I am now summoning up courage to face a further chastisement.

If there is one factor in our national and political life which is good, that factor is the golden maxim observed by all political parties known as 'continuity of foreign policy.' It was first founded, I believe, by Lord Rosebery during his reign as Foreign Secretary, commencing in 1892. It has continued unbroken right up to the present. Throughout those dark days which preceded the outbreak of war in August 1914 there was no party criticism of the foreign policy of which Viscount Grey was the main spokesman. It culminated in that remarkable letter addressed to Mr. Asquith by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities assuring him of the fullest support of the Conservative Party in any action which his Government might think necessary. To his credit, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his *rôle* of Foreign Secretary has stood firm on the rock of foreign policy continuity, at any rate as far as his policy in Western Europe is concerned. When he came into office, he found that his predecessors had already appointed the Dawes Committee. When their report was delivered, though he stated that he and some of his colleagues disliked some of its provisions, he accepted the report in its entirety and proceeded to work to secure its operation.

Any observations, therefore, which I have to make will be made free of party bias and with the object of providing helpful criticism and discussion. Before proceeding further perhaps it may be of advantage to consider what are British interests. We hear a great deal about the necessity of future peace in the world. From a humanitarian point of view, we can all subscribe to those interests. No one in this country wants another war; we want to abolish war. We should make every effort through the

League of Nations and through every other source to make any new war impossible.

There are, however, signs which must fill us with misgivings. We have only to read the Reichstag debates in Berlin on the recent Agreement, we have only to note the growing power of the German militarist party, headed by Field-Marshal Ludendorff, to see the writing on the wall. Very often in the evenings I go down to the Marble Arch to listen to the Hyde Park orators. Nearly always my stand is taken near to the Red Flag Communists. Very often I wish I could drag some of my friends from their comfortable Pall Mall armchairs to listen also. My only fear is that some would have an apoplectic fit. A few nights ago I listened to an orator who told his audience that all Europe was moving to a new conflagration planned by the wicked capitalists. Out of his own mouth he was condemned : he admitted that he had been in prison for disloyalty during the Great War, and that he did not regard our country as better than Germany. I am afraid my wild orator would have had rather a rough time if the German Army had succeeded in occupying London. There is, however, this truth in his statement, that there exist before our eyes all the seeds of the old spirit which, unless checked, can lead to a new war.

Why, however, a capitalist in this country wants to plan a new war is too obscure for my dull brain. I should have thought that the heavy taxation brought about by the last war would have been a reminder where his interests lie. The interests of all classes, rich and poor alike, are identical ; the wishes of all classes are identical, namely, that permanent peace should be secured. That is not to say this country and the Empire will not be willing to defend themselves by force of arms, if necessary, if any of their vital interests are attacked. No country and no empire would remain long in existence if they were not prepared to defend themselves by force of arms, if necessary, if all pacific efforts had failed. For that reason the first question we must ask ourselves is whether the new London Pact has made a move to secure peace—a real peace of a permanent character.

I note two factors which are favourable. All the Press accounts seem to demonstrate the cordiality on all sides with which the Conference concluded. It would seem from the Press reports that there was a genuine desire on all sides to come to a workable arrangement and to act in a loyal spirit. The second favourable factor, one which is, in my opinion, vastly more important than the other, is the presence of the American representative to give the Conference the weight of his advice. The well-known Liverpool professor C. K. Webster, with whom I have long been acquainted, was discussing with me one day in the early part of

1919, soon after I was first elected to Parliament, the chances of the League of Nations. I ventured the opinion that we, the British Empire, could not hope to make the League a success; that it was too big a burden for us to carry; that it meant really that we, the British Empire, should be the policemen of the world. The truth of my words, I think, has been amply proved by recent events, when the present British Government had to turn down the Treaty of Mutual Assistance proposed by the League. That treaty had to be rejected because of the heavy burden thrown on the British Empire's shoulders, a burden which might have involved us in filibustering expeditions in parts of the world where no British interests lay, and where we had no right to interfere.

Professor Webster's reply to my remarks was, however, concise. He expressed the view that, though he agreed in the main with my thesis, the British Empire and the United States of America could carry the League on their joint shoulders. I am sure Professor Webster is right. He knows more about European history than I shall ever know, or ever pretend to know, but this is a very simple proposition. The key of future peace in Europe is the association of the United States with us to maintain that peace. Without the assistance of the United States I have little confidence in the League being able to maintain permanent peace, but I believe that with the assistance of the United States a real peace can be secured.

Look at the Treaty of Alliance, made at the same time as the Versailles Treaty, between the British Empire, the United States and France, whereby we and the United States agreed to guarantee the French frontiers from violation. We know that the United States refused to ratify that treaty and thus deprived France of the security she had been promised. The removal of that integral factor, upon which the Versailles Treaty was based, has done much to cause the muddle and chaos into which Europe has been plunged during the last five years.

It is, however, no use crying over 'spilt milk'; it is no use talking of 'might-have-beens.' Our job is to repair the mess. It is immensely to the good that the United States attended the London Conference, and that they have further consented to serve on the Reparations Commission in case of the wilful default by Germany under the Dawes scheme. It would seem by this, therefore, that even the American Republican Party have marched some distance from the strange line they adopted in 1919 and 1920. In those days their policy seemed to be the old tradition, once adopted by our own country, of 'splendid isolation.' They wanted to mind their own business and let other people mind theirs. No nation can carry on to-day with such a policy. The

development of rapid transport by land and sea and air has made the world one unit. Who can say where one interest begins and ends? It is quite impossible that the United States can sit still while other peoples settle matters which must concern her indirectly quite as much as they do us. It reminds me of the old miser who kept his hoard of gold under the bedclothes so that he could count it night and morning. The gold was quite safe until the burglars came.

Mr. MacDonald has been conspicuously lucky since he assumed office. I do not believe he would have succeeded with M. Poincaré half so well as he has with M. Herriot. After all, what the French have now accepted is not really as favourable to them as the Bonar Law plan of 1921-22, before the Ruhr occupation. One wonders whether Mr. MacDonald's luck will stay with him over the coming American presidential election. There can be no doubt from the programmes of the two American parties, as published in the English Press, that the Democratic Party would go further along the road in European affairs. They would probably join the League at once. If that happy event occurs, then we shall really be on the road to peace in Europe.

In any event, the London Pact, in my opinion, has this one outstanding feature, that at last American assistance has been forthcoming. It may be only a step, but by taking one step at a time we can certainly march along the right road. I hope it will not be thought from my observations that I am belittling the work of the League in the past. Such is far from my thoughts or intentions. There is no use, however, in hiding our heads in the sands. I have never thought that by merely waving the fairy wand of the League all wars would cease. We must be practical; we must face facts and treat Europe as it really exists. It is my considered judgment that until the United States takes her place side by side with other nations we cannot really place Europe on a sound and solid basis.

So much for what I may term the humanitarian aspect of the London Agreement. Let us now turn to its more practical and business side. The whole future of the Pact depends first of all upon the crucial question of the loan of 40,000,000*l.* to Germany. This point seems to have been the cause of the one acrimonious note. I am one of those people who think we have no millions to spare for anyone. I have found many curious opinions expressed during my various visits to the Continent Other countries seem to think that because we have balanced our Budget, and because we are paying our debt to America, we have untold surplus wealth to spare. The fact is overlooked that the effort we are making is a severe financial strain which is seriously injuring our commercial

interests. Even if we had capital to spare we have surely many objects in our country and Empire to which that money can be devoted. There are many schemes in Great Britain to which this capital could be diverted with certainly far less risk than would be involved by investment in Germany.

Our own Empire is crying out for capital with which to develop her large resources. Look at the untouched possibilities for development in India, in Australia, in South Africa, and in our various other dominions and colonies. They should be satisfied first. In any of these countries we would gain materially without any counterbalancing losses. If we lend capital to build a railway in the West Coast of Africa, for instance, we not only make trade for ourselves by supplying the materials and securing cheap raw materials, but we do something more. We build up an internal trade in that country. We make the native prosperous and his material wants increase. Instead of wanting a loin cloth only, he desires to wear a flowing garb of cotton or silk. The result is increased trade in our own country.

Contrast this picture with what faces us from the proposed loan to Germany. What possible material advantage can we secure? Some people talk of the great advantage in trade we must secure if Germany is put on her feet and made commercially prosperous. Do those people realise what a serious competitor Germany was to Great Britain in the days before the war? Many people talk as if the Ruhr occupation has been a bad thing for this country commercially; but what are the facts? Facts point a very different story. When France sent her troops into the Ruhr Valley, we had 2,000,000 people in England receiving out-of-work pay. Last month that figure stood at only 1,000,000. Since the talk of the Ruhr evacuation commenced, and since German financial affairs have been more settled, our unemployment figures have been rising.

When I was in the Baltic republics last year, I was continually told how difficult it was for Germany to compete with Britain. In the days before the Ruhr occupation these countries had been in the habit of buying large quantities of threshing machines, for example, in both England and Germany. German prices were lower, but English quality was vastly superior. Last September that position was changed. German prices were higher than ours, their quality was poor, and the delivery most untrustworthy, with the consequence that we got the orders. But now the position is again changed. Last week I had a conversation with the head of a large threshing machine factory in England. This factory has been obliged to go on short time of three days' work a week. Putting Germany on her feet seems conclusively to have had a most serious effect on this factory and many others.

My opinion is that we should start looking after our own country and our own Empire first. We have all our work cut out to do that. We have quite enough 'lame dogs to help over stiles' in our countries without helping other people who will cut our throats, metaphorically speaking, in the commercial world if they get the chance. There is only one country that can really lend this capital to Germany, and that is the United States of America. At the moment she is flooded out with gold which she does not know what to do with. We have seen a rise in the dollar exchange during one week from $4.25 to $4.55 in the pound. I am informed in the best banking circles that the cause of this rise was that money was 1 per cent. cheaper in New York than in Great Britain, and consequently there was a steady flow of investment capital from the dollar into sterling. The value of this position can most easily be realised by people who, like myself, have daily to pay for commodities bought in dollars and sold in sterling. The obvious result of a rise in our dollar exchange is the cheapening of all raw materials and foodstuffs bought by us from the United States.

The effect of a large investment in Germany by the United States might be to depress our dollar exchange by removing the cause of the recent rise, and therefore be, to a certain extent, to our disadvantage.

There is one very curious thing which puzzled me much when I read the announcement in the Press, and which is still puzzling me. I refer to the announcement that the British Government were reimposing the 26 per cent. reparation levy, which they reduced to 5 per cent. when they first took office. As I was one of the strongest critics of that action at the time, I was naturally delighted at the prospect of the levy being reinstated at its original figure. But what caused the change of front? I had come to regard Mr. Snowden as an ultra-doctrinaire Cobdenite, to whom the very word 'tariff' was anathema. Has pressure been brought to bear from those back bench Socialists who, according to Mr. Willie Graham, are avowed Protectionists? I have reason to believe that one very eminent member of the Cabinet at least is very far from being a Free Trader.

This brings me to the crucial point so often raised on the Socialist side that under the Dawes scheme Germany can only pay reparations by shipping goods to Great Britain, which will cause unemployment here. If we remain a Free Trade country, this is undoubtedly true. But if we instituted a tariff against German goods, we should be able to dictate to Germany the form in which she should pay reparations under the Dawes scheme. My objection to the reparations levy is that it does not discriminate between goods we want and goods we do not want Germany to

send. There is the same levy on raw materials as on manufactured goods. If Germany is to 'dump' all her manufactured goods into this market, goods that are manufactured in a sixty-hour week and at half our rate of wages, either our workers will have to follow suit both as regards hours and wages or they will be unemployed. Neither possibility is pleasing to think about.

The only remedy is largely to increase the reparations duty on manufactured goods and to remit the duty entirely on raw materials. There are three main articles which Germany can usefully send us in large quantities: potash, timber and wood pulp. I feel sure that, if Germany intends loyally to carry out her obligations under the Dawes scheme, she can provide all the surplus exports necessary to pay us ample reparations without sending us any manufactured goods we do not want.

I have referred to the timber proposition many times previously. I have written to every successive Prime Minister upon this subject since I have been in Parliament. It has never been dealt with seriously. We have not touched even the fringe of the problem. The German loves his forests; it would hurt his pride to see his beautiful trees cut down. He has, however, lost the war. There must be no sickly sentiment about this matter, and a firm hand should be taken to see that his trees are cut down to provide us with raw material that we want. The forests in Germany are, I understand, mostly owned by the municipalities. Not more than a certain proportion is allowed by law to be cut down each year. Think what this means. During the first seven months of this year we imported 23,000,000*l.* worth of soft woods and pit props from foreign countries and our dominions. That timber has to be paid for in British gold or hard British work. If this matter was really dealt with, we could secure half that amount from Germany for nothing. Any scheme, however, to secure timber on this huge scale would have to be done systematically and without regard to German prejudice.

Some few weeks ago a company was successfully floated in London under the control of Sir James Calder, the late Timber Controller. This country took over large tracts of forest land in Poland. These are the lines upon which such a scheme could be worked in regard to German timber. The formation of a company to take over German forest lands could easily be floated in London. The value paid in consideration would go to the Reparation Commission on the same lines as the proceeds from the railway and industrial debentures.

Now as to the interview given by Mr. Philip Snowden to the *Manchester Guardian.* I share with Mr. Snowden his misgivings with regard to the arrangements between German and French industrialists. This was always a matter of grave dispute between

Britain and France when the Conservative Party were in office. I am credibly informed that half the bad blood which arose during last year had nothing directly to do with the Ruhr occupation. The factor most decisive was that French industrialists wanted to make arrangements with the German industrialists to which British industrialists were not parties. The Conservative Party put their foot down very firmly upon this matter, and the French did not like it. So it seems once again that the same question is arising. What does this arrangement mean ? There was a great trade in cottons and woollens between Great Britain and Alsace-Lorraine in pre-war days. The chief competitors were the French manufacturers in Lille and Roubaix. Both French and English had to pay the same duty across the German frontier. These cottons and woollens were manufactured into fully manufactured articles required in Germany. What will happen now under the arrangement proposed to be extended ? France will send her cottons and woollens into Alsace-Lorraine free of duty, and will have the right to send the fully manufactured goods into Germany also free of duty. The British manufacturer will have to pay the French duty when these goods are imported into Alsace-Lorraine, which means that this lucrative trade is lost to Great Britain.

I have the warmest sympathy with France. I have always backed her point of view with regard to the Ruhr occupation, but upon this point, at any rate, I think Mr. Snowden is right in the stand he has taken. He is to be commended for taking a stand, for once at any rate, on the side of British interests and British industry. So often in the past I have noticed a tendency on his part to pay regard to foreign interests to the disadvantage of our own traders. If he is a reformed character in this respect, I welcome the change.

With the rest of Mr. Snowden's interview with the *Manchester Guardian* I am somewhat puzzled. I do not believe the story of profound disagreement between the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer. I am inclined to think that the whole interview was concocted. There is no doubt the Prime Minister is very keen to get the French to evacuate the Ruhr Valley. The French are, in his opinion, obstinate, and have not fallen readily to his blandishments. Personally, I think the French are right, and that every country in the world would act in exactly the same way if placed in the same position. The Prime Minister had one very serious lesson in tact not very long ago. He nearly wrecked the whole London Conference by the *communiqué* he issued to the Allied Powers. He had to journey post-haste to Paris and had great difficulty in patching things up. Now the Conference has been concluded, he did not wish to risk another *contretemps*, so he put up his Chancellor to give vent to his own

views. Now he can go to the French Premier with this interview in his hand, and plead for some help to meet his colleague's point of view. If this is not the explanation, it is inexplicable that the Prime Minister has remained silent, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not resigned.

The most surprising portion of Mr. Snowden's interview was the amazing *gaffe* about M. Hermite and M. Loucheur. A very interesting letter upon this subject appeared in the *Morning Post* of August 23, from the pen of M. Henry Davray. This letter conclusively proves that M. Hermite was not M. Poincaré's principal private secretary, and that in fact the ex-Prime Minister of France had no such servant. Further, it is conclusively stated that M. Hermite has never been in England during the Conference. As far as M. Loucheur is concerned, the statements contradicted are so numerous that it is quite impossible to enumerate them in this article. It only remains to say that M. Loucheur came to England on a purely private visit, and the interview with M. Herriot took place at the latter's request, and at the conclusion M. Loucheur observed that he found M. Herriot '*résolu à toute la résistance raisonable.*' If there is one portion of Mr. Snowden's interview which I do strongly deprecate, this is the portion. It seems designed in Mr. Snowden's best snarling style to attempt to undo the favourable atmosphere created by the London Conference.

The whole question as to whether the London Agreement will result in success or not depends upon whether Germany intends to carry out loyally her pledges. I must say I have some misgivings. The speech of Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor, in the Reichstag is not encouraging. He is reported as saying that he did not regard the settlement as final. I hope he is not deceiving himself or the German people that he can secure any further bargains, or any further reduction of reparations which Germany must pay for her crimes against humanity by plotting the late war. Germany's industry without the shackles imposed by the Dawes Report would be free to capture the world markets, and we would be absolutely incapable of stopping her. Her industry has been put into the highest state of efficiency; she has modernised her machinery and her methods; she has spared neither time nor money in preparing for 'The Day' when she is free from the burden of reparations. Her industrialists are not taxed for Imperial or local expenditure on anything like the scale our industrialists are. All her industrialists have paid off their prior charge debts, their debentures and their mortgages in worthless paper. It is here that the Dawes Report is so ingenious. The German railways and manufacturing concerns will find those debentures reimposed. The whole problem resolves into the very

simple question, 'Does Germany intend to carry out her bargain? Or does she intend to play the old game? Will she play the old *rôle* of the dishonest bankrupt?'

These are the points upon which I have serious misgivings. I am frank enough to say that I do not trust Germany in the least. The debates in the Reichstag are not encouraging. True it has accepted the London Agreement and passed the necessary Bills to carry out the Dawes Report. But this result has been achieved only by a sordid bargain with the Nationalists—that is to say, with the old Junkers, those who embody the old militarist spirit. Throughout the whole debates we find protestations that Germany was not the culpable nation who started the war. As long as these ideas exist there can be no confidence in her among decent thinking people. Moreover, the speeches of Dr. Marx and Dr. Streseman both seemed to be on the lines that if they accepted the Agreement now they could secure better terms later on. We must be on our guard; we must watch them. They will cheat us if they can. I should feel much happier if I knew that proper plans were now being prepared for another deliberate German default. It is not the time to say what exact action should be taken in such an eventuality, but the Allies should be considering a carefully prepared plan. It is vital that all the Allies should act in accord and quickly, in order that the world, and Germany in particular, should know we are not going to be imposed on.

JOHN R. REMER.

THE SOVIET; AND OUR DISGRACEFUL TRAFFIC WITH IT

THE Treaty which was the outcome of the Anglo-Soviet Conference has roused a storm of protest from all quarters, and will certainly go down in history as one of the most amazing documents which any British statesman has ever signed. Yet it is hard, in many cases, to understand the heated protests which emanate from precisely the same people who were so enthusiastic in their demand for the 'recognition' of the Soviet Government, for it was obvious to those of us who opposed that step that the only logical outcome of recognition would be some such 'treaty' as the present one, with its inevitable concomitant: a 'loan' to patch up the threadbare fabric of the Bolshevist *régime*. Those papers and individuals who called for 'recognition' have little right to cry out against the Treaty; THE RECOGNITION WAS THE REAL CRIME, and it is the purpose of this article to demonstrate that those who are in favour of any dealings whatsoever with the Soviet are supporting a policy which is unintellectual, un-Christian, and reactionary. I am fully aware that the few stalwarts who have ventured to suggest that Bolshevism and all its works should be shunned as a form of moral leprosy have been laughed at by the ignoramus and their attitude derided as one of mere 'sentiment'; all the more honour then to such a Review as *The Nineteenth Century*, which throughout, under both its late editor and its present editor, has been unalterably opposed to any form of understanding with the gang of aliens and criminals who have made themselves masters of Russia. Let us now consider why any such understanding is a blunder, an act of short-sighted and stupendous folly.

In the advance of Bolshevism, civilisation is threatened with the greatest danger that has menaced it since the hordes of Attila swept their devastating course across Europe. The triumph of the principles for which Bolshevism stands would inevitably lead to the extinction of society as it exists to-day and a return to the conditions of the Dark Ages, or even worse. Art, science, religion, all that raises man above the beasts, would perish in one hideous Communist nightmare, and the human race would

find itself back in the prehistoric period, with all traces of culture stamped out in the bloody struggle for existence. That our so-called 'progressive' politicians are willing, nay eager, to hold out the hand of friendship to these advance guards of chaos is only one more illustration of the indisputable fact that there is no one quite so thoroughly reactionary as the 'up-to-date' apostle of 'progressive' ideals.

The arguments advanced by newspapers and individuals who, by some weird process of ratiocination, come to the conclusion that the recognition of the Soviet Government is a great step towards 'world peace,' are all singularly weak; but perhaps the most foolish of all is that advanced by certain gentlemen who maintain that the Bolshevist Government is now firmly established in Russia, that it has the support of the majority of the Russian people, and that anyhow Russia's rulers are solely her own concern, and we have no right to withhold full recognition from them. One writer has gone so far as to say that the 'no recognition' attitude is the same as the attitude adopted by Burke towards the French Revolution; he says this as though it were an argument in favour of recognition, not realising apparently that the whole course of the French Revolution was one long justification of Burke's attitude. The argument adduced above would be a very feeble one even if its premises were true, but are they true? Is the Bolshevist Government stable? Has it the support of the Russian people? Above all, is it only the concern of Russia? Let us examine these points one by one.

1. Far from being stable, it is the opinion of many competent observers that the present *régime* has only been kept in power in Russia by the absence of concerted action amongst its opponents, by an amazing system of espionage, which makes it fatal even to whisper a word against the Government, and by a terrorism, in comparison with which the excesses of Nero, Tamerlane, Marat, and the worst scoundrels of history seem almost mild. Furthermore, the abolition of private trading, the destruction of capital, and the consequent chaotic condition of Bolshevist finance and commerce have brought the Government to a stage where it must have capital or perish. If the rest of the civilised world refrained from giving the Soviet assistance of any kind, Bolshevism would die a natural death, and the world would be free from its foulest plague spot.

2. It is also quite contrary to known facts to state that the Soviet Government has the support of the majority of the Russian people; even the Bolshevist leaders themselves admit that there are not more than five to six hundred thousand Communists in Russia out of a total population of over 131,000,000. In other

words, 99·38 per cent. of the people are 'exploited,' to use a favourite Communist catchword, by the remaining 0·62 per cent.; and that 0·62 per cent. is composed of all that is worst from amongst the earth's most vile inhabitants. Yet we are prepared to condemn those helpless millions to an indefinite period of suffering under the worst tyranny the world has ever known by bolstering up the Soviet with 'recognition' and its inevitable result, a 'treaty.'

3. But the most foolish of all these arguments is that which has been brought forward in more than one 'up-to-date' paper—that Russia's rulers are purely her own affair. Now it should be obvious to the most elementary mind that, in the modern complicated States system, *no* Government can be the concern of its own subjects *alone*; it must be a matter of interest to those other nations with which it will have to deal. Doubtless when our present Government took office an apprehensive shudder ran through divers diplomatic circles. How much more, then, must a Government be the concern of other nations when, as in the case of the Soviet, it deliberately sets itself to destroy the existing fabric of society everywhere, and organises a vast, world-wide propaganda to stir up revolution in every quarter of the globe. Surely, in these circumstances, it is very much the concern of every civilised nation to see that the Soviet meets its doom with the utmost celerity, for until it is swept away there is not the remotest possibility of anything resembling the 'world peace' of which we hear so much and see so little.

Another argument that carries much weight with many people is the trade argument. It is held that an agreement with Russia would give an enormous impetus to British trade. A vast deal of nonsense is talked about 'bulging corn-bins,' and one is asked to believe that trade with Russia would speedily settle our unemployment problem; therefore let us recognise the Soviet and fraternise with the Bolshevists. This, as a Cockney friend puts it, is 'sheer tripe'; and yet there are numbers of people who seem to be willing to swallow this 'tripe' in large quantities: even two or three sane, respectable Conservative writers seem to relish it. But 'tripe' it indubitably is. Even in the halcyon days before the war, when trade with Russia was at its maximum, our exports to Russia never exceeded 10,000,000*l.* At the most optimistic computation this only represents employment for about 40,000 men: there are at present (September) 1,200,000 unemployed in Britain. Furthermore, the Coalition Government made a trade agreement with Russia in 1921 which was a dismal failure; if a special agreement, drawn up with the express intention of fostering trade, fails, then is that desirable object likely to be attained by means of

an act of diplomacy? And even if Russian corn-bins bulged till they burst, even if all the pictures of the glowing prospects of Russian trade were true, it would still be a disgraceful act to recognise the Soviet, for is not the honour of our great Empire of more account than a few paltry millions of blood-stained Bolshevist gold.

Let us now turn from the task of considering arguments for the recognition to glance at some of the principal arguments against such a step. We will take three main arguments, corresponding with three of the outstanding characteristics of Bolshevism itself: Bolshevism is unintellectual—so is the movement in favour of recognition; it is anti-Christian; it is reactionary.

1. Bolshevism is the negation of beauty; it is diametrically opposed to all that is cultured, all that is best, in life. Under its *régime* literature of any value and music have disappeared from Russia. A Soviet Commission is going carefully through operas and plays, removing all references to kings, queens, princes, courtiers, lords and nobles, and all the appurtenances of monarchical society. On this weird plan the only characters left in, for instance, *Hamlet* would be 'Francisco, a soldier,' 'Reynaldo, servant to Polonius,' the two clowns and the grave-diggers. Similarly, science and philosophy, and all branches of learning, have almost perished in Russia. The reason is obvious: Communism, like its foster-brother Socialism, can only flourish in the midst of ignorance. Everyone with sufficient education to see the fallacies of it must be done away with, and a new generation produced imbued with Communist ideals and with only those few shreds of education that Bolshevist teachers think fit. Can we afford to have such a fertile source of future troubles in Europe? The spread of Bolshevism means the extinction of culture; and those who support a policy of bolstering up the Soviet are directly assisting the enemies of the human race to bring about the collapse of all those institutions which distinguish civilised man from the Australian aborigine.

2. From the very beginning, realising that the teachings of Jesus must be eternally at variance with the principles of Communism, the Bolshevists set themselves to stamp out the Christian religion in Russia. Priests were murdered in thousands, in many cases after incredible tortures; churches were sacked and destroyed; and every possible opportunity was seized of publicly mocking Christianity and its Founder. Special schools have been set up to instruct the young in anti-Christian doctrines, with the result that there is now growing up a generation to whom the name of God is but an occasion for a curse or a blasphemy. The Soviet aims at stamping out all religion throughout the world; it is even

now performing its vile work of defiling the minds of children in Britain; and we, a supposedly Christian nation, help on this work by recognising Russia.

3. Enough has already been said to prove that the recognition is a thoroughly reactionary step, and there is no need to dwell on that aspect of it here. It is a step which gives a fresh lease of life to Bolshevism; it adds more years to the years of agony that Russia must suffer before she can emerge again as a free nation; it sells the pass to our most deadly foe; it is the great betrayal of civilisation; and none but a fool or the wilfully blind can deny its reactionary nature.

The question of Bolshevist propaganda also demands a few words. In Ireland, in India, on the Rand, throughout the British Empire, the underground burrowings of the Communist mole have produced their evil results. The whole world has suffered, but perhaps we have suffered most, from this nefarious work. Yet those short-sighted hooded owls, our 'progressive' politicians, desire to encourage this propaganda and continue our troubles indefinitely by propping up the tottering structure on which its authors have their precarious hold. Our 'progressives' do not believe in meeting trouble half-way; they go all the way to fetch it.

But beyond these arguments there is a higher, nobler consideration: Britain's duty to the world. Let us consider the attitude of America to this question; she has held sternly aloof from all dealings with the Soviet; she knows that it is impossible to dabble in filth without getting one's clothes soiled, and her rulers realise that a treaty with the Soviet would be an insult to the national conscience, a nasty stain on the stars and stripes of Old Glory. We Britons (*not* 'Britishers'—*monstrum horrendum!*) have hitherto prided ourselves on the cleanness of our national record; we look with pride and affection on the bit of bunting that is regarded as the emblem of straight-dealing and fair play by everyone, with the exception of a few insignificant curs who see fit to refer to it as a 'dirty rag.' It is the duty of every true-hearted Briton to see that this record remains unsullied, a duty in which few have failed when the great test has come. Are we now, after all these glorious centuries of devotion to what is straight and manly, to fail in this matter of Bolshevism? America has set a great example; together we, the two most powerful nations in the world, should inevitably prove too strong for Bolshevism; but we have shirked, we have chosen the easy path of dishonour, we have broken away from the ranks of the freemen, we have 'sunk to the rear and the slaves,' slaves of the worst curse this world has ever known, impelled thereto by the chatter of that fool—the 'up-to-date' chatterer. It is not too

late to retrace our steps, however. We cannot escape entirely unspotted, for we have supped with the devil, and the handle of our spoon was not long enough; but we can get away before it is too late, before all vestiges of our national honour are lost. The evil done is great, but it is not irremediable.

We must now turn to consider for a moment at whose door the responsibility for this disgraceful act must be laid. First and foremost, of course, the blame must rest with Socialist and Liberal politicians, and posterity will refer to their share in this bad work with curses and contempt. Led astray, in one case by the will-o'-the-wisp of internationalism and the necessity of satisfying noisy extremists, in the other case by a mistaken idea of the value of Russian trade and a desire to create the illusion of 'something attempted, something done,' in the effort for 'world peace,' these two sets of politicians have shamelessly sacrificed the interests of the Empire on the altar of political expediency. It is true that many members of the Liberal Party are now making a great to-do about the Treaty, but even on that question, a question which to any sane mind admits of no argument at all, they are divided into warring camps; and it cannot be too often repeated that by clamouring for the *recognition* the Liberal Party sacrificed all right to criticise the *Treaty*. If it is right to have any dealings at all with the Soviet, then it is right to make a loan and to grant all manner of privileges; and, conversely, if the Bolshevists are not fit people to make a loan to, then they are not fit people to 'recognise.' Again I reiterate that THE RECOGNITION WAS THE REAL CRIME; and the Liberal Party must share with the Socialist Party the odium attached to that act.

Nor can the Conservative Party be exonerated from all blame, though its offence is less rank and smells less strongly to Heaven than the offence of the other parties. But several of the weaker-kneed Conservatives regarded the act with too favourable an eye, and even its opponents allowed the measure to pass the House of Commons without forcing a division! As a whole, however, the party is opposed to any meddling with Bolshevism, and the return of a Conservative Government to power is our only hope of retracing our steps from the slough of Leninism.

The Press must bear another large share of the blame, though here, again, there are exceptions.

In concluding this article a few words must be said about the attitude of the Church. Here we have a crowd of anti-Christian criminals of the most debased type murdering priests, sacking churches, mocking religion, and making frenzied efforts to stamp out all religious faith from off the face of the earth, yet when it is proposed that we should effect an agreement with these

inhuman monsters, the Church acquiesces with meek resignation, or at least takes no active steps against this immoral, irreligious act. Does the Church admit that it has lost all weight in the opinion of the nation ? If not, why does it not lead a crusade against any dealings with Bolshevism ?

W. F. LLOYD.

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA TO-DAY

WITH the exception of a sprinkling of commercial men, unwilling for business reasons to speak much about conditions in present-day Russia, practically no visitors from outside have been allowed to penetrate even to Moscow and Leningrad (formerly Petrograd) in recent years, so that some account of social and economic conditions there, gathered during a visit in August and September, may be of interest, especially now that the ratification of the Treaty with Russia lies in the balance. I should, perhaps, qualify my statement about permission being given to visitors by saying that a number of Socialists have been allowed to enter the country, but they are, from what I heard in Russia, kept in leading strings to such an extent that their impressions are bound to be biased strongly in favour of the present *régime*.

We approached from the side of Finland, and heard at its capital, Helsingfors, that *visés* to enter Russia would be granted to us. Although only a night's train journey from Leningrad, as showing the extent to which Russia is isolated, no Helsingfors bank had any Russian currency, and it was with great difficulty we got any particulars with regard to hotel or travel arrangements over the frontier, while only six passengers besides ourselves were in the daily through carriage.

Having passed the somewhat severe Customs examination, papers and books being especially objects of suspicion, our first impressions at Leningrad were the appearances of desolation and want, impressions that were greatly increased during our stay in what was for over two centuries the capital city.

In the roads, pot-holes so large that they have to be driven round, many of the houses in ruins, others gutted, and no steps being taken to remedy this state of affairs; the total absence of paint, the absence in large measure of traffic from the streets, and especially the all but total disappearance of all sorts of trade vehicles—all these signs of poverty one sees on every side, but, above all, the plight of the inhabitants, as shown by their dress and bearing, testifies to what the city has suffered and is still suffering. Many, if not most, of the children were without shoes or stockings, many women without stockings—in fact, one instinc-

tively looked round if one saw anyone at all who could be described as well-dressed. As a rule (one could tell by their speech) such fortunate individuals were not Russians.

Wages which to our ideas are very low are being paid to manual workers, about 5s. a day to dock labourers, but the unfortunate intelligentsia are paid at considerably lower rates. In the country school teachers are paid from 10 to 12 roubles a month, that is, about 13*l*. to 16*l*. a year, a figure which seems almost incredible if we had not had it confirmed from trustworthy sources. While food prices are not high, rents in many cases are; they are based on the social status of the individual rather than on the accommodation given, doctors, lawyers, and, we were informed, photographers being regarded as those who should pay the highest rents. Clothes and boots are almost prohibitive in price; the latter we saw marked at 3*l*. a pair for what with us would cost 25*s*. to 30*s*. Those fortunate enough to be able to engage domestic servants pay the fixed rate of 16 roubles a month, but half of it is kept back for board and lodging, the balance of 8 roubles being equivalent to about 11*l*. a year.

The regulations with regard to trading have again been drastically modified since the introduction of the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy). Under it far greater liberty was given to private traders, a liberty quickly taken advantage of by the Jewish community, and Bourses were started, until the Bolshevist authorities, thinking they had gone too far, suddenly raided the principal centres, demanded to see books, and made many arrests.

Licences are now granted to certain individuals to engage in private trade, but the wholesale and distributing services are entirely in the hands of, or controlled by, the State, under the guise of State trusts or co-operative societies. Both are having great difficulties, as they have to give long credit to their branches and to retailers, who themselves cannot get payment from the public. On top of the shortage in cash thus created, many of the State institutions, whose workpeople and managers include large numbers of the Communist Party, committed themselves to a year's scheme of output. The demand fell off, it was not possible for political reasons to reduce the staff, and they are consequently greatly overstocked and without the capital to carry six or eight months' stock which has accumulated. The lot of those licensed to carry on private retail trade is not a happy one, as the authorities have the uncontrolled power of assessing for purposes of taxation, and if anyone except a Communist is suspected of prospering, his assessment is raised to such an extent that he is forced out of business. Very few succeed in carrying on on these lines in trade for more than a year or eighteen months.

The exchange has been fairly stable for some months past, the chevronetz of 10 roubles being about 23s., but the stabilisation is purely artificial, as any exchange dealers who are prepared to 'bear'—to use the Stock Exchange phrase—currency would receive short shrift at the hands of the authorities.

Unemployment is rife in the larger towns, but one must remember that only some 7,000,000 out of Russia's 110,000,000 are dependent on industry, the balance being agriculturists. It is known that this year's crop has been a failure in many districts, and although no trustworthy statistics are available as to the extent to which it can be made up elsewhere, that there will be a surplus available for export seems most unlikely.

In view of the Prime Minister's signature of the Treaty with Russia and the possibility of our finding ourselves committed to a loan of 30,000,000*l*. or 40,000,000*l*. to the Soviet Government, the State finances become of interest to us. The Russian Budget is made up to September 30 in each year. For the year ending September 30, 1924, a revised estimate was made officially in April and published on April 15. It showed the

Revenue of 1923-24 as	653·9	million roubles.
Deficit to be financed by credit operations, etc.	463·6	,, ,,
Total	1117·5	,, ,,
Expenditure:		
Defence service	345	million roubles.
Financing industrial, agricultural, and co-operative services	155	,, ,,
Other expenditure	617	,, ,,
Total	1117	,, ,,

It is not without humour to notice that the deficit, which amounts in round figures to 50,000,000*l*., was to be met by credit operations, and that this estimate was made on April 15, when the Soviet delegation negotiations with Mr. Ponsonby had already commenced, and the sum that we are recommended to lend them will provide four-fifths of the deficit which they anticipated. The above figures were criticised by the Press in Russia as being unduly optimistic, and, now that there has been a very poor harvest, it certainly appears that the deficit will be nearer 70,000,000*l*. than 50,000,000*l*.

Looked at from the economic point of view, our loan to Russia, if not all of it required to balance the Budget, as the above figures show, might enable Russia to buy seed for corn. This, given a good harvest, in another year would enable her to buy other commodities from outside, but even this would not create much

demand for British goods, as the co-operative societies are so much overstocked, and the State policy is not to buy anything which can be produced in the country. The peasantry are, as Krassin himself stated last year, utterly impoverished, and under the present *régime* have no chance of material improvement, as any man who sows more than the usual acreage is suspect at once by the authorities.

With regard to religion, we attended a number of services. The congregations, with the exception of one service on the Feast of the Assumption, at which several bishops were officiating, were very scanty, and consisted entirely of the elderly and middle-aged. This is not to be wondered at, as not only is religion forbidden in the schools, but we heard of cases of rank blasphemy amongst boys and girls. Typical of the attitude of the Bolshevist authorities is a prominent notice near what was a favourite shrine in the Red Square, Moscow: 'Religion is opium to the people.' Many convents and churches have been stripped of their precious stones and metals, and churches have been secularised.

Art lovers will be glad to know that the priceless treasures of the Hermitage are intact; in fact, the collection is considerably bigger than in pre-Revolution days, as the conscription of private picture galleries has led to their pictures being sent to the Hermitage.

The palaces at Tsarskoe Selo are also in perfect order, and it is very pathetic to see in the smaller palace the intimate details, such as family photographs, left exactly as they were when the Imperial family was there in 1917.

The Press is, of course, absolutely censored, and to such an extent that a dock strike, involving some ten or twelve thousand hands, at Leningrad, of which mention appeared in the *Latvian* and other papers, was not mentioned in the Soviet Press. Dock labourers are, of course, in Government employ, so it would appear that this does not prevent labour unrest.

The elections are of course farcical; only representatives of one party—the Communist Party—are allowed to stand; and the mere fact of being an employer of labour, even if it is only of one individual, disqualifies from having a vote.

Processions of children with red flags and bands, singing Communist songs, are a common sight, and the Communists are using every effort in this way, and also through the cinemas, to win the rising generation to their views.

With regard to travel conditions, we spent some two and a half days in trains. The Moscow-Leningrad express runs much as in pre-war days, but takes some three hours longer, with dining car and sleeping accommodation of old Wagon-Lit stock, presumably confiscated at the time of the Revolution. Trains run

at very long intervals, and other than on the above route fifteen to eighteen miles an hour is the usual speed. When travelling one sees hundreds of locomotives rusting on the side tracks, but the volume of traffic has so greatly decreased that I fear, even if Russia had the money to pay, her requirements in this direction would be small. We saw a few brand-new engines which had just arrived from the Trollhätten works in Sweden, so even if Russia had the buying power for many locomotives it by no means follows we should get the orders.

Moscow is, on the surface, busy and fairly prosperous. It was not possible for us to go further afield, but we gathered that at most only two other towns in Russia were in the same condition. The reason for it in the case of Moscow is that, now it is the city of Government and Communist headquarters, there is a good deal of money being spent there which formerly was spent in St. Petersburg.

Housing conditions in Moscow are appalling, owing, no doubt, in part to the tens of thousands of Government employés being there now and the need for Government offices. The allowance per individual, which has been recently reduced, now stands at 43 square feet per person of floor space. Whole families have to share a room, and several families to share a kitchen. This is the allowance which applies throughout the city as a whole, and those who will take the trouble to step out the amount of room which it gives an individual with all his belongings will appreciate the misery of living under such conditions.

In Moscow we found that, while there had been a few British and other firms who had been endeavouring to open up trade, the majority had either given it up or were giving it up in despair; and, as showing the difficulties which confront business firms, a German whose firm had been given a concession with regard to timber, on making legitimate business inquiries with regard to quality of the goods he was to receive, found himself imprisoned for what is called 'economic espionage,' and, notwithstanding representations of the German Ambassador, was still imprisoned when we were in Moscow.

The obvious question that suggests itself is, How long will the present *régime* continue? That the Bolshevist position in Russia, notwithstanding there are only some three to four hundred thousand of them, is a very strong one, cannot be gainsaid. It has been created by a policy of assassinating or expelling their opponents, and the few who remain are too cowed to take part in any active contra-revolutionary movement. M. Paleologue, in his very interesting memoirs of the Russian Court, points out how each of the four previous wars in which Russia was engaged had led to wide internal ferment and a great alteration in political

conditions, and writing in October 1914, he evidently saw that vast alterations would take place as the result of the Great War. Whether there will be a fresh war—a war that no one wishes to wage—before the present autocrats of Russia are dispossessed, no one can say, but one thing does emerge: that it is quite impossible for the Soviet Government to continue on their present economic lines. With every advantage from having confiscated all property and the sole monopoly of trading, the figures I have given above show an immense deficit. Even if we were so ill advised as to pay the greater part of it ourselves, it would only carry them on for another year; and that they should find a succession of countries each of them willing to put up 40,000,000*l.* is obviously absurd. So that the only conclusion one can really come to in regard to the future is that before long the present economic *régime* is doomed to failure.

My experiences in Russia have convinced me of this: that while politically those of us who disagree *in toto* with Communist principles have no right to help, as such a loan would do, to prop up the present *régime* and give it the hall mark of our approval, above all, for moral reasons, we can do nothing which will help and encourage those whose whole idea of life is so absolutely opposed to all that we hold most dear, those who wish to crush Christianity and introduce throughout the world the moral and physical torture to which they have unfortunately been allowed to subject the Russian people.

ASSHETON POWNALL.

THE CASE FOR ULSTER

THE Government of Ireland Act, 1920, established two Parliaments in Ireland. The first, Northern Ireland, comprising the counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Tyrone, and the parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry—in fact, geographical Ulster, but without the counties of Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan; the other, Southern Ireland, comprising the rest of Ireland. Mr. Ian Macpherson, who was not only Chief Secretary during the negotiations preceding the Act, but introduced the measure in the House of Commons, has himself stated that Ulster at no time was in love with the measure and took no active part in the discussion of it, but in the interests of peace she accepted it 'as a final settlement of an age-long and harassing controversy,' although she received as her Imperial province six only out of the nine counties of the old Province of Ulster. A careful perusal of Mr. Macpherson's speech when he introduced on behalf of the Government the measure in the House of Commons confirms this statement. The proposals contained in the Bill, said the Chief Secretary, 'would be an honest and sincere attempt to settle once and for all this age-long difference and close for ever an unpleasant chapter.'

Ulster has, indeed, always asked to be let alone. Ulster has always asked that Ireland may remain part of the United Kingdom.

In fact, it was a Liberal, the late Mr. Agar Robartes, who on July 11, 1912, moved an amendment to exclude from the scope of the Home Rule Bill, 1912, Antrim, Armagh, Down and Londonderry, and the proposal took most definite shape when Mr. Asquith on March 9, 1914, foreshadowed an amending Bill which proposed that any county or county borough in Ulster should be permitted to vote for exclusion, such exclusion to last for six years.

Ulster never desired partition; not only did Ulster never desire partition, but she believed that it was bad for Great Britain and bad for the British Empire. Sir James Craig stated in his letter to Mr. Lloyd George on July 29, 1921, 'Much against

our wish, but in the interests of peace, we accepted this [*i.e.*, the Government of Ireland Act, 1920] as a settlement.' And in this connection Mr. Lloyd George's letter, written nine days previously to Mr. de Valera, is most material, for in the settlement that was again then being sought with Sinn Fein the British Prime Minister definitely stipulated that any new settlement arrived at 'must allow for full recognition of the existing powers and privileges of the Parliament and Government of Northern Ireland, which cannot be abrogated except by their own consent.' It is, indeed, difficult to contemplate a more definite and distinct pronouncement. To do mere justice to Ulster's case, it has also to be recorded, without judging the merits or demerits of the 'Articles of Agreement for a Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland,' that Ulster again was no party to them, although it was then freely represented that 'the rights of Ulster will be in no way sacrificed or compromised.' Sir James Craig on December 14, 1921, indeed, took immediate exception to 'the decision to establish a Commission to revise the boundaries between Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland,' and although it was then put forward by the British Prime Minister to the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland 'that it was only intended to make a slight readjustment of our boundary line so as to bring into Northern Ireland loyalists who are now just outside our area and to transfer correspondingly an equivalent number of those having Sinn Fein sympathies to the area of the Irish Free State,' the Northern Government was no party to the agreement; the Ulster representatives in the Imperial Parliament refused to cast their votes for the statute that confirmed it.

In considering Ulster's case this consistent course of conduct is of much moment, for two reasons. In the first place, by the Act of 1920 Northern Ireland was constituted an established Government, with its territory prescribed by the names of its counties; and there is 'no precedent in the history of the British Empire for taking any territory from an established Government without its sanction.' The Northern Parliament has at no time given any such assent, but has, on the contrary, vigorously protested against any course which might so involve it. But, secondly, it is urged against the Northern Parliament that it itself accepted the Free State Act of 1922, or at any rate the matter of a reconsideration of its boundary, by itself invoking the provisions of the 1922 Act, and under Article XII. availed itself of the option therein contained to contract out of the Act; and it is urged by Sir John Simon and others that this is all the more conclusive because Article XII. not only gave Ulster the option to contract out of the Free State, but within its terms enabled the Boundary Commission to be set up as well. If one accepts the contention

recently confirmed by Lord Cave, ex-Lord Chancellor, that territory may not be taken from any established Government without its assent, and that Government has not assented, the fact that it took the one course left to it to preserve its existence can hardly convict it of an adoption of the particular Act which perforce made this very course obligatory. So with the Northern Parliament: apart from such other considerations as there may be, it cannot, it is submitted, on this count at any rate, be found to have in any way foregone the rights which belong to any Government so set up and constituted. In fact, Mr. Churchill frankly stated in the House of Commons on February 16, 1922:

> There is also one weak point in the position of His Majesty's Government in respect to Ulster and in the position of the Ministers who signed the Treaty in respect to Ulster. The Boundary Commission to be set up under Article XII. affects the existing frontiers of the Ulster Government and may conceivably affect them prejudicially. . . . To that extent Ulster may have a ground of complaint against the Government.

It was in these circumstances that the Northern Parliament declined to appoint a member of the Boundary Commission. The material part of Article XII. is as follows:

> Provided that if such an address is so presented, a Commission of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland and one who shall be chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.

In the circumstances of the refusal of the Government of Northern Ireland to appoint a Commissioner the present Government has introduced a Bill to confirm a provisional agreement entered into between the Prime Minister and Mr. Cosgrave on August 4, 1924, whereby there will be a Commission of two appointed by the British Government and one by the Government of the Irish Free State which will be empowered to determine the boundaries. Lord Cave, with his high authority, has expressed the opinion 'that legislation of that character would be unconstitutional,' because of the principle laid down 150 years ago by Lord Mansfield, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 'that a grant of a representative constitution cannot be recalled, and that rule is as much infringed by withdrawing from a State to which such a constitution has been granted a part of its territory as by attempting to repeal the grant.' This contention is a grave one, and Mr. Baldwin, as leader of the Conservative Party, has already declared that 'any Bill which sets out to alter the Treaty by changing the character of that body which has the arbitra-

ment of this most difficult question will be opposed to the utmost' by his party. It is, indeed, remarkable that in a document of such consequence no provision was made for the possibility of the failure of any of the parties to appoint a Commissioner. Mr. Ronald McNeill, indeed, in a recent address to Unionist members of Parliament, expressed the view that to put forward the idea that there was an oversight in drafting the Treaty 'is absurd.'

It is inconceivable [said Mr. McNeill] that distinguished lawyers like Lord Birkenhead and Sir Gordon Hewart [now Lord Chief Justice of England] could have made an elementary blunder in drawing up a legal document. They must have known, and deliberately intended, that Clause XII. of the Treaty, as they drafted it, made it possible for Ulster, by refusing to nominate a Commissioner, to prevent the Boundary Commission being set up. In other words, they so drafted the clause as to require the consent of both the Governments in Ireland to the establishment of the Boundary Commission.

But it is said that the Northern Government need have no anxiety about Article XII., for its terms can only be interpreted in what it would regard as a rational manner. Lord Birkenhead, then Lord Chancellor and one of the principal negotiators of the Treaty, in his letter to Lord Balfour of March 3, 1922, 'effectually' allayed Lord Balfour's anxiety lest the Treaty 'should have inadvertently done an injustice to Northern Ireland in respect of its boundary.' Lord Birkenhead points out, as a great constitutional lawyer, by reference to other treaties involving territorial claims, that very different words must have been used if the clause had contemplated any wholesale change in the character of Northern Ireland; that Article XII.

contemplates the maintenance of Northern Ireland as an entity already existing—not as a new State to be brought into being. It is regarded as a creature already constituted, having its own Parliament and its own defined boundaries.

To Lord Birkenhead 'it appears inconceivable that any competent and honest arbitrator could take the opposite view.' This opinion of a high authority must have great weight, and it may well be shared by many constitutional lawyers; but Ulster's doubts and fears in this connection are not without foundation. In the Free State's Official Handbook (*Handbook on the Ulster Question*—Stationery Office, Dublin) it is pointed out that the exact wording of Article XII. is almost identical with various clauses contained in the Treaty of Versailles. In each case quoted the words are used, it is emphasised, in connection with arrangements for a *plébiscite, i.e., Upper Silesia:* 'In this recommendation regard will be paid to the wishes of the inhabitants as shown by the vote and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality' (Article LXXXVIII., Annex 5); *Allenstein* (East

Prussia): words identical, except for change of names (Article XCV.); *Maxenwerder* (East Prussia): wording identical, except for change of names (Article XCVII.). And other instances are given. It is urged by the Free State that the resemblance between these phrases and those used in Article XII. 'is far too close to be the result of accident.' The conclusions the Free State makes are explicit and unmistakable:

> Since it appears plain that the Boundary Commission between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland is intended to follow these European prececedents, its function is clear. It will ascertain by various means at its disposal the wishes of the inhabitants of the disputed areas. It will then proceed to draw a boundary as nearly as possible in accordance with these wishes.

This, it may be urged, partakes of legal and technical matters and fails to deal with the realities of a difficult, if not dangerous, situation. In this latter connection, which is admittedly vital, the actions and contentions of Sinn Fein are, it is submitted, material to a fair consideration of Ulster's case.

The object of the Free State Official Handbook, it is therein stated, is to assemble and arrange in a convenient form all the material facts relating to the Ulster question generally, and 'in particular to that aspect of it which comes within the purview of the Boundary Commission, as provided by Article XII. of the Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland.' It is in reality a bold bid for an Ireland with Ulster perforce incorporated and subordinated and governed by Sinn Fein, and meanwhile, and until this is accomplished, the Boundary Commission 'is required to correct the most obvious aspect of that wrong' (*i.e.*, partition), and in determining the boundary the Commission is to give priority to 'the wishes of the inhabitants,' as in 'the case of Upper Silesia'; it is to take into account economic and geographic factors; 'but in its case these are secondary.' The Handbook is illustrated by various plans and diagrams designed to further the Sinn Fein demands on the Boundary Commission. Thus in a table purporting to show 'for the Province of Ulster, the North-East Ulster Area, and the Counties and Boroughs of Ulster, the Wishes of the Inhabitants for the Free State and for the Belfast Parliament,' it is asserted that

> it will be seen that supporters of an Ireland united under the Free State range from 21 per cent. of the inhabitants of County Antrim to 81 per cent. in the County Cavan, and that out of 1,581,696 persons in the Province of Ulster 690,816 are in favour of the Free State, and out of 1,250,531 persons in the North-East Ulster area 430,161 are in favour of the Free State.

Again, in the table 'Poor Law Unions' it is stated, according to diagram No. 1,

> that fourteen out of the twenty-eight poor law unions in the North-East Ulster area have majorities in favour of the Free State, and that of the remaining fourteen unions there are Free State minorities ranging from 7·1 per cent. in Newtownards to 49·1 per cent. in Downpatrick.

In other words, so far from making any pretence of any claim appertaining in the slightest degree to a matter of boundaries, it is in reality a repudiation of any question of any boundary between Northern Ireland and the Free State at all. Failing this being sooner or later accomplished, the official document reveals the intention of reducing the territory of Northern Ireland by securing large territories to the Free State so as to leave such a diminutive Ulster as to make it ludicrous to permit it to have a separate Parliament and Government independent of the rest of Ireland. Fermanagh and Tyrone, Derry City and Newry, are at once to become part of the Free State if Sinn Fein can have its way. In other words, instead of readjusting or rectifying a boundary, a new one is to be set up creating a new State. We are here informed that the Belfast Parliament ' is the product, not of organic forces, but of mere political expediency,' that the ' alleged racial difference between North and South is a mere fiction without warrant in history,' and that ' North-East Ulster is merely a small portion of Ireland which for the moment refuses to assent to the political implications of that nationhood.' The arguments of ' the differences of race, religion, and character ' are, it is true, admitted, but ' the contention that the six counties as such constitute a homogeneous entity thus falls to the ground on their first contact with facts and figures readily available in official records and well known to anyone with even a casual knowledge of conditions in those counties.' In fact, as showing the demands here set forth by the Free State on Northern Ireland, it is definitely asserted that ' to call portions of four counties a nation and bestow a separate Parliament on them on the ground of their distinct character would be too preposterous for practical politics, and would create too dangerous a precedent in a highly complex world, in which homogeneity nowhere exists, but in which national minorities exist everywhere.' There is nowhere to be found in this somewhat lengthy volume any indication of the dominant and vital difference which unhappily but definitely separates Northern Ireland and the Free State—the fervent desire and intention of the North to remain part of the British Empire and share its fortunes with that Empire and its Sovereign, and, on the other hand, the repudiation of the Throne and the Imperial connection on the part of Sinn Fein. There is (to take only later events), perhaps advisedly, no mention of the supersession of the constitutional Nationalists by Sinn Fein, the Republican Rebellion during the Great War, the Belfast boycott, and the invasion of

Ulster territory in 1922. Instead we are told that differences of character and outlook 'do no more injury to the nation than the differences of race and religion,' and a profession is made that 'rather do they strengthen the national unit by bringing to its service the widest possible variety of character, temperament, attitude and ideals.' If the Free State is genuinely anxious for accommodation with the North, as a Labour organ has recently pointed out, it 'has shown a lamentable lack of vision in its handling of the problem. If it preaches national unity it adopts in practice methods which have done more than Orange oratory to make the two nations theory an established fact. The Belfast boycott, the erection of a customs barrier on the Northern frontier, the decision to transform Southern Ireland into a Gaelic State isolated in language and literature, and with institutions and ideas wholly different from those of the majority of Northern Irishmen,' are not happy evidences. 'Mr. de Valera,' says the same Labour organ, 'once declared that the Irish language without freedom was better than freedom without the language. It is for Ireland to make her choice as to whether the language without national unity is better than unity without the language.'

There are, however, in this connection matters of a more significant and graver character. They may be briefly indicated by a short but sufficient reference to the utterance recently reported by the newly appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Clonfert, Dr. Digham. In reply to an address from the Sinn Fein clubs in May last he publicly disclosed that he stood to-day where he stood in 1918, and still believed in the efficacy of the means then used. 'No one is satisfied,' he said, 'with the present position, and I predict that the Republican Party is certain to be returned to power in a short time.' Few will condemn Ulster, despite assurances in quarters somewhat differently situated, from taking such steps as are properly open to her to meet such eventualities.

Indeed, it was only a few weeks ago that one of the Ministers responsible for the Irish Treaty (Mr. Churchill) put on record his own apprehensions when he stated:

> It is too soon to judge whether what was then done was a blessed act of oblivion, liberating persevering forces of goodwill, or whether it is but a dearly purchased interlude in the long tragedy of the two islands.

Who can, then, counsel Ulster to do other than safeguard her position in any and every legitimate way?

Sir James Craig has already made many attempts at mutual agreement. On January 21, 1922, he and the late Mr. Michael Collins had arrived at an agreement. It was to the effect that the Boundary Commission should be altered so that the Governments of the Free State and Northern Ireland should appoint one repre-

[illegible] each to report respectively to Sir James Craig and Mr. Collins, who would 'mutually agree on behalf of their respective Governments on the future boundaries between the two areas.' This agreement, unfortunately, was not carried into effect. But again in December of the same year Sir James Craig publicly indicated that he was willing to negotiate with the Free State regarding districts, such as East Donegal, which had a large Protestant population, and offered to carry out such a policy with the Dublin Government by mutual arrangement. On May 10 the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland in an interview said:

> There are two courses, and only two courses, open. The one is to drop entirely the whole idea of a Commission which aims at an arbitrary settlement that would only lead to trouble, and the other is to aim instead at a settlement by mutual agreement on the principle of give and take, which will leave no grievance or bitterness behind it and will command the assent of the peoples of the two Parliaments. So strongly do I desire a proper and enduring settlement that I will do anything in reason to attain it. My wish for a settlement is so great and so real that if an agreement of the kind I have described could be reached, even at the expense of my dropping out of public life, I would be willing to make even that sacrifice.

After the meeting at Chequers on May 31 between the Prime Minister, Sir James Craig and Mr. Cosgrave, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland again wrote:

> I am always available and willing to assist in every way in my power the consummation of this the only statesmanlike solution of the problem.

This, as I see it, is Ulster's case. It is stated as many would desire to put it apart from many other considerations which brought the Irish Treaty into being, and on account of which no party in British politics to-day would seek to dishonour it.

> The British nation, wearied of war, exhausted with its effort, did not wish to embark upon the long, bloody, hideous, hateful process of suppression of a sister island, a gifted race, a joint founder of the Empire, and a contributor to all our glories. It was decided, not by the Cabinet only, but by Parliament and the great majority of the nation, to make a settlement with Ireland, or attempt to make one, which went far beyond the old Home Rule, so long the bugbear of British politics.

So it is and must be, for good or ill—whether as a triumphant success or abject failure time alone can tell. But, whilst honouring this bond, we should not escape dishonour if we were false to another, and one, if loyalty and true comradeship count for anything, doubly sacred. Except those who desire to make, if possible, some party advantage out of the present situation, none will deny that Northern Ireland has strong claims and her case high merits.

1. Under the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, Northern Ireland was constituted and her territory definitely and precisely allocated.

2. Northern Ireland accepted the Act 'much against her wish' on the plain undertaking it was 'to settle once and for all this age-long controversy.'

3. In the negotiations that followed with Sinn Fein, Northern Ireland was again assured that the powers and privileges of the Northern Parliament 'cannot be abrogated except by their own consent.'

4. Northern Ireland was no party to the Treaty between Great Britain and Sinn Fein, and particularly to the establishment of the Boundary Commission, as to which she was not even consulted.

5. With reference to the Boundary Commission itself, the Prime Minister of Great Britain assured the Northern Parliament Premier that 'it was only intended to make a slight readjustment' of the boundary line.

6. The Act of 1922 does, in fact, 'affect the existing frontiers of the Ulster Government.'

7. The Free State officially demands large territories, and, claiming European precedents, contends that the functions of the Boundary Commission are clear, and that it is competent to draw a new boundary and create a new State.

8. Sinn Fein denies altogether the rights of Ulster to a separate Parliament, and in responsible quarters it is predicted 'that the Republican Party is certain to be returned to power in a short time.'

9. The success or failure of the Irish Treaty itself still 'hangs in the balance.'

10. Sir James Craig offers to come to a settlement 'by mutual agreement,' and declares this 'the only statesmanlike solution of the problem.'

If history goes for anything, there are no short cuts by way of a solution of the Irish problem. But surely mutual agreement is a safe path? If an additional Boundary Commissioner is appointed and the terms of the Government Bill adopted by Parliament, can any impartial observer say a safe and permanent settlement is even in sight? The supporters of the Free State are to-day demanding the Commission. Is it so certain they will support its findings, whatever they may be? Shall we find that same willingness by Sinn Fein to abide by its award, whatever it may involve? Again, from the point of view of those in the Free State who desire to have a united Ireland, is not there something to be said for 'the give and take' advocated by Sir James Craig? Mr. John Devoy gave some counsel the other day to Nationalist Irishmen. They ought, he said, if they want Ulster harmonised with the rest of Ireland, first to reach unity amongst themselves, and to reach it on a basis which would attract, and not repel, the

Protestant North. 'Force,' says Mr. Devoy, 'is now wholly out of the question, and is also wholly undesirable.' But if an additional Commissioner is to be appointed, and the Commission is to function, would it not be a wise step first to ask the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to advise the Commission as to the exact meaning of the disputable terminology of Article XII. ? If there is any real doubt (as to which there is evidence) that the intention of the British signatories to the Irish Treaty—namely, the readjustment in detail of the existing boundary without any wholesale transfer of territory—has not been properly expressed, would it not be much better, in the long run at any rate, to have it now authoritatively settled ?

The words of His Majesty—given on the advice of his Ministers—when he opened the Parliament of Northern Ireland on June 22, 1921, might be repeated to-day : 'Few things are more earnestly desired throughout the English-speaking world than a satisfactory solution of the age-long Irish problem' ; and subject to safeguards for the maintenance and safety of the Throne, the Empire, and Great Britain itself, all well-disposed citizens of our great Commonwealth would desire Irishmen to settle their own affairs by their own methods and in their own way. But until that happy consummation is reached it is not only our duty, but in our mutual interests, to be faithful, not only to the Treaty we have made, but to our oft-pledged undertakings to Ulster and its loyal citizens.

KINGSLEY WOOD.

PRAYER BOOK REVISION

On November 10, 1906, the Crown issued Letters of Business to the Convocations of Canterbury and York directing them to consider and report upon 'the desirability and the form and contents of a new rubric regulating the Ornaments, (that is to say) the vesture, of the Ministers of the Church at the times of their ministrations, and also of any modifications of the existing law relating to the conduct of Divine Service and to the ornaments and fittings of churches.' The Convocations at once set about the task assigned to them. The work proceeded slowly and was not completed until 1920. Answers were then sent to the Crown containing proposals for a revision of the text and rubrics of the existing Prayer Book. In order that legislative effect might be given to these proposals, they were in 1921 submitted to the newly constituted National Church Assembly. The Assembly decided to appoint a committee of its own to consider them, to amend them where amendment seemed desirable, and to frame a Measure to be submitted for approval by the whole Assembly. General approval was given to the Measure which the committee prepared, and it is now being considered line by line in the two Houses of Clergy and Laity sitting separately. When these two Houses have finished their labours the House of Bishops will take the matter in hand, and the Measure will come before the whole Assembly for acceptance or rejection in the form in which the Bishops leave it.

Seventeen years have been already spent upon the work, and the end has not yet come. It cannot be said that the Church has acted with undue haste, but it is only during the last year or so that much public attention has been given to the matter. The newspapers at last discovered that the Prayer Book is being revised, and some of them have encouraged their correspondents to express their views on the subject. 'Hands off the Prayer Book!' was a headline which I noticed in a widely circulated morning paper.

The Book of Common Prayer has become part of the religious life of the English people. It is also one of the glories of English literature. To have embarked upon its revision in any light-

hearted spirit, from mere love of novelty, would have been a foolish thing to do. Moreover, it was evident from the outset that revision was bound to provoke some differences of opinion. But none the less one of the main objects of revision is to bring to an end some old controversies (if that be possible) by making the Prayer Book express more adequately the spiritual aspirations of Churchmen of the present day.

At the beginning of the present century these controversies were seriously hindering the Church's work. There was plenty of life and vigour among clergy and laity alike. Many of the clergy were eager to make fresh experiments in the matter of public worship, or to revive old customs, often without much regard to the rubrics of the existing Prayer Book. The Bishops were evidently puzzled as to what they ought to do. Some of them tried repression, but in a half-hearted way, because they knew that public opinion was not in favour of prosecutions unless there had been flagrant disregard for authority. Other Bishops frankly adopted a policy of 'go as you please.' The result was increasing chaos. There were discussions in Parliament, and in 1904 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the alleged prevalence of breaches or neglect of the law, and to make recommendations. The Commission was a strong one, its chairman being Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (afterwards Lord St. Aldwyn). It took immense pains about its work, it received and published an enormous amount of evidence, and in 1906 it issued a Report of first-rate value. The evidence made it clear that many things were being done which were, strictly speaking, quite illegal, either by way of excess or by way of defect, and that in some quarters anger and resentment had been caused. But the Commissioners declined to regard the matter from a purely legal standpoint. They saw that where there is life there must be growth, and that room must be found for it. I will quote the main conclusion to which they came:

> The law of public worship in the Church of England is too narrow for the religious life of the present generation. It needlessly condemns much which a great section of Church people, including many of its most devoted members, value; and modern thought and feeling are characterised by a care for ceremonial, a sense of dignity in worship, and an appreciation of the continuity of the Church, which were not similarly felt at the time when the law took its present shape. In an age which has witnessed an extraordinary revival of spiritual life and activity, the Church has had to work under regulations fitted for a different condition of things, without that power of self-adjustment which is inherent in the conception of a living Church. . . . It is important that the law should be reformed, that it should admit of reasonable elasticity, and that the means of enforcing it should be improved; but, above all, it is necessary that it should be obeyed.

These seem to be words of wisdom, and throughout the work of revision some of us have tried to keep them carefully in mind. The Commissioners recommended that Letters of Business should be issued to the Convocations, and the Letters were drafted in strict accordance with the terms which the Commissioners suggested. If the Convocations had replied that they were perfectly satisfied with the Prayer Book as it stands, and that they desired that no alterations should be made in regard to any of the matters referred to them, they would have been guilty, most people will agree, of a serious neglect of duty. A revision of the Prayer Book had to be faced.

Even if there had been no Royal Commission, a revision could not have been long postponed. Where there is life there is always movement, and only a stagnant Church can rest content with a fixed and unchanging rule of devotion. In some quarters there seems to be an idea that the Prayer Book, exactly as it stands, is an essential part of the life of the English Church. As a matter of fact, it is one of a series of Prayer Books. Down to the Reformation our forms of worship were much like those in other parts of the Western Church. They were the result of a gradual growth, each generation of Churchmen adapting the services to its own needs. In 1549, as a result of the Reformation movement, some big changes were made. The services were entirely rearranged and simplified, and many mediæval practices were abandoned on the ground that they encouraged superstition and had no Scriptural authority. But the task of drawing up a new Prayer Book proved to be one of extreme difficulty. The 1549 book had only just come into use, when it was displaced in 1552 by a new book. A few months later, under Queen Mary, the old Latin forms were restored, and the use of them was enforced by cruel persecution. In 1558 they were again swept away, and the 1552 book was brought back and revised. There was a further revision in 1604. During the Commonwealth period the Prayer Book disappeared, its use being forbidden by Parliament. It came back again at the accession of Charles II., and was once more revised. What we call the 'Reformation settlement' consisted, so far as worship was concerned, of a series of changes, some of them of a drastic character, extending over a period of more than one hundred years. An important fact to keep in mind is this, that during the whole of that period there was never anything approaching unanimity as to the way in which worship should be offered in English churches. Whenever any decision was made there were always vigorous minorities who wished that something quite different had been done. The party that happened to be in power never paid much attention to the wishes of minorities, and much of the strength of Nonconformity to-day is due to the fact

that when the last revision was made in 1661, and the Prayer Book took its present shape, the wishes of the Puritan party were treated as something of no account, and no room was found for them within the borders of the Church of England. History shows that religious intolerance is always a terrible mistake. The Royal Commissioners showed true wisdom when they recommended that in any further revision of the Prayer Book provision should be made for 'a reasonable elasticity.'

'Reasonable elasticity' is of course a vague phrase, and behind a vague phrase there always lurks a danger, because people interpret it in very different ways. Each man assumes that it is meant to include what he himself desires, and to exclude what he dislikes. The Royal Commissioners did not say what precisely they intended their words to mean, but the context shows, I think, that they had in mind forms of worship, including both rites and ceremonies, rather than questions of doctrine. Nothing in their Report suggests that they considered that any modification is required of the general doctrinal position of the Church of England. No attempt in that direction could possibly be made without provoking fresh controversies of a most serious kind. At the same time the old saying '*Lex orandi, lex credendi,*' reminds us that worship and belief are closely intertwined, and directly proposals are put forward in regard to forms of worship it is only right that they should be carefully scrutinised in order to discover whether, as a matter of fact, they do imply some change of doctrine. As a member of the Revision Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury, and also of the Church Assembly Committee, I can say with all confidence that we have done our best to keep unchanged the doctrinal position of the existing Book of Common Prayer, and we think that we have succeeded in doing so. We have tried to simplify the services, so that they may be more intelligible to ordinary folk, and to remove some needless repetitions. We have tried to adapt the book to the needs of the present day, adding new forms of prayer dealing with the work and difficulties of our own time. We have tried to make the Prayer Book wider in its outlook, richer in its content, and more full of human sympathy. In doing this we have kept in mind the words of the Royal Commissioners that 'modern thought and feeling are characterised by a care for ceremonial, a sense of dignity in worship, and an appreciation of the continuity of the Church, which were not similarly felt at the time when the law took its present shape.' Only where there has been real necessity have we modernised the language of the Prayer Book. We have a right to assume that people who use the Prayer Book also read the Bible and are familiar with its forms of speech. English, as it is generally spoken and written at the present day, is a poor

thing compared with the English of the days of Shakespeare. The existing Prayer Book has won the admiration of everybody who can appreciate beauty of expression. Its haunting phrases live in the memory, and are a constant source of joy.

In regard to most of the proposals contained in the Measure now before the Church Assembly there has been no serious difference of opinion. There are, however, three matters about which there has been much difficulty in coming to an agreement. They are (1) the Ornaments Rubric, (2) the Order for Holy Communion; (3) Reservation for the Communion of the Sick.

The existing Ornaments Rubric stands as follows:

> Such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.

A more inconvenient way of giving a necessary direction could hardly be imagined. The 1549 book was more definite:

> At the time appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion the Priest that shall execute the holy ministry shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say, a white Alb plain, with a Vestment or Cope

The direction given in 1552 was also quite clear:

> The Minister at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration, shall use neither Alb, Vestment, nor Cope: but being Archbishop or Bishop, he shall have and wear a Rochet: and being a Priest or Deacon he shall have and wear a Surplice only.

In 1558 the rubric was again changed, and became:

> The Minister at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration, shall use such ornaments in the church as were in use by authority of Parliament in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI., according to the Act of Parliament set in the beginning of this book.

The Act of Parliament referred to was the Act of Uniformity of the same year. It directed that the Ornaments thus ordered by the rubric should be in use 'until other Order shall be therein taken by the Queen's majesty.' One of the points in dispute is whether Elizabeth did issue 'other Order.' Archbishop Parker in 1556 issued some 'Advertisements,' directing the use of copes in cathedrals and ordering the minister in a parish church to wear 'a comely surplice with sleeves,' but it is very doubtful whether Elizabeth ever signed them. The Canons of 1604 agree in substance with Parker's Advertisements.

Some difficult historical and legal questions arise as to what the present rubric really means, *i.e.* what actually were the Ornaments in use in the second year of Edward VI., what was the

authority and intention of Parker's Advertisements—whether they required a minimum or imposed a maximum—and how the Canons of 1604 are to be reconciled with the directions of the rubric. In regard to all these questions there has been endless debate. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in its judgment in *Ridsdale* v. *Clifton* read Parker's Advertisements into the rubric, and pronounced the use of vestments illegal. Many of the clergy felt that the arguments on the other side had never been really answered, and the use of vestments has of recent years become more general.

A weighty historical memorandum was prepared in 1908 for the use of the Convocation of Canterbury by Bishop John Wordsworth, of Salisbury, Bishop G. F. Browne, of Bristol, Bishop Robertson, of Exeter, Bishop Gibson, of Gloucester, and Bishop Chase, of Ely, all of them men of great learning and sound judgment. This memorandum has done much towards removing the subject out of the region of religious controversy. The first section deals with the origin, development and symbolism of liturgical costume. I quote some of its concluding words:

> Those who attack the use of liturgical vestments, as well as those who defend them, may be reminded that these vestments have no connection with Levitical dress, that they were simply the garments of civil life ornamented and beautified, that their shape is strange simply because the fashion of dress has altered, and that the symbolism attached to them is arbitrary and fanciful, but at the same time quite innocent and uncontroversial. . . . If vestments are to be 'retained and be in use' it must be upon the ground that, whilst they are in no sense essential to the validity or even subservient to the doctrine of the Sacraments, they are valuable as exhibiting our continuity with the past life of the Church. . . . If all English clergy wore the chasuble there would be no feeling of any special type of doctrine attached to it. . . . It is, we believe, right that there should be a distinctive dress for the clergy in their public ministrations, and it is not unreasonable that their dress in the ministration of the Sacraments should differ somewhat from their dress in reading the Common Prayers. . . . It is time that this question should be reduced to its due proportions, and that the Church, through its own constitutional assemblies, should take in hand the regulation, both as to its nature and extent, of any compromise which the welfare of the Church may seem to require.

Later on in the memorandum, after a full discussion of the history of the present Ornaments Rubric, the Bishops say:

> We feel bound to state that our own study of the facts leads us to the conclusion that the Ornaments Rubric cannot rightly be interpreted as excluding the use of all vestments for the clergy other than the surplice in parish churches, and in cathedral and collegiate churches the surplice, hood, and cope.

The Measure proposes to leave the present rubric unchanged, but to insert the following note:

For the avoidance of all controversy and doubtfulness, it is hereby prescribed that, notwithstanding anything that is elsewhere enjoined in any Rubric or Canon, the Priest in celebrating the Holy Communion shall wear either a surplice with stole or with scarf and hood, or a white alb plain with a vestment or cope.

If this solution is accepted it is to be hoped that the use or non-use of vestments will be regarded as a thing of secondary importance, as it ought to be.

In regard to the Order for Holy Communion it has been urged that our best course would be to leave the service unchanged because it is our chief bond of union, and any alterations are bound to accentuate differences. But, on the other hand, the evidence given before the Royal Commission shows that most of the charges as to illegal practices had reference to the manner of celebrating the Holy Communion. This is the part of the Prayer Book about which it is most important that the Church of to-day should express its mind and will. To leave things as they are would only prolong a state of things which is most unsatisfactory. At the same time it is undesirable that in the work of revision our minds should be too much occupied with questions of legality. The Holy Communion is the Church's central act of worship. The Church's Liturgy should express, in a way that all can understand, the main truths of our religion: God's love for man, His gift of eternal life through His Son, our fellowship in Christ, and the quickening power of the Holy Spirit. The Liturgy should speak to us through the eye as well as through the ear, showing us God in action, God drawing us into closer union with Himself. There should be in it an appeal which lifts the minds of the worshippers into the heavenly places.

Much can be done to improve our present Liturgy without raising any questions of controversy. Some slight rearrangement of order will make its dramatic movement more intelligible to ordinary folk. At present the order is somewhat confused. There is too an unusual monotony in our English Liturgy owing to its somewhat meagre supply of Collects, Epistles and Gospels, and of variable or Proper Prefaces. In the Prayer of Consecration the commemoration of our Lord's redemptive work is incomplete: it stops short at Calvary. Defects of this kind can be remedied without raising questions as to eucharistic doctrine.

In the House of Clergy, after long discussion, it was provisionally agreed to insert two alternative Prayers of Consecration. I will say nothing about their respective merits because I feel sure that such a decision will not be allowed to stand. This is one of those matters in regard to which some of us are glad that the final word will rest with the House of Bishops, who will be able

to find a more satisfactory settlement of the differences which separate the 'Green' group and the 'Grey.'

Reservation for the Communion of the Sick is a subject about which men's minds are for the moment much divided. The rubrics of the existing Prayer Book do not allow reservation of the consecrated elements for any purpose. In large parishes the difficulty in providing for the Communion of the Sick, especially at Easter, is very great. The existing Prayer Book rule has broken down in practice; some diocesan Bishops have accepted the fact, and have given permission for the reservation of the Sacrament in order that the sick members of Christ's flock may be ministered to. Reservation for that purpose is in accordance with the practice of the early Church. Justin Martyr, writing in the middle of the second century, tells us that in his time it was the custom that the deacons should take away a portion of the consecrated Bread and Wine for those who were absent. There can be no better way of providing for the needs of the sick than by what is called 'Concurrent Communion,' *i.e.*, by taking to them, as soon as possible after the open Communion in the church, a reserved portion of the sacred elements. This method of ministration is generally welcomed by the sick, because it helps them to realise that they are still part of the congregation worshipping at the altar of their parish church. In all probability there would have been no great difficulty in obtaining sanction for reservation of this kind. Difficulty has arisen because a demand has been made for reservation for other purposes, as in the Church of Rome, where a *cultus* of the Reserved Sacrament has been encouraged. It is impossible to make regulations in regard to people's private devotions when they visit a church to say their prayers, but it is possible for the English Church to say, as it is certainly prepared to say, that it will not sanction any public devotions which require and depend upon the presence in the church of the Reserved Sacrament. Such devotions were unknown anywhere until about the ninth century, and are still unknown to the Eastern Church. They can only be justified by accepting a theory about our Lord's sacramental presence which the English Church does not accept. But the fact that a demand has been made which the English Church is unable to grant does not seem to be a sufficient reason for refusing *all* reservation. Justice and Christian charity alike require that nothing shall be refused to the sick which can help them in their time of trial.

There is one other point to which I would refer. A good deal has been said of late about the folly of having alternative Prayer Books. If there is to be a revision of the Prayer Book, it would no doubt be possible to say that the new book, and the new book only, shall be used in public worship. In that case there would

be no alternative Prayer Books at all. As a matter of fact, that was the course taken at every previous revision of the Prayer Book; *i.e.*, if a parish priest refused to use the new book he was deprived of his benefice, and possibly punished in other ways as well. We have no desire to deprive or punish anybody, if it can possibly be avoided. The Measure proposes that the option shall be given of using either the revised book or the existing one. That seems a wise course to take because (among other reasons) the new book may be rightly regarded as being, to some extent, experimental. When it has been in use for some time the Church will discover how far it is satisfied with it. Some further revision may be found necessary later on. If the Church proceeds gradually, step by step, we may hope that eventually the old book will pass out of use with general consent, and the new book will take its place, not as the result of any coercive action, but because of its own intrinsic merits. Whatever may be the drawbacks of alternatives, they are preferable to coercion, and more likely to lead to a peaceful settlement.

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STYLE

'The perfection of style is a Chancery pleading, because there you get all the facts without the flummery.' So my neighbour to my left. The question was of the literary style of Lord Beaconsfield, and the occasion was a meeting where all were academically distinguished except the present humble writer. To the right one submitted interrogatively, 'A given style may be a defective vehicle, and yet convey matter of interest. For example, Lord Beaconsfield was one of the very few novelists who saw London society from the inside?'

To which my neighbour, rebukingly: 'I don't know. You see, I've never been in London, except in crossing from one railway station to another.'

The conversation—if human intercourse conducted with bludgeons may be called 'conversation'—then collapsed.

Nevertheless it provides material for reflection. For instance, a Chancery pleading is far from being the perfection of style; it is, in fact, the negation of all style. What, then, is style? Failing a better definition, we may say that 'style is the means by which a writer conveys his own ideas to other people.' To be sure, if you have nothing to convey—if you 'have never been to London' in short—your style may be elegance itself: it remains nothing but a graceful acrobatic performance.

It is at this point that we find ourselves concerned with the personal equation.

The 'personal equation' accounts, in astronomy, for a small fraction of 1 per cent. of the result. In less exalted realms of action—in the affairs of this world—it accounts for about 95 per cent. of the result. It finds expression in words like 'I cannot read So-and-so.' To be sure, if a book is prescribed for an examination the nauseating rubbish must be swallowed and digested somehow; there is no time for preferences in style. In the realm of reading for diversion the words are reasonable enough, although, as they generally proceed from people who have asked one's advice about their reading, they might be said to be mortifying.

The words give us our cue. We all have our limitations.

There are people who execrate and deride Turner, who find Tennyson unintelligible, and affect (surely it must be affectation) to see no genius in the acting of Henry Irving. Yet why should one say 'affectation'? All these people may be genuine, since one's own capacity for enjoyment has restrictions not dissimilar.

Take, for example, Browning, whose long and busy life was crowned by the supreme honour of burial in Westminster Abbey. Some twenty years ago the present writer (in a country house) made his last attempt to come to terms with the genius. He took down a volume entitled *Browning*. The attempt was nobly rewarded. The habits of the great are not studious: the library was empty. One sank enraptured into the noble verse. 'Why,' one reflected, 'could he not always write like this? Clearly he has much to say; his ideas are lofty and musically expressed. To what end all those antics which distract and fatigue the attention? Why exact from the attentive reader the subtle intelligence that finds a solace in solving the weekly acrostics in the *World*?' So one replaced the volume, but turned first to the title-page, on which were printed the words 'Elizabeth Barrett Browning.' So we see that it is possible to disagree with many important people without being 'affected,' only repelled by some lack of skill of presentment called 'style' on the part of the author.

Those who contemn style are of two classes. Firstly, we have my friend of years gone by who really thinks, believes and says that style is nothing but 'flummery.' Secondly, we have those who take the grander position that their heroes are 'above style.' 'Heroes' is the word, unless we say 'deities.' For Wagnerites, for example, unless you are an adorer, you deserve nothing less than extermination. It is the fashion now—Wagner being out of date—to admire composers who work in seven sharps, with not less than fourteen accidentals in each bar. Their worshippers pity everybody else, and dismiss the great masters with phrases. One recalls some of these: 'no breadth of horizon,' for example. It is, no doubt, true that these defunct fogies tell us of nothing but love, hate, rejoicing, despair and similar human emotions; but they do contrive to express that much, whereas the modern people express nothing, with all their contortions.

To return to prose. Like most of us in the last lap of life, the present writer was brought up on Carlyle. So soon as he had passed the stage of 'elephant and gingerbread' nursery tales he was introduced to *Heroes and Hero-worship* and other compositions of the 'Sage' or the 'Master,' as he was called. No doubt the man had something to say; it could hardly be otherwise, when we consider his large output and the vehemence of his words—'language' would be hardly correct. Perhaps, too, it would be

more correct to say 'he wanted to say something,' but, as he tore to tatters all the rules of style, it is hardly surprising that he should remain something of a mystery. He possessed, however, the supreme gift—essentially Scottish—of making everybody take him at his own valuation. During his lifetime you could not approach his altar except prostrate, and bringing gifts and tribute. Anything resembling examination of his claim was met with the angry inquiry, 'Do you propose to judge a giant like that by your petty standard of *style?*' Accepting the metaphor of 'standard' as a basis of consideration, we may take heart and reply, 'Yes,' with confidence. A dwarf may be 48 inches in height, and a giant 96; nevertheless the same 'standard' applies to both, viz., 12 inches make 1 foot.

One does not observe that the men who live—the Byrons, Keatses and Shelleys, the Wordsworths, Thackerays and Tennysons—neglected the recognised standards of composition. Nor were they 'hidebound by convention' (a good phrase of detraction). On the contrary, their strict observance of the rules gave the fullest expression to their genius and the easiest way for each individual to develop his own marvellous and enchanting style.

It is, above all things, astonishing that reasoning people should have so long hesitated over the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy—'reasoning people,' because many of them are fanatics, and to fanatics reason has nothing to say. Many Shakespeareans thus have wavered in their allegiance on account of some unimpressive incident plausibly set forth, such as, for example, the poet's crabbed signature.

We have only to consider the nature of a Chancery lawyer's business to recognise that a man who could raise himself to the position of Lord High Chancellor of England could not have much spare time on his hands. What spare time Bacon could command he devoted to philosophical disquisitions and scientific investigations. He has left us his *Essays*, matchless in learning, and composed in a style so abominable that it could only have been acquired by one accustomed to look on a Chancery pleading as the perfection of style. He has also left us some verses. Imagine the mind of a man who believed his metrical version to be an improvement on the stately English of the Psalms!

But that is exactly the mistake that a man would make who had never written poetry, just as he had never tried to write prose properly. 'It looks easy enough; so why not try?' Certainly; but do not hand down your performances to posterity if you value your reputation. 'I write with ease,' said the confident young gentleman to Sheridan. 'No doubt, my young friend, but easy writing is cursed hard reading.' Conversely, easy reading is cursed hard writing. So while Bacon's pleadings, when he was

at the Bar, were, no doubt, admirable, and his judgments (when not bought) sound, his prose was distracting and his versifying distressing. Naturally, for he had not the time to acquire skill of presentment, even if he had been gifted with the natural bent.

As a contrast we cannot do better than consider Rousseau. In the case of Bacon we have a mighty mind occupied with the gravest things and dwelling on the loftiest plane of thought. For all the effect produced on the life of the world, he might never have lived. In the case of Rousseau we have a large output: of the best the best we can say is that it is balderdash; of the rest, that it is downright revolting. And what does that matter? Absolutely nothing, provided that the style is good.

His style is bewitching. In consequence his ideas have shaken the world, not only the world of Europe, for which he wrote, but (which is absolutely miraculous) the whole existing world, even the East. The achievements of Alexander are relatively tame. He subjugated, for a short time, vast provinces and distributed the plunder of Persia, but he left the Thought of the East untouched. Rousseau began by ruining France amid scenes of bloodshed which were unprecedented; next, the wreck of Russia destroyed the civilisation of one-third of Asia amid scenes compared with which the French Revolution was hardly more noisy than a town-and-gown row. In North America he has been only partially successful, the Americans having too much native sagacity to do more than make use of his nonsense for periodical platform polemics. England resisted longest, owing to our superb Constitution. The decay of our race alone made it possible for politicians to mount to power who were capable of destroying that Constitution by embracing principles which their intellectual ancestors would have spat upon. This would have been of little significance—except to the miserable inhabitants of these islands—but they have shaken to its foundation the stable civilisation of yet another third of Asia. Of the remaining third we can say little so far except that it has changed for the worse.

All this is the result of 'style,' or 'flummery' so called. If Rousseau had written no more persuasive a style than, say, Auguste Comte, he would have had about as many followers. Thus we see that style is not the trivial thing that so many would have us believe it to be.

So far we have been considering the giants. The giants make their public—the Mahomets, the Rousseaus. Others—great men, certainly, though hardly giants—cultivated a style to suit their public. Such were Macaulay, Huxley, Frederic Harrison, Sir James Stephen, John Morley. Such men found a public ready for them—the great middle classes. These were worth writing for; it was desirable to impress them; they had power; they had

money and could buy expensive works; they were highly educated. It was worth while to acquire a style. We must pause a moment over the word 'acquire.'

We hear a great deal about a 'natural gift for style,' which may be true of some of the great poets—Keats and Shelley, for example. Keats, dead at twenty-six, and Shelley, dead at thirty, could hardly have had the time to go to school, so to speak; and both were poets. It may be doubted whether any prose writer ever won to his own without grievous toil. Take the author who ended by being a master and founded a school, several schools in fact. Take R. L. Stevenson, and contemplate the fortitude (even the fierce resolve) with which he went through the bitter, bitter school of failure. '*J'y parviendrai, . . . nom d'un nom d'un nom,*' was a savage execration with which he expressed to his friend his determination to succeed in spite of all trials, including ill-health enough to discourage a regiment of Dragoons. Thus we see that even geniuses have to go through the mill.

The question then arises, 'Why should anyone go through the mill?' The process is painful, and the reward—if any—insignificant. It is useless to consider the reading public of days gone by. The middle classes are now too harried and too poor to be worth considering. Politically they are, in fact, disfranchised; power has left them. Half a century ago a constituency consisted of a few thousand electors, most, if not all, of them highly educated.

Power to-day is in the village inn, by the wayside, in the furrows, in the sixpenny crowd. What sort of style could make an appeal to these large and important bodies of men one can hardly divine. So far as one's own observations—restricted, naturally, but still sympathetic and tolerably extensive—so far as one's own observations go, then, we speak different languages.

Perhaps our two most accomplished and successful of stylists in recent years were Macaulay and Gibbon. Imagine any man sitting down to-day to write either History! To be sure, it might be useful if the man were a candidate for a chair, only he would be too old by the time he had finished his work. Besides, he would be 'out of the running,' and then there is the question of political intrigue to be considered. No man of sense would set forth to achieve a *magnum opus* of which the only reward would be a series of 'museum headaches' and seriously impaired health.

Why, then, does any man trouble to acquire a style? Sheer love of the thing (for one explanation), the desire to excel at this, as at any other, sport—this will carry him a long way, but not all the way. The next thing is a public. For Macaulay and Gibbon the public was ready and waiting; the authors were nobly rewarded by fame and money. In the case of Macaulay success

was instantaneous, classic, 20,000*l*., no less, a sum well worth toiling for eighty years ago; in the case of Gibbon, places, a share of political power and high social consideration. For the rest, immortal fame is reward enough for a wealthy and ambitious man.

There would be no public to-day for work of this kind; and without a public there would be no publisher. Any man of sense knows that; and if enthusiasm carries him so far as a publisher's door he has only to cross the threshold to hear the truth, which will be expressed with brutal frankness.

We all remember the generous passage in which Macaulay, with every reason, vaunted the triumph of the public over the patron, the public of the nineteenth century over the patron of the eighteenth century. The public (in Macaulay's sense) has now gone the way of the patron. The public of to-day means, for example, the subscribers to that admirable periodical, the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. A writer is fortunate indeed if he can gain the ear of such a public.

Reverting for one moment to the consideration with which this article opened, viz., ' Have you anything to say? and how can you say it? ' we find ourselves guided to a noteworthy conclusion.

Why did people read Macaulay? Because of his engaging style. They would have read him whatever he wrote about. It is to be observed, however, that he wrote about an important crisis in our history and wrote as a Whig swashbuckler. This was a notable service to his party. He led the powerful Liberal middle class to believe that what he wrote was not so much history as gospel. Such is the value of ' flummery.'

After Carlyle, Macaulay (such were the present writer's first steps in style). So history need not necessarily mean chewing sawdust! Nevertheless at the close of the matchless essay on Warren Hastings he could not avoid remarking to himself, ' But Warren Hastings was acquitted.'

Macaulay did not lie. To begin with, he was a gentleman; and there is the further consideration that in his day lying was not the fashion, as it is now; but he was a consummate master of the art of leaving his readers with the conviction that ' the Whig can do no wrong.' If we come to history and leave rhetoric alone, there is no more scandalous episode in our history than the persecution (commonly called the trial) of Warren Hastings.

Assuredly we would rather believe Macaulay than not; he was such a delightful companion. In fact, his position is assured; we all think with him. The number of students possessed of the amount of reading and observation that justifies anyone in questioning his position is very, very small, and such men are negli-

gible. So let us hear authority. The late Sir John Seeley was an academic Liberal, but enough of a politician to say that 'politics is present history and history is past politics.' Thus he would be in active sympathy with Macaulay, a pure Whig. He detested Disraeli and all his words, works and ways, and damned his followers (*quorum pars minima*) as Jingoes. Thus, though personally friendly, he was academically hostile. His verdict was, 'As a rhetorician, unsurpassed; but if you put your trust in him as a historian you are leaning on a broken reed.' This is an excellent example of the triumph of style—even over facts: we all think Macaulay, and repeat (even unconsciously) Macaulay. His peerage was a handsome—though not too great—reward for services rendered to the Whig cause, which always rewards its followers handsomely. Anyone attempting to controvert him is crushed by the charge of 'dragging history into the arena of party politics.' Nothing quainter—or more crushing—could be devised.

As to the process of acquiring a style, the study of the classics holds the field in spite of everything. To begin with, it is 'the only education fit for a gentleman'; we quail before this mailed fist. It is many years now since the present writer had the honour of entertaining a headmaster. He jubilantly exclaimed as he entered the room, 'We have saved Greek!' One expressed every satisfaction at his triumph. At the end of the third glass of Heidsieck, however, we discovered what is often to be discovered after three glasses of Heidsieck: the truth. 'Of course,' he continued, 'if Greek was not made compulsory it would be as dead as Hebrew in ten years.' This was truly astonishing, if somewhat boring, since the subject was outside the sphere of influence of his host. So 'the only education fit for a gentleman,' 'the only' sound preparation for a business career (this also has been maintained to my face), the only training in sound views and good taste, cannot be kept alive except when protected by august circumvallations and minatory exhortations.

It may be so; everything is possible. The battlefield has been often traversed; it has been the scene of many sanguinary encounters. We can but drift; and since we are all dragged through the 'only,' etc., it is safe to say that any given stylist must of necessity owe that success to his classical education.

'I still remember,' wrote Stevenson, 'that emphyteusis is not a disease, nor stillicide a crime,' and that was, by implication, about as much as he could recall of his studies of Roman law. He was sorry, he said, 'not to know'—a great many things; 'but I should be sorrier still to be dead.' Never did a man admit more gaily his own limitations; never did a man learn more gladly. 'And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach,' like the good man of Chaucer, a classic if ever there was one.

It was in this lofty spirit that he founded his school of fancy, his school of narrative style, his school of thought. Perhaps the last named was the most enduring.

Many brilliant men have worked in his manner since his death, perhaps have done so even better than Stevenson himself. It is his thought which has been unique and of world-wide influence for good. Where would that have been without his style? As for his piety, there have been many pious men before him. '*Vixerunt fortes*' . . .

Style is the one permanent thing. If this be true, why are good authors so seldom at pains to acquire a 'style'? Because it does not 'count for marks,' so to speak. This is characteristic of what used to be (perhaps still are) called 'serious works.' Here we have, say, 400 or 500 pages of sound prose. The bibliography is careful, the cross references correct, the footnotes illuminating. On sitting down to read you discover that the first thing you need is a bookmarker, which absolutely damns the thing.

In fact, it is not a book at all: it is a work of reference, like Whitaker's Almanack, a work of unrivalled and universal utility. Whither, then, has style fled? Incontestably to fiction. Here the conditions already noted are reversed. Instead of being backed by a Press or by a publisher who has reason to believe that the neophyte will turn out 'a good seller,' a rising author must fight his way. In the process he finds his style, then his public. At this point we arrive at a quaint and most remarkable conclusion. The books written to please are instructive in addition, whereas the books written to instruct neither please nor instruct.

Why do they not instruct? Because nobody can read them, unless they are prescribed for an examination. When once that horror is over they are thrown aside by the wretched Sindbad of the class-room and never opened again.

Far otherwise is it with the novelist who has to fight his way. He must needs 'go to London.' He seeks a subject to 'make his own.' He delves into 'authoritative publications,' and turns his labour into gold—literally, in royalties; metaphorically, in information subtly and attractively conveyed. Here is the real teacher of our days. He may even spur on his readers to explore 'authoritative publications' and increase their circulation. Thus we see that style may be indirectly of practical value even to the authors of serious works.

The object of writing is to be read; it has no other reason for existing. Your pardon! It has another. If sufficiently indigestible to be called 'serious,' it may gain the happy author a chair, and applause from those who write, but do not read, 'serious' works.

There is nothing in all this that calls for either applause or

reprobation. It is the natural result of patent causes. It may, perhaps, be ventured as a postulate—if a debatable one—that the fine arts only flourish in the period of a nation's greatness. They are the last efflorescence of human vigour. When critics would deride or decry any mental attitude or material achievement, it is sufficient to call it 'Victorian.' To those of us who passed the first forty years of our lives under the rule of the Great Queen the epithet, when used as a term of detraction, is painful; it makes us wince. When we recall the long roll of illustrious names in all walks of life that made that period famous we are tempted (even at the risk of seeming arrogance) to arraign the denunciation as amazingly ignorant.

At the present day, and by a swing of the pendulum which is common enough in public life, we repudiate 'Victorianism.' Are we any better off for our new orientation? Take the one fine art which is the subject of these imperfect, perhaps presumptuous, comments. Take the fine art of prose. Do we write better than our grandfathers?

In one respect—hardly 'important' in days gone by, but highly important to-day—we may hazard an answer in the affirmative. In fiction there are—as there always were—innumerable ephemeral productions, but there are also fine works of art. Which would a writer rather be, a 'good seller' or an artist? Incontestably 'a good seller.' Unhappily the writer cannot choose. He must do what he can. In sporting language, he must see how he 'shapes'—if he ever shapes at all. 'Nobody goes so far as the man who knows not where he is going.' It may be so, but the maker of that learned aphorism omitted to tell us of the terrors of the journey, blindfold through the wilderness of failure

To return, however, to the question of how far fiction may instruct as well as divert the reader. Take the picture of this country in the sixteenth century—*The House of Torment*. Here we have England, essentially Conservative and essentially Catholic—and, languidly, even Roman. Put notes of interrogation where you will, turn to the controversial writers ('serious' enough, in all conscience) on both sides, and verify. See if you can hammer out a juster conclusion. Nowhere will you find tenderer sympathy in every direction, or a loftier Christianity, nowhere sounder information. The style is everything. Thousands of readers who could not study or even understand a controversial position can easily read and profit by an illuminating narrative.

To be sure, our grandfathers had Scott, who was highly instructive. It has even been maintained that he was more or less responsible for the great Catholic 'Revival,' as to which one says nothing, being no controversialist, among other disqualifications. His influence was, at least, widespread. As to his style,

most people who are courageous enough to express their views pronounce it unattractive, which is probably a question of fashion. Even styles which are approved to-day may be out of date half a century hence. There is, however, this difference: that Scott, even at his best, was dauntingly lengthy. The writer of to-day must needs work within limits, *i.e.*, if he aspires to be a 'good seller,' which every man must aim at who toils for a living. All short works have a chance of life for that very reason. Take *Vathek*, which we all read. Written in the blood-curdling eighteenth century manner of handling the unseen, it does not make our blood curdle to-day, but we read it. On the other hand, does anybody really and truly read Milton or Dante for pleasure?

That eternal *terza rima*, that unending blank verse, that foul materialism! These poems, recommended as 'pious,' revolt the pious. For downright profanity it is hardly possible to transcend the picture of God the Son tearing up mountains and pounding the demons back to Hell. Dante's hells make one physically sick. They are like reading the medical details of some frightful disease, or watching, untrained, a bad operation. These are mighty poets; but if we come to prose, can anything be coarser, duller and sillier than *Pilgrim's Progress?* As to the poets, everyone with an ear for language can appreciate the majesty of some lines and the felicity of many. Only the distressing subject and the vast length of its treatment obscure the merits of the composition. Yet great men praise them, so one must admit oneself a pigmy honestly trying to do his best. Unhappily, his best is so poor.

Oppressed with these horrors, the writer of these lines in his boyhood besought his elders to allow him to read Alfieri on Sunday afternoons. H'm! Alfieri! Sounds Italian, probably Popish. A crisis! (Dante was admittedly Popish, but it was clearly understood that he was not for Sunday afternoon reading.) It was discoverable, however, and was in fact pointed out, that Alfieri had composed a drama on the subject of Saul, king of Israel. There might not be harm in that provided the subject were treated religiously, but profane subjects—*e.g.*, Timoleone——were to be avoided. Released, so to speak, on his own recognisances, and on the undertaking to come up for judgment when called for, he subsided into *Saul*, with the grateful sensation that he was, at any rate, in the company of gentlemen. It is a queer little Victorian picture.

Of a plain material the artist will make a distinguished costume; the workman lacking art fashions the dowdy alone. Given rich material, the artist will make you magnificent; the unhandy turns you out garish, or even vulgar. The parallel with prose is not unfair; and in all cases fashion has a word to say.

As material for prose few subjects can be more uninviting than piracy, a most 'ungenteel' business (see *Francis Burke*). After the Fourth Form (the age avid of hardbake) piracy ceases to attract until graver years, when we have to contemplate it as a 'disturbing factor in our economical relations with the West Indian islands.' Wait for the artist. Then, if you are not too great and grand to learn something or too fastidious to enjoy a rapturous tale, read *The Gentleman Adventurer*.

All this time we have, perhaps, hardly done justice to one important function of style, to wit, creation. We all talk of Ruritania and the Rassendylls; we have talked of them any time these thirty years and more. Yet there is no such country on the map. Who put it there? Its creator. Rassendyll, Black Michael, the Princess Flavia, even the King himself, are more alive than our 'commonplace and obliterated' companions of daily life, yet they never existed. Here, then, in our own time, is an excellent example of the triumph of style, not only over poverty of material, but over the absolute dearth of material.

In the case of Heaven and Hell the material is present in abundance, and it is stupendously solemn. Nevertheless, be you as ponderous as Swedenborg, as majestic as Milton, or as vivid as Dante himself, you shall come to grief if you travel outside the Bible.

What did Tennyson write of Dante?

> I, wearing but the garland of a day,
> Cast at thy feet one flower, that fades away

That ought to silence presumptuous thoughts, but what if the thoughts will come, and what if they do not sound presumptuous? Is it better to be honest and wrong or slily plausible? Every man must take his choice.

So, to return to the considerations with which this paper opened, Dante had 'been to London.' In fact, he had been much further: he had been to Hell, said the Florentines, and this is a parable, and lamentably true throughout the ages of every man who takes a pen in hand and tries to write.

A fortunate accident enables me to add a comment. Fifty years ago Mr. Henry James wrote *Daisy Miller*, *Portraits of Places*, *An International Episode* and *The American*. About the same time Mr. Norris wrote *No New Thing*.

As regards Mr. James' books here cited, we need not stop to inquire which is the most brilliant piece of work, for they are all gems of the first water. Both artists wrought excellently and in not dissimilar prose. The one, having found or matured his style, preserved it. For half a century he has not varied; whatever he has to say to-day is lucidly clear, as it was fifty years ago. Mr.

James, on the other hand, came to look on his style not only as a precious thing—which it was—but as something far more valuable than the matter of which it was legitimately nothing but the vehicle. He therefore set himself the task of elaborating his style, so to speak, to nine places of decimals. This produced the natural result that, by the time the author had satisfied himself, the bewildered reader was wholly unable to understand what the author might be trying to say.

What a contrast with Rousseau! What he had to say was unmitigated nonsense, but how it 'goes down.' The only two great countries as yet uncontaminated by him are, to all appearances, Germany and America, kindred souls otherwise. With them lies the future; and they both have fine catchwords, the 'big stick' and the 'mailed fist,' which everybody can appreciate.

W. F. Lord.

SCOTT AND THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

In the summer of 1824 Scott published *Redgauntlet*, which had a moderate reception with the critics. Last November the manuscript of 214 pages was sold for 520*l.*, and later acquired by Mr. H. P. Macmillan for presentation to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, where *Waverley* and *Marmion* are also preserved. *Redgauntlet* has long been a favourite with Scott's firm admirers, who are more numerous, perhaps, than the world of letters supposes. *Redgauntlet* is a good example of Scott's merits and defects. He is content for over 200 pages with an interchange of letters, a clumsy means of carrying on a story, and the main intrigue, as it only concerns keeping a young man out of Jacobite influences in England, seems a little trivial for all the weight it has to carry. Scott was careless about his plots, and, on his own admission, led so far out of his way by his favourite characters that he sometimes found it difficult to get back to the main path again. He wrote 'extempore,' as Carlyle groaned; but it was an 'extempore' that had behind it an immense memory, more knowledge of the world, high and low, rich and poor, and a broader sense of humanity, than most novelists can boast. Scott was led away by his best characters, but the exposition of character is one of the chief purposes of the novel. *Redgauntlet* is particularly rich in this regard. The pedantically precise but kindly lawyer, whom Scott drew from his own father; the gentle Quaker roused to a spice of the world and the devil on occasion; the crazy litigant, whose case is a standing joke of the Courts; the Prince, no longer so hopeful and 'bonnie' as he was in the days of *Waverley*—all these stand out with unforgettable distinction. There is, too, the inimitable tale told by the blind fiddler.

There is no one so fair to all his wonderfully varied world as Scott, so ready to find the 'soul of goodness in things evil.' He can understand the villain, the pedant, the trifler, even the murderer, and see how they came to be what they are. A sentimental Jacobite from youth upwards, he saw the sound merits of the other side. It has been claimed that he did not understand the Puritans; at least, he made them astonishingly eloquent. He was quite incapable of writing the 'novel with a purpose,' a thing

full of exaggeration and gross unfairness which has never reached good art. Moved as we may be for the moment by these topical masterpieces, we go back to the eighteenth century maxim:

> Bitters and acids may excite,
> But satisfy not appetite.

Scott has, as Bagehot remarked, that 'animated moderation' which belongs to Shakespeare—not always, but Shakespeare at his best. He lacks the exploring mind that gave us *Hamlet* and went deep into the puzzle of life. He was a man of action, spoiled by his lame leg—to the great advantage of the world of readers. With Shakespeare, he shows a zest for country sports unusual in literary men of any rank. But the spirit of deep contemplation and infinite doubt—the metaphysics of genius—was not his. He was busy observing, enjoying, explaining the animated spectacle of life before him. The practice of abusing authors for missing qualities they do not possess, and features they do not attempt to reproduce, still keeps some critics busy, but it is futile and misleading.

In dealing with love affairs, Scott shows great reserve, not for want of experience, since his long agony over a lost love is well known. He does not make anything of love's embraces. In English fiction the first kiss between man and woman is not analysed till Hardy. While some readers may regret this reserve, at least, it does not allow the emotions of love—generally raised by modern novelists to that rare and dangerous thing, passion—to dwarf the rest of the story, and leave all figures except the hero and the heroine mere sketches. Scott's villains are his best characters; and all villains have this advantage over heroes, that they are not bound, 'beyond destiny,' as Homer says, to survive incredible perils and disasters; nor pledged, like historical characters, to do things already known. They are free to show that wild justice which is more romantic than the practice of good sense, and even at the great moment to sacrifice themselves and make a good end. With Scott they play a vital part in the action of the story, unlike Dickens's great grotesques. These are to modern taste the best part of Dickens's achievement, but they are generally added to the plot. They move in it for our delight, but they do not carry it on. They often seem a bundle of some particular vice rather than men and women.

When Scott deals with historical figures, he takes liberties with time and place, as Shakespeare did; but he is seldom out in a character. Macaulay, in his slapdash manner, has accused him of creating 'the most grotesque of all monsters' in the Duke of Buckingham of *Peveril of the Peak*. This is not the opinion of the best expert on the period. Professor Firth, in the *Dictionary of*

National Biography, mentions Scott's view as worthy of regard with those of Burnet, Dryden and Pope. Dryden's Zimri, indeed, might be thought a creature of impossible fancy; but he is, says Professor Firth, 'in truth a faithful likeness, not a caricature.'

One of the finest things in *Redgauntlet* is the vision of Claverhouse among the ghastly company of revellers from Hell in 'Wandering Willie's Tale':

> And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang.

This tale, carefully revised and rewritten by Scott, remains at the top of English short stories, concealing an art which one of the subtlest of professors has explained.[1] It is a masterpiece alike in construction and language. Stevenson strove after it in *Tod Lapraik*, which he inserted in *Catriona*, with as much success as could be hoped; but the effect of his story is not equal to Scott's. He had not Scott's naturalness. For one thing, in his time the Doric of Scotland was no longer familiar, from the beggar to the Lord Justice. He could not command the flowing vernacular of the Scotch Waverleys. He had to imagine his Braxfield. Scott, as a member of the Edinburgh Bar, heard Braxfield for some years, and was famous for his parody of the oddities of his judicial rival.[2] Scott's language came from the lips of men who had lived the Jacobite romance he wrote. He had not to look things up—they were ready in his wonderful memory, or to hand in the language of his servants and the common people, who all adored him, and spoke to him as freely as if that 'class consciousness' we hear so much about to-day did not exist. A good Scots word in Stevenson sometimes stands out as if it were saying, 'Admire me! I am right, and I took a long time to get here!' Of Scott's style Stevenson made the ungenerous and absurd remark that he would have been turned off the staff of a modern newspaper; but elsewhere he has recognised his master, and praised him according to his due. Scott is by no means so careless as casual critics make him.

An overdressed style is as ineffective as a too plain one. It increases the unnaturalness which every writer of historical novels has to contend with. It is idle to talk of Wardour Street English, because every writer indulges in some compromise between the past and the present when he goes some years back. How many people would or could read a novel of the days of Chaucer written

[1] See Verrall, *The Prose of Walter Scott*, Literary Essays, 1913.
[2] Lord Eskgrove See Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*.

in Chaucerian English? How many people could write it, if it was wanted? Scott's effects in the 'big bow-wow' vein may be occasionally ridiculous, but they are very much the same as those of his successors. This is a part of the historical novel in which many have since attained a good mouth-filling level, as well as bombast. Shakespeare himself could be bombastic, and lent Scott some of his startling vocabulary. But no one has written since Scott a book like *The Fortunes of Nigel.* The critics who know in detail the language and manners of the day are not creative artists; and others are less well provided with the 'extempores' which Carlyle regretted.

Shakespeare, the greatest of all, was at times a faulty writer, and by no means, as Matthew Arnold had the courage to point out, a consistent artist in all his work. Like Scott, he could, even in his period of maturity, huddle up a story. In *Cymbeline* the amount of issues to be cleared up in one scene is such that the text itself talks of a 'fierce abridgement.' Stories that approach perfection in the details of the action and the careful choice of words may serve as models for critics; but they are often of second-rate value for the reader. The 'God's plenty' overflows in men of genius whose quick-coming thoughts and endless invention carry them to exaggerations, anachronisms, and the whole tribe of faults in which Zoilus rejoices. '*Nihil est ab omni parte beatum,*' as Horace said long since. Faults to some may be beauties to others. The main question remains: Has the man power? Can he move us? Has he added at once to our pleasure and enlightenment in his exposition of humanity?

This very question, 'Mon, hae ye ony poo'er?' was put to Scott before he had written anything by David Ritchie, the weird, fortune-telling original of the Black Dwarf. His cabalistic cat sprang up, though Scott deprecated the inquiry, and the verdict was 'He has poo'er. Ay, he has poo'er.' Ritchie was right. No one can doubt Scott's power of moving the reader when Meg Merrilies declaims her magnificent rebuke to the Laird of Ellangowan, when the old fisherman in *The Antiquary* bewails the death of his son at sea and curses his boat, or when Clara in *St. Ronan's Well* wanders distraught with love and terror. These are effects which the greatest of our day, or any day, may envy.

But the Waverleys are, it is now commonly said, tedious reading in the flat parts of the narrative. The complaint belongs to an age which has taken to itself brevity and smartness, and might own Mr. Jingle as its model, supported by a row of ineffable asterisks. Up to the 'nineties of the last century Scott's way of writing was not conspicuously old-fashioned. At that time heroines began to swear, and joined heroes in talking a great deal. Little description was left in the third person. Kipling abolished the semicolon.

Talk became the greater part of a novel. So far as this talk exhibited character and got on the story, it was preferable to indirect statement, but it has more frequently exhibited the easy writing and hard reading which leads nowhere, the staggering discontinuity of English conversation. Instead of epigrams and inverted paradoxes Scott gave his readers memorable proverbs and sayings of the homely sort. In joining the flats of his story he could be Johnsonian, but, like Johnson, he wrote no nonsense. His words, if heavy, had a right and effective meaning ; and he did not seek, like many Victorians of note, to improve the occasion. He never lectured his readers. He was sagacious in a worldly way, if the reader pleases, but never a 'prig.' His sentiment—for the Stuarts and for historic names—was kept within bounds. To-day, in the twentieth century, his books are much more secure of life than the whole crop of the Kailyard, carefully watered and complacently fostered as it was by indulgent publishers and reviewers. Even the market-place, with its crude sense of literary survival, keeps up the Waverley pen, and tempts smokers to cigarettes with a caricature of Scott's face on the hoardings.

There is a reason for the permanence of the Waverley Novels, apart from their purple patches of emotion and excitement. The figures of Scott's wide world spring naturally from their background. This is not a happy accident. It is the result of a mind which always saw the past in the present, found nothing commonplace, as is the way of genius, and enjoyed everything. A Tory, Scott was no reformer, though he anticipated Ruskin in employing his own people to work at arts and crafts on the spot, and use their brains on things like the big table at Abbotsford. He had no panaceas for the future, but his fine sagacity, backed by his marvellous memory, realised the world, as it had been and was, better than most men. The Scottish type of character, with its virtues and peculiarities, is strongly marked and persistent. Scott had studied it across the centuries. He was a social historian when he reproduced it, often with a poet's touch, for—

> The world but feels the present's spell
> The poet feels the past as well

Few have had so wide a range of friends. He could fascinate both a king and a beggar, a surly antiquary and a little Cocker spaniel.

In one sense he was not a typical Scot. He had no gift for patronising other people, like Carlyle and his own Andrew Fairservice and Richie Moniplies, who remain, however defeated and disgraced, consistently aware of their own merits and capabilities. Generous and genial to a fault, Scott was the most modest of men, refusing to be lionised and happiest among his own people. It was like him to get the French prisoners interned near him, and,

enerally shunned by his neighbours, to dine in his own house. It was like him to write to men of rank with an elaborate courtesy which foolish moderns have made into nauseating servility. It was like him to be a hero to his valet, who refused with tears to leave him when his fortunes were broken. Since 1890 Scott's *Journal*, from which Lockhart quoted, can be read in full. It is one of the greatest monuments ever raised by a man to his own character. In humour and humanity Scott is with Cervantes.

We know little of Shakespeare except that he was a charming companion, and ready to help all sorts of people. Beyond lies a reserve that critics interpret as they please. Scott's life was open and joyous; he had no Elizabeth to deal with! But he might have been spoilt for serious work by the attentions of his friends. '*Amici fures temporis.*' A favourite in all circles, he yet got through an immense amount of solid labour, and did it well, even when it was only the duties of a local sheriff.[8] His carelessness was confined—disastrously in the end—to his own works and the conditions of their production. Those who abuse him for this have to face Shakespeare's similar indifference. The one W. S. and the other show some curious parallels. Both took a pleasure in introducing law terms somewhat pedantically into their writing. May not the mystery of Shakespeare's knowledge be explained by a memory like Scott's? *The Tempest* uses a number of vivid phrases from a narrative not published till some years later. If Shakespeare listened to a seaman, and, though apparently inattentive, was able later to reproduce all the vivid things he said, he would be only anticipating what we know Scott to have done. It is difficult not to think that for both the claims of life were more than those of literature. Shakespeare, with his coat-of-arms and his property at Stratford, and Scott, with his Abbotsford and his desire to found a family—both thought it worth while to attain the honours of a gentleman. Balzac would be De Balzac of an ancient Gaulish family, and brought a lawsuit against the *Revue de Paris* to establish his right to the prefix. The ideal is a little out of date and repute, but it is not one that—with these great names to back it—the critic of life and letters can put aside as ridiculous.

VERNON RENDALL.

[8] See *Sir Walter Scott as a Judge: his Decisions in the Sheriff Court of Selkirk*, by John Chisholm, K.C., 1918

BRET HARTE'S GENIUS

THOSE who have crossed America and touched the edge of the Pacific can well believe the saying that California has a way of cramming a century into a decade. Her last eight decades have certainly made more history than the rest combined. Within the span of memory she has emerged from sun-dazzled torpor into an era of ultra-modern luxury, and in the process has evolved a literature of her own as stirring and vivid as any in the West. Among her writers there is one who may be styled the Laureate of the Pacific belt, though he was born a 'Yankee,' came and settled in Europe, and died a nomad and in the higher sense a cosmopolitan. Perhaps this is why his writings have been spared that over-accretion of 'ana' and memorabilia which stamps a man the prey of the collector. Like Heine, he paid the penalty of candour in exile; like Heine, his powers of derision cost him friends. But limitations like these only deepen his interest for those with first-hand appreciation of sterling work. Even his detractors, when they talk of Francis Bret Harte and the short story, set him in the same constellation with Poe and De Maupassant; and better-balanced judges may look in vain for his superior in fire, originality, characterisation, or range of power.

He could have found no better environment than the California of the middle 'fifties. The West had had a double awakening, and cynics jeered at the ease with which the acquisition of territory from Mexico was followed by the gold rush of 1849. The rest of the story covers familiar ground, but it was Bret Harte who made it so. By the time he arrived in the West, at the age of seventeen, the Wilmot proviso in regard to slavery had failed, and the Civil War had come and gone. The placid days of the Jesuit *régime* in the West were over, and its missions have had no such historian as the French pioneers of the North and East found in Parkman. We can only surmise how hordes of converts and catechumens melted away—Spaniards into the chaotic violence of the South, Indians into the slower death of reservations, phthisis, and decay. The type of Padre Felipe sank into a memory, leaving many a bleaching ruin of 'calvary' and chapel, and strewing the Pacific

coast with sainted place-names like a jewelled rosary ten thousand miles in length.

The reign of the derringer and the dynamite fuse supervened. Then came the commercialism of the canning sheds, and lastly the era of the film-factory and the shadow show. Some day, perhaps, the cinema will 'feature' this sequence of progress in three stages: gold in the chalice, gold in the gulch, and gold in the pockets of Charlie Chaplin. The transition is more tragic than it looks, and the end is not yet. Thirty years ago it was noted by R. L. Stevenson, and his chapter on the decline of Monterey is a *tour de force* in the art of irony. For, as he complained, the encroachments of an alien civilisation had ousted peaceful mission work for the operations of the land-grabber, the Big Bonanza, and the flaunting caravanserai. If he had lived to see this age of oil and hustle, he might have voted it 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame.'

The gold rush brought this melting-pot of races to the boiling point, and filled the newly christened town of San Francisco with a picturesque scum. Try as the Western areas may to fuse and purge themselves, this ganglion of races has become more and more of a problem. But the ''forty-niners' were not harassed by foreign complications beyond the jostling contact of life from day to day. When resort to revolvers failed, or Judge Lynch overstepped the mark, the Vigilance Committee came to life and requisitioned its fifty thousand men. Harte describes this as

> the most peaceful, orderly, well-organised, and temperate mob the world had ever known, and yet in conception as lawless, autocratic, and imperious as the conditions it opposed.

It was in the thick of this conflict with 'God-forsaken holler foolishness' that Bret Harte came into view. On the strength of his ballad of *Truthful James* (and his verse does not concern us here), he is usually credited with using humour as a veil for Sinophobia, but those who make this hasty inference have clearly not read his tale of *Wan Lee* or the rest of his work. Curiously enough, it was a drama in collaboration, with *Ah Sin* for title, that sundered his friendship with an old colleague, Mark Twain. They had entered into fame together, the one with *Jumping Frog*, the other with *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and both had reason to rage at the public's folly in singling out these casual 'backwoods sketches' to the exclusion of more deliberate and responsible work. Well, the public remains consistent in its wilfulness, but this point is of minor importance compared with the much-disputed question which of these young authors led the way in the awakening of the West. A letter from Clemens settles it fairly. Writing in 1866, he expresses a loyal conviction that his old

colleague was the veritable pioneer of the West in American literature :

> Though I am generally placed at the head of my breed of scribblers in this part of the country, the place properly belongs to Bret Harte, I think, though he denies it, along with the rest.

There is one important clue to method and point of view, and that is the modest paper Bret Harte wrote for the *Cornhill* a quarter of a century ago. It is at once a disclaimer and an essay in self-exposition, and the chances are ten to one that the author designed for it another title than 'The Rise of the Short Story.' He says in effect that the short story in America was none of his creation ; it was an instrument that came his way from the hands of Poe and Hawthorne. But these and their successors had wasted their opportunities, for they had treated the West as a lurid back-cloth for their imaginings, whether macabre or sentimental. They had not realised how America was a turmoil of races, and it remained for himself to benefit by that perception. He set to work to picture California as a region like nothing else on earth, but Californians as fundamentally identifiable with human beings elsewhere. He excelled by expressing Western character in its native lingo, and setting both in a framework of brief and lucid narrative. He never prosed, and he never preached. And if he sometimes fell into that sententious super-gentility he so derides in Mrs. Brooks of Telegraph Hill, something must be conceded to an age whose literary ideals were still a 'back look, lingering.'

Bret Harte, in a word, helped to liberate Western literature from the thraldom of the eighteenth century. Where his predecessors used ceremonious diction to round up a decorous idea, Harte flicked off the touch required in a telling word or two, and banished a yawn by the irresistibility of his humour. The vicissitudes of life in Roaring Gulch or Sandy Bar had caught him at an impressionable age, and he dealt with that crude and reckless community in terms it could understand. He drew from it a fund of episode and character rougher than any quartz in the miner's 'cradle,' and turned it into vignettes and types of sterling metal, turbulent, dissolute, profane, acute, but, above all things, human. The result has been travestied and copied so often, and to so little lasting purpose, that his work gains all the more by contrast. He has been mocked for his Spanish tags, his occasional dandyisms in phraseology, his ''forty-niners' and their freedom in the use of arms and oaths, his women of faded virtue, his untamed but lovable youngsters, his convivial touches, and the rest. But he packed the essence of life and adventure into the very idiom of effective speech, and he woke up to find

himself famous. The Cinderella of the West not only surpassed her Eastern sisters in grace and beauty, but she drew the other slipper from a ragged pocket and handed it to the prince of story-tellers. The thought, he said, of one of his characters, as he might have said of himself,

> was not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period; yet it never was rustic nor homespun, and sometimes struck home with its precision and fitness.

Poe drew his characters from the charnel-house and his plots from Bedlam, as if to set off a marvellous sanity and force of style by the very wildness of his material. It would be hard to find in any literature a better opening than the first few sentences of his *Cask of Amontillado*, a tale which in the telling is a model. But the worst of all mannerisms is the perpetual exclusion of daylight, and though it shines now and then in the verse of Poe, 'the sun never beams' in his tales of mystery and imagination. Hawthorne, a Puritan in life and habit, was less of a purist in style than he is labelled in lectures and text-books; and even his shorter narratives labour under that ponderousness which makes *The Scarlet Letter* so truly *démodé*. De Maupassant alone of the three, perhaps, can vie with Bret Harte for range of plot and lightness of touch, but the effect on the reader after a volume or two of the Norman master is one of depression, if not nausea. Bret Harte rejoices in a gaiety and resilience that are absent from all three; indeed, his sunny disposition makes Poe by comparison seem unearthly and half insane, De Maupassant seem earthy and insanitary.

So far as plots went—that crucial problem with the short story writer unless he is content with expanded anecdotes or photographic *tranches de vie*—Bret Harte's preferences were all for simple issues. But he embroiders them with refined emotions and a delicate fancy, usually on a framework of high constructive skill. There is something arbitrary in classifying works of art like these, but take his representative stories, and they group themselves roughly according to a few favourite motives. These may be set forth briefly as follows:

RECONCILIATION

The Iliad of Sandy Bar. Old chums estranged.
A Knight Errant of the Foot-hills. Spanish and American ideas.
The Outcasts of Poker Flat. Chance companions in adversity.
The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh. A bequest of misanthropy.
Wan Lee, Pagan. Barbarism rebuked.

LOVE OF CHILDREN

How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar. The Christmas theme.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. Civilising effects of a nativity.
An Episode of Fiddletown. A light woman tamed by a child.
The Idyl of Red Gulch. A mother's renunciation.

Precocity by Force of Circumstance

Miggles. Made a woman before her time.
M'liss. The romance of a gipsy waif and her tutor.
Johnson's Old Woman. An orphaned home run by a child.

Phases of Friendship

Brown of Calaveras. An Enoch Arden story.
The Man of No Account. Renunciation and generosity.
Left out on Lone Star Mountain. A group of chums reunited.
Tennessee's Partner. Fidelity to a dead and discredited crony.
Captain Jim's Friend. The servitude of infatuation.

The Ugly Duckling, or Merit revealed

Colonel Starbottle's Client. The expiation of a murderer.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. An innkeeper marries an heiress.
The Fool of Five Forks. A mountain hermit's bequest.
The Man from Solano. An uncouth duffer's triumph in finance.

Re-emergence of the Past

Mrs. Shaggs's Husbands. A long-pent revenge.
The Great Deadwood Mystery. Cleared up by a bundle of letters.
A Secret of Telegraph Hill. Mercy makes a way for love.
The Argonauts of North Liberty. A second husband helped by the first.
Mr. Thompson's Prodigal. A father's opportunity wasted.

Feminine Heroism

An Heiress of Red Dog. Dumb affection thrown away.
The Postmistress of Laurel Run. She saves a thief from arrest.
The Princess Bob and her Friends. An Indian's self-sacrifice.
The New Assistant, etc. Overlooking a man's shady record.

One desideratum of the good short story is that it may be read many times over, like some choice passage in a well-told novel; and this holds true in not a few instances, with increase of pleasure at each return. But in too many authors, perhaps, this is because the impression left upon the mind is one of contrivance rather than conviction and eccentricity rather than truth to life and character. Inside the circle of his short stories Bret Harte has created a group of characters destined to live as long as any in full-dress fiction. Colonel Starbottle borrows something, perhaps, from the conviviality of Captain Costigan and the florid buoyancy of Mr. Micawber, as well as a fiery trace of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in Sheridan's play. But he has a heavy-father gallantry with a dramatic snap that are all his own; and his conversion of a hostile audience in the story of his *Client* is a masterpiece of bluff. In most critiques and comments this particular yarn finds itself eclipsed by earlier works, but when we have made all allowances for the degree to which they pack suspense, sympathy, humour, and surprise into the compass of a few pages, it is doubtful if they can be held to surpass *Colonel Starbottle's Client* according to any valid standard of criticism. In the clash of character between the sprightly Sally and the haughty Julia, the

latter's subjugation by a Dobbin-like hero at a sorry disadvantage, and the righting of values in a tragic ending, it remains about as near perfection as one can well desire.

Style and sex are too often the rocks on which our romancers come to grief, and Bret Harte emerges with flying colours. A rough school such as gave him his training is apt to endow its graduates with the mantle of misanthropy, but with him this was merely a conversational garnish. Emerson records a visit from him in the 'seventies when they argued which was the stronger civilising influence, vice or virtue, and as the sage of Concord was the recorder of the wrangle, virtue won. But this bitterness is only a touch of garlic relish in these incomparable stories, and it will remain a mystery where he found, unless by intuition, the material for fashioning characters like Jessie Mayfield in a region of violence where to be a woman was to be a byword. Not infrequently he surprises the reader with a flash that is exquisitely modern, or so we pride ourselves. The refusal of 'Miggles' to submit to matrimony for fear of having her motives impugned is the sort of whim that is rare except in the wire-puzzle intricacy which abounds elsewhere, but it anticipates many a play and novel which have made a name. This kind of thing, like his turn for the subtle analysis of psychology in plain and attractive terms, must have been a new sensation for the Pacific slope, and we can well understand the qualms it aroused among printers who were steeped in a mush of truisms, whisky, and bloodshot 'blatherskite.' He never stooped to the physical jerks that pass for strong writing to-day, or dabbled in that sexuality which spoils too many pretentious novels. Delicacy of nature, like humour, has its own secrets, and we shall probably find his inner self was moulded by a mother who was widowed early in life, but fortified by a wealth of natural refinement. The Talmud has an axiom that says: 'Wisest is he who has learned at his mother's knee,' and it was a dash of Dutch and Hebrew blood that explains no little that was puzzling in the artistic sensibility of this hybrid of the West who so rejoiced in garnishing his truly Latin eloquence with what he called 'sabre-cuts of Saxon.'

Constituted as he was, it would be too much to expect him not to yield now and then to the grim genius of Balzac; and here and there we catch an echo of the thwarted aims, the stern retributions, the remorseless iconoclasm, of the *Comédie Humaine*. But Harte's ruling affinity was Dickens, as has often been noted; and his simple elegy by way of gratitude, *Dickens in Camp*—knocked off as a piece of journalism—deserves a place alongside *Thyrsis* and *Adonaïs*. It was this frank study of Boz, doubtless, which developed his weakness for the grandiose Latinisms that formed the staple of Victorian eloquence; but it also helped him

to make this Ciceronian habit of diction an artistic setting for the raciness and whimsicality of Western slang and dialogue. It was also Dickens's example, maybe, that led him to label his 'heavies' with compounded surnames like Rollingstone, Ringround, Beeswinger, Boompointer, and the rest. Many of them figure in his only novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, a work that suffered from the extravagant price paid for it and unintelligent treatment in many of the reviews. Nor has the strain of criticism done him justice since. We have grown accustomed to finding him dismissed in a page or two of literary survey, and authors like Henry James spread out into chapters of imitative verbiage. The fat-ox principle may appeal to some, but space for the spacious is a fallacy that destroys proportion. Our compensation lies in the probability that Yuba Bill and a few of the characters already named will enjoy an undiminished popularity and vigour when the Brigstocks and Princess Casamassima gasp and wither in the convalescent homes of academic disquisition. Fortunately this stereotyped and parasitic criticism perishes early, and finds its end in a Gadarene swamp of abstract terms. But its very plenitude prolongs the agony. As Master Gulliver said of dictionary-makers and writers of travels, the authors are 'sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who came last and therefore lie uppermost.'

Harte, after a triumphant term in the Eastern States, came to live in Europe and remained a patriot, but a friend to this country, when she was not so popular abroad. Like other Americans since, he may have lost some degree of favour with his countrymen, but this decline has been overstated. Possibly if he had waited for better days, and come to us like Mark Twain in the fulness of his fame, that fame would have been all the more endorsed. As it is, time is 'catching up' with him, and doing justice more and more to his achievement in many fields—in the lyric and the parody, in the manipulation of dialect and *genre*, in a breadth of outlook second to none among his countrymen, and in the pre-eminence of his genius as a writer of short stories. But it is his sovereign gift of humour that makes him unapproachable, and we have outlived the day when a Glasgow professor in a treatise on *American Literature* could scout nine-tenths of its humour as an affair of machine-made hyperbole or mirth by recipe and prescription. Humour is always in opposition where McSnagsby and his class are in power; it has therefore to remain content on the cross-benches, with its inseparable ally, Humanity. And Bret Harte was a high-priest of both.

J. P. COLLINS.

ENGLISH SPELLING

I

On Thursday, July 31, 1924, the Right Hon. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., the President of the Board of Education, received an influential deputation which presented to him a memorial upon the subject of reform in the spelling of the English language. Among the signatories of the memorial were men so well known in the educational and social world as Sir Robert Baden Powell, Professor Emery Barnes, the Right Hon. A. Henderson, M.P. (the Home Secretary), Dr. Kimmins, Dr. Leaf, Dr. Macnamara, Dr. Macan (the late Master of University College at Oxford), Sir Theodore Morison (the Principal of Armstrong College in Newcastle), Sir Gilbert Murray, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Ronald Ross, Sir Michael Sadler (the Master of University College at Oxford), and Sir Arthur Shipley (the Master of Christ's College at Cambridge). It was their object to urge upon him, in the language of a petition which had been addressed to the Prime Minister, that 'the irregularities and inconsistencies of English spelling involve a deplorable waste of time and mental energy in education, without any compensating gain,' and that 'the adoption of a consistent spelling, by removing a serious hindrance to the spread of English within the British Empire and as an international language, would be productive of great intellectual and commercial advantage'; and to plead for the appointment of 'a Commission, which should include scholars, teachers, men of letters and men of business, to consider the whole question, to report whether reform be desirable and practicable, and if so, to indicate what ought to be its nature and how it may best be introduced.' The President of the Board of Education replied, in true official style, that his mind upon the subject of reformed spelling was open, that he realised how grave were the drawbacks to the present chaotic system of spelling, but that he did not yet see how it could be improved, that he thought the promoters of reform must first agree on the nature of the reform which they advocated, and that he would give further consideration to the arguments which had been laid before him.

The subject of spelling reform is indeed no novelty. More than fifty years ago a Spelling Reform Association was established, containing among its members such high authorities as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Darwin, Lord Tennyson, Lord Avebury, Sir George Trevelyan, Archbishop Temple, Sir James Murray and Professor Skeat. The Imperial Education Conference in 1911 passed a resolution that the simplification of English spelling was 'a matter of great and urgent importance.' Since then the reform of English spelling has been advocated by a slowly increasing number of teachers in the Universities and in the public schools of Great Britain. It has been supported more strongly by a great many leaders of industry, both at home and abroad. The arguments for simplification in the spelling of the English language may be conveniently arranged under three heads:

1. There can be little doubt that the present spelling is educationally injurious. It necessitates a heavy waste of a boy's or a girl's time. For the problem of education is no longer, as it once was, how it is possible to occupy the years of school life, but how it is possible to find or make room in the years of school life for the many subjects which now claim admission to the educational curriculum; and whatever time is lost, whether through a choice of unsuitable subjects or through a defect of method in the teaching of subjects which are suitable in themselves, is an error for which the adult must pay an account all through the years of his or her future life. It will be worth while here to quote the opinion expressed by Dr. Macan in the Preface which he contributed to a pamphlet issued by the Simplified Spelling Society under the title *Breaking the Spell: An Appeal to Common Sense*:

> The educational argument [he says] for a reform of our spelling ought alone to carry the day. Every child who learns to spell correctly has, on the average, wasted a thousand hours of school time in acquiring this precious accomplishment. That figure, multiplied throughout the nation, the Commonwealth, the Empire—to say nothing of other lands and peoples—might give some idea of the sheer waste of time and energy in the education of the young The indirect reaction of an irrational spelling upon growing and inquiring minds should not be forgotten. The proverbial *incuria* of the English mind—its indifference to the application of scientific intelligence and method to the problems of life—is, in my opinion, not unconnected with the irrationality of our spelling. If we had had a reform in our spelling, we should not still be clamouring for the adoption of the metric system in our weights and measures. Our orthography defeats the attempts of foreigners to learn English; it is a bar to the wider, perhaps the almost universal, employment of English in the intercourse, commercial and spiritual, of mankind.

2. The second argument for reform is the commercial. There

is in the *History of Penny Postage* a striking passage relative to the opinion of Sir Rowland Hill:

That knowledge might be more easily brought within the reach of all, he was eager to see a reform of what, to use his own words, 'is grossly misnamed orthography.' 'For myself,' he writes, 'I frankly confess that I have always made it a practice to have a spelling dictionary at hand, and have not infrequently to turn to its pages. My education must, then, it will be said, have been defective. True enough; but of how many has the education been more defective? And even in those who have attained proficiency, how great has been the sacrifice of time else applicable to beneficial study!'

Nobody who has lived in a great industrial city of the Empire can well be ignorant of the complaints so often made by leading men of business that the clerks who come from elementary or even secondary schools into their offices are found unable to write letters which are correct alike in grammar and in spelling. A great many of the mistakes in spelling arise from the unscientific character of English orthography, *i.e.*, from the number of cases in which the same combination of letters represents different sounds, or different combinations of letters represent the same sound. But this difficulty, if it affects people who are born and brought up in English-speaking homes, must far more strongly affect foreigners in their use of the English language. The late Lord Bryce in his inaugural address at the Annual Conference of Educational Societies in London said in January 1914:

A few months ago in Japan, where, as all over the East, English is beginning to become the language of commerce, some Japanese friends deplored to me the difficulties our spelling throws in the way of their efforts to spread the use of our language, and asked whether we were never going to reform it. Merely as a business proposition, such a reform would be worth a vast deal to British trade.

In a paper upon 'Spelling Reform: its Benefits to Commerce,' Mr. Brodrick quotes the following opinion of the German philologist Grimm:

When we consider the richness of the English language, its intellectuality and condensed adaptability, no one of all the other living languages may be placed at its side, not even our German language. . . . The Continentalists may congratulate themselves that the English have not discovered that their whimsical mode of spelling stands in the way of the world-spread of their language.

Beside it may be set the opinion of the Scandinavian educational writer Norregaard in the *Morgenbladet*, a newspaper published in Christiania:

English is *par excellence* in all commerce. . . . Linguistically it is the clearest and easiest speech, with the simplest syntax and grammar; it is the most terse and pithy, and at the same time the richest of languages.

. . . **Add to all this that it gives access to a literature as large in every department as that of any other country, and it seems self-evident that it must in time become the common world language. There is only one thing that really stands in the way, and makes the learning of English unnecessarily difficult. That obstacle is its spelling.**

3. Passages so quoted suggest that the English language possesses not only a commercial, but an international, value. There is no question which the friends of peace and goodwill among men ought to have more at heart than the question of a universal language. For if the nations of the world ever practically realise their common humanity, they will realise it in such degree as they are able to converse freely one with another. The curse of Babel has hung like a cloud over the history of mankind. But the cloud will burst when one language is—if it ever is—universally spoken.

It has often been debated, as it was a few years ago in the Educational Section of the British Association, whether such a language as Volapuk, Esperanto or Ido should not be taught in addition to the vernacular languages in all countries, as being better suited than any one of these languages to attain the universal acceptance of humanity. Unfortunately the supporters of Volapuk, Esperanto and Ido were so fiercely occupied at the meeting of the Educational Section in attacking one another that they left little time for a scientific comparison between natural and artificial languages. But the fact seems to be that language is a living growth ; it is not a manufacture. No emperor or king can change by his authoritative will the gender of a single substantive, as Carlyle shows by his account of the monarch whom he calls Sigismund super Grammaticam in his *History of Frederick the Great*. Not only would an artificial language, if it ever came into general vogue, be an addition to the number of existing languages ; but there seems to be little prospect that such a language would ever be studied and spoken, except by a limited number of specialists in particular countries. That these specialists may carry on conversation, and may even listen to speeches and sermons, in an artificial language, is true enough, although the capacity of these languages for expressing adequately the delicate *nuances* of thought and feeling has not yet been proved. But that mankind generally will ever learn and use an artificial language is so improbable as to be practically impossible. A universal language, if one ever comes into use, will be one of the natural spoken languages of mankind, and it will almost certainly be English. There is a striking passage in the Report of the Departmental Committee appointed in May 1919, over which Sir Henry Newbolt presided, upon the Teaching of English in England : 'The position of the English language in the

world affords another argument for all children being taught English as distinct from a dialect of English. At the request of the Northern Peace Conference which met in Stockholm in 1919, the Northern Peace Union addressed an inquiry to representatives of countries where none of the three great languages (English, German and French) are spoken as to which was, in their opinion, the most suitable language for universal use. Fifty-four replies were received. Of these one was in favour of German, eight of French, one of Latin or Spanish, five of Ido or Esperanto. No less than twenty-nine, a majority of the whole, were in favour of English; and the report of the inquiry concludes: "If English is to become the international language, everybody who wishes to learn it must be given an opportunity. It must be taught in all the schools of the world, optional in elementary schools and compulsory in the higher schools." If this is a measure of the prestige which the English language possesses abroad, it surely merits more attention in the schools of England, if only from the point of view of a practical asset. English children, required by law to attend school, are surely entitled to be taught, in a scientific and effective way, the accepted speech of their own country.'

The wide and ever-widening diffusion of the English language over the world can be demonstrated by some few indisputable facts. At the close of the eighteenth century French was the language generally used by cultivated persons who spoke any language besides their own In the nineteenth century, and especially in the latter half of the century, German gained a signal importance, owing to the military and the commercial achievements of the German people. Since the development of South America the Spanish language, which is everywhere spoken except in Brazil, has spread over so large a portion of the world's surface that it will in time probably rank second to English alone, at least in its commercial utility. But 'the stars in their courses' seem to fight in favour of the English language. A century and a half ago Robertson, the historian, wrote to Gibbon urging him to compose his history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in English rather than in French, as there was reason to expect that the United States of America would in the coming days afford so wide a circulation to English literature. To-day the population of the United States exceeds 100,000,000 souls, and English is the natural language of them all; for foreigners who become naturalised citizens of the United States almost necessarily learn to speak and write English, and even if they do not acquire the English language, their children acquire it, and employ it instead of the language which was spoken by their fathers and their forefathers. India contains

more than 300,000,000 souls, a fifth part of the population of the world; and there can be little doubt that English, which is now spoken by all educated Indians, will, as education progresses, soon or late become intelligible to all the peoples of India, even if it is not habitually spoken all over India. The great colonies of the British Empire, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the various colonies in Africa, all naturally and even necessarily extend the use of the English language. In Japan the names of the railway stations appear in English as well as in Japanese on the platforms of the stations; and I have myself delivered a lecture in the University of Tokio to some 2000 Japanese students at a meeting when all the proceedings from first to last were conducted by the representatives of Japan as well as of Great Britain in the English language. In China the uncouth dialect, known as 'pidgen' English, is the only or the chief vehicle of communication among the various sections or branches of the Chinese nation, a nation which is supposed to include no fewer than 400,000,000 souls.

The testimony of missionaries and of travellers in the less civilised regions of the world shows how the native populations tend to make use of English rather than any other foreign language. Let me cite as one instance only of this widely spread tendency a passage taken from the late R. L. Stevenson's book *In the South Seas*:

> English may be called and will almost certainly become the tongue of the Pacific. I will instance a few examples. I met in Majuro a Marshall Island boy who spoke excellent English. This he had learnt in the German firm at Jaluit, yet did not speak one word of German. I heard from a gendarme who had taught school in Rapa-iti that, while the children had the utmost difficulty to learn French, they picked up English on the wayside and as if by accident. On one of the most out-of-the-way atolls my friend Mr. Benjamin Hood was amazed to find the lads playing cricket on the beach and talking English; and it was in English that the crew of the *Janet Nicoll*, a set of black boys from different Melanesian islands, communicated with other natives throughout the cruise, transmitted orders and sometimes jested together on the forehatch. But what struck me perhaps most of all was a word I heard on the verandah of the tribunal at Noumea. A case had just been heard—a trial for infanticide against an ape-like native woman—and the audience was smoking cigarettes as they awaited the verdict. An anxious French lady, not far from tears, was eager for acquittal, and declared she would engage the prisoner to be her children's nurse. The bystanders exclaimed at the proposal; the woman was a savage, said they, and spoke no language. '*Mais vous savez*,' exclaimed the fair sentimentalist, '*ils apprennent si vite l'anglais*.'

Englishmen and Americans, as speaking English themselves, must naturally welcome the prospect of English becoming far the most extensively spoken language upon the face of the earth. They must naturally be eager to remove the difficulties in the

way of its universal acceptance, and of these difficulties the chief may be said to lie in the vagaries of English spelling.

English may not be the language best suited to universality. It has, indeed, the advantage that it possesses no genders, as against the disadvantage that it possesses no scientific laws of spelling. But it is history which ensures and will ensure the prevalence of English. So long as the British Empire and the United States of America retain their supremacy among the nations of the world, their language will be the dominant language of the world. As always happens, the peoples whose languages are the most widely useful are the worst linguists; the peoples whose languages outside their own countries are the least useful are the best. It is so that English, and still more American, men and women, and French as well, do not often speak any other language than their own, or, if they speak any other language, they speak it in a way which fails to disguise their own nationality. It is so that the Russians have been perhaps the most accomplished linguists among the nations of Europe. But the more regular the syntax, the grammar and the spelling of a language can be made, the greater is its chance of popularity.

It is not easy to appreciate the objections sometimes advanced against a reform of English spelling. There are critics who have argued that the vagaries of spelling bear witness to the historical development of the English language. The point which they make or seek to make is that spelling affords a clue to the etymology of words. But Sir James Murray, the celebrated editor of the great Oxford Dictionary, stated, as the conclusion enforced upon him by his work in the preparation of the Dictionary, that 'the ordinary appeals to etymology against spelling reform utterly break down on examination.' The evidence of history, according to Dr. Miles Walker, shows that—

> there was a change in English orthography from a phonetic form of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to less pure spellings in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the sixteenth century in particular the spelling of a large number of our words seems to have been distorted in the most unjustifiable way by the introduction of all sorts of consonants and double vowels.

The fact is that English spelling was always more or less accidental or irregular until the appearance of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary in 1755. In the Introduction to his Dictionary he says:

> In adjusting the orthography which has been to this time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those irregularities which are inherent in our tongue and perhaps coeval with it from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced.

But he adds that he felt himself to be confined or constrained in his reform of spelling by the usage of his time.

Even in words in which the derivation is apparent I have been often obliged to sacrifice uniformity to custom; thus I write in compliance with a numberless majority *convey* and *inveigh*, *deceit* and *receipt*, *fancy* and *phantom*. Sometimes the derivative varies from the primitive, as *explain* and *explanation*, *repeat* and *repetition*.

Dr. Johnson in fact set a more or less arbitrary standard of spelling, and to his standard English writers have since his time pretty generally conformed. Before his time there were often various ways of spelling the same name or word; since his time there has been, or there has tended to be, only one way of spelling it. Dut Dr. Johnson did not act upon any scientific principle in determining how words should be spelt. He spelt them in his Dictionary as he was wont to spell them, and he lost a unique opportunity of introducing regularity into spelling. Nobody who compares the spelling of such words as actor, author, governor, error, etc., with such words as honour, valour, neighbour, harbour, etc., can allege any valid logical or historical reason why in some words the 'u' should be inserted and in others omitted. Similarly the difference between the spelling of words like centre, metre, theatre, and of other words like counter, member, diameter, is altogether irrational and unscientific.

There are indeed persons who hold or affect to hold that the eccentricity of the English spelling acts as a wholesome gymnastic exercise of children's minds. But human nature is not so constituted that it can be necessary to impose gymnastic exercises upon young minds. There is so much to be learnt in the world of Nature, history, literature, art and science, that whoever increases the burden of learning must be said to aggravate, and whoever lightens the burden may be said to alleviate, the pains of young life. Education is a task difficult enough. Why should anybody try or wish to make it more difficult than it need be?

The reformers in English spelling do not expect to work a complete change in one generation, or even in two or three generations. It is their aim to take the first step in the regularisation of English spelling. In a report which was issued in 1917 by the Educational Institute of Scotland the question of reform in spelling was discussed in the following sentences:

The hours spent on spelling give no corresponding educational return. The time is ripe for some reform of simplified spelling which would save both time and effort for the pupils. . . . The phonetic system of spelling is not yet, and probably never will be, a subject of practical application; but short of that there is plenty of room for reform. Failing the intervention of the State, teachers in England, Scotland and Ireland might well take the lead in initiating practical reforms, some of which are already in operation among the English-speaking people, while others are generally approved by the majority of teachers.

The signatories of the memorial to the President of the Board of Education cited certain instances of reform, not as being unreservedly approved by them all, but as indicating how a wise reform in spelling might surely, if only slowly, take effect. They suggested as possible simplifications intended for general use: (1) The omission of silent and superfluous letters, *e.g.*, 'a' in head, breast, etc.; 'e' in heart, hearth, etc.; 'h' in ghost, aghast, etc.; 'ue' in such words as tongue (which should be written tung), catalogue, demagogue, etc. (2) The substitution of 't' for 'ed,' so as to accord with pronunciation, in participles, *e.g.*, past for passed, askt for asked, learnt for learned, etc. (3) The substitution of 'f' for 'gh' in such words as cough, laugh, draught, and for 'ph' in such words as philosopher, physics, etc. (4) The disuse of silent letters, as 'b' in debt, doubt, 'h' in school, and 'c' in scent, scion and scythe. (5) Greater consistency in the representation of long vowels, diphthongs and syllables now represented by many varieties of spelling. (6) The use of one and the same letter to represent short vowels, as in son and sung. (7) Greater consistency in the representation of the vowels in weak-stressed syllables now variously represented, *e.g.*, er, ere, our, on, ain, ine, etc. It is evident that the changes here proposed, or some of them, would need careful discussion. Reform in spelling, as elsewhere, if it is to be successful, will be gradual. But there is one principle of reform which will win general acceptance, viz., that the same letters should, if possible, always represent the same sounds. Mr. J. Clark, who is Lecturer on Education in the University of Aberdeen, rightly says in an address which he delivered there: 'The fundamental principle of rational spelling, and therefore of reform, is uniformity.' Similarly, Dr. Bradley, in his pamphlet upon *Reform in Spelling*, says: 'The reform that is most imperatively needed is one which will ensure that no two English words which are differently pronounced shall be spelt alike.' It is at least equally important that the same sounds of English words should not be represented by different letters or combinations of letters. Yet to-day the sound of 'e' in see may be spelt in twelve different ways, as in he, bead, beef, key, quay, machine, receive, believe, precede, Cæsar, Phœbe, people; the sound of 'oo' in thirteen different ways, as in boot, rheumatic, manœuvre, brew, bruise, prune, through, threw, blue, jury, route, too, shoe, if indeed the 'u' in jury is generally sounded as the double 'oo'; and the sound of 'i' in no fewer than sixteen ways, as in ay, bright, scythe, bye, buy, bite, guide, geyser, belie, sleight, eye, aisle, indict, either, isle, alignment. Conversely the letters 'ough' are susceptible of such varied pronunciations as in bough, cough, dough, enough, hough, rough, sough, though, through, and this

variation is only an extreme instance of such variations as occur in the pronunciation of other letters too. Foreigners have complained to me that the difference in pronunciation between sign and signal, or between reading and treading, as it rests upon no principle, is highly inconvenient to one who tries to learn English, especially who tries to learn it outside Great Britain.

It would be easy to multiply examples of wholly irrational divergencies in the spelling of English words where the pronunciation is the same. But the case for some reform, such as could be effected only after the report of a Royal Commission and by the authority of Parliament, or, failing Parliament, of the Universities and the schools, seems to be sufficiently justified. If I may summarise the advantages of reform as they are stated in the pamphlet entitled *Breaking the Spell*, simplified spelling would be easy to learn ; it would be rational and scientific ; it would afford a natural training of the ear and the vocal organs ; it would not interfere with the understanding or use of the old spelling ; it would be easily printed ; and it would make English ' the most serviceable language for intercourse within the Empire and between nations.'

Nothing but British conservatism would seem to uphold the present artificial spelling of the English language. But British patriotism, if it conceives the possibility of English coming to be the universal language among the nations of mankind, will, it may be hoped, in the minds of all lovers of the British Empire and of British institutions, prove to be a more potent force than conservatism itself.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

II

The advocates of a simplified, or reformed, or phonetic system of spelling base their arguments upon two assumptions that are altogether unwarranted. One is that the spelling of English is so illogical and unsatisfactory that revolutionary measures are needed to reduce the existing chaos to order and uniformity; the other is that the scheme, or schemes, which they have promulgated are likely to achieve this object.

It is easy enough for these reformers to compile a list of a few hundred words the spelling of which cannot be defended. But they are forgetful of the fact that the English language consists of about 250,000 words, and that in the vast majority of cases these words are spelt as they are pronounced, in accordance with a system which, if not perfect, is quite simple, intelligible and workable. They are not content with getting rid of some palpable anomalies, but they want to transmogrify our whole written language.

To afford a comparison between the existing and proposed systems, I will take a few lines at haphazard from the issue of *The Nineteenth Century and After* for February 1924:

> If one asks what is the explanation of this state of things, it is not very easy to provide a satisfactory answer. Why is it that modern music takes such questionable shapes? Are the composers writing it sincere? Do they really consider that the compositions which result are genuinely beautiful?

Is there anything extraordinarily difficult in the spelling of this passage? Is it not, on the contrary, both intelligible and easy? Let us see what it will look like in the light of the proposed transformation scene:

> If wun aasks whot iz thi egsplanashun ov this stait ov things, it iz not veri eesi too provyd a satisfaktori aanser. Why iz it that modern meusik taiks such kwestshunabl shaips? Ar the kompozers riting it sinseer? Doo thai reeli konsider that the komposishuns which result ar jeneuinli beutifool?

I am not a hide-bound Tory, and I am always prepared to judge any proposed innovation on its merits. But when this sort of stuff is foisted upon me as a 'reform'—save the mark—I

become the most confirmed reactionary. Are we to have the pages of the Bible or Shakespeare disfigured, disguised and mutilated in this ruthless way? What possible advantages has this new style over that which we possess? It can be safely said that it has none whatever. It looks ugly, and it is meaningless; and it could never be so easy to read and write as our present despised method. We have all heard of the book seriously put forth by a Portuguese gentleman as a guide to our language entitled 'English as she is Spoke.' This new venture might be coupled with it under the title of 'English as she is Wrote,' or 'Inglish az shee iz Roet.' Lewis Carrol once published a skit on the rebuilding of the Tom Tower of Christ Church, Oxford. One chapter was headed 'The Architectural Features of the Tom Tower.' The chapter ran as follows: 'The Tom Tower has no architectural features.' We might similarly head a chapter 'The Advantages of the Simplified Spelling,' and let the chapter run: 'The simplified spelling has no advantages.'

One argument that is repeated again and again by the spelling revolutionaries is that this system would make English much easier for a foreigner to learn than it is at present. But would it? Would a Frenchman find it easier to understand 'kompozer' than 'composer,' 'egsplanashun' than 'explanation,' 'meusik' than 'music,' 'ek-sept' than 'except,' 'yeloe' than 'yellow,' 'kauld' than 'called,' 'naroe' than 'narrow,' and hundreds more of these monstrosities? The question hardly needs an answer. As a matter of fact, foreigners do not find that our spelling is nearly so difficult as the construction of our sentences. Our grammar to many of them presents insuperable difficulties. There is, for instance, the formation of our future tense, the subtle and elusive 'I will' and 'I shall.' Are we to simplify our syntax for the benefit of other nations? Our fellow-subjects in India and other places are freely quoted as finding English so easy to learn except for the spelling. Here again facts do not support the theory. We frequently meet with quaint and amusing examples of Baboo English, in which the oddest meaning is given to what would seem to us exceedingly simple words and phrases; but the spelling has almost invariably been successfully mastered. Every language has its own difficulties. Is the Mahometan of India going to alter his Urdu script, with its innumerable dots and dashes—frequently omitted in hasty composition—its three or four different kinds of 'p' and 's,' and the initial, medial and final forms of various consonants, to assist us in learning Hindoostani? Are the Germans likely to give up their dreadful genders, which to us present so hard a problem, 'knife,' 'fork' and 'spoon,' for instance, being severally masculine, feminine and neuter? 'Where is the cabbage?' quoted Mark Twain in his inimitable *Tramp Abroad*,

giving us the reply, 'She is in the garden.' 'And where is the beautiful young lady?' 'It is in the kitchen'! The same author said of the 'awful German language' that it was easy to read if you either stood on your head or held it up to a looking-glass, and so deciphered it. The same reflection occurs to one on viewing the more advanced inspirations of phonetic spelling on which I shall touch later. After all, our spelling, like our language, is our own; and we can do with it what we consider to be just and right, conserve it exactly as it is or smooth away inequalities, in our best interests, without regard for the wishes or prejudices of other peoples.

But if we have no need to consider foreigners, what about our school-children? Our sympathies are evoked for the unfortunate boys and girls who have to struggle with the anomalous spelling of words—the mental strain involved and the lamentable waste of time which the existing system entails. There is, of course, a good deal of truth in this, but also a vast amount of exaggeration. We have all been through it, and it was not so very dreadful. Many a child has found the irregular spelling less difficult than the absolutely regular multiplication table. But admitting the drawbacks, where is the remedy to be found? I have before me *A Reeder in Simplifyd Speling*, issued by the 'Simplifyd Speling Sosyeti.' Here is the Eureka; now we have the cutting of the Gordian knot! Here are a few selections for the young, immature intellect:

Gerlz and boiz,
Kum out too plai,
The moon duz shyn
Az bryt az dai;
Leev eur sup-er
And leev eur sleep,
Kum too eur plai-fel-oez
In the street.

* * *

Litl robin red-brest
Sat upon a tree,
Up went poosi kat,
And doun went hee;
Doun kaim poosi kat,
Awai robin ran;
Sez litl robin red-brest.
'Ka-ch me if eu kan.'

* * *

The wauter-spryt jumpt intoo the river a therd tym, and braut up an yon[1] aks. 'Iz that it nou?' hee aaskt. 'Yes,' sed the wood-kuter; 'that's the ryt wun nou, and I thank eu veri har-ti-li'

The wauter-spryt then sed: 'Sins eu hav been soe on-est, eu shal hav aul three aksiz.'

[1] 'Yon' apparently means 'iron.'

The woodkuter went hoem hapi, shoed the b-eu-ti-fool almz too his nai-borz, and toeld them the stori ov the wauter-spryt. Ov his oen onesti hee sed not a singl werd.

Is this grotesque travesty of our written language an improvement? Can we be seriously expected to believe that children will find this easier to assimilate than our existing system? The assumption taxes our credulity a little too highly. An unprejudiced observer might be tempted to say that the difficulties are increased. 'Supper' is an intelligible word, and the spelling absolutely represents the sound. But what is this 'sup-er'? It seems to suggest a performer in the chorus of the Gaiety Theatre. 'Your' is plain enough; but this 'eur' does not seem to mean anything in particular, and the letters do not convey the full sound of 'your,' which begins with the letter 'y' in its consonantal capacity. A child confronted with 'poosi' will assuredly speak of a 'poossy cat' instead of the familiar 'pussy.' Not only does this new-fangled arrangement promise no facility in acquiring a knowledge of spelling, but in many respects it is unscientific and misleading. But the drawbacks, serious as they are, do not end here. Is the child to be debarred from all acquaintance with the literature of his country, that being printed in the old-fashioned orthography? No; when he has gone through the new curriculum he is to give his attention to the old and, as we thought, discarded principle. 'Children,' we are told in one of the reformers' leaflets, 'who learn in phonetic spelling first of all, learn afterwards to read the old spelling with the greatest ease.' This statement requires many a grain of salt to enable us to swallow it. We are asked to believe that, while a child finds it extraordinarily difficult in the first place to learn

The moon does shine
As bright as day,

he finds it perfectly simple to do so after he has learnt

The moon duz shyn
Az bryt az dai.

Truly there must be more things in heaven and earth and in 'simplifyd speling' than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The unfortunate child, it would appear, is doomed to serve two masters. We have Scriptural authority for knowing what the result of this will be.

The present movement is no new thing. Years ago the late Professor E. A. Freeman was up in arms against it. He described it as 'a reckless wiping out of the whole history of the language.' Now we are told that 'this statement is absolutely without foundation.' Certain instances of words, such as 'sovereign' instead of 'sovran,' having been altered to suit supposed deriva-

tions which were not the real ones, are given in support of this sweeping assertion. Such mistakes undoubtedly exist; and they are not without a curious interest of their own. But in comparison with the total number of words in our language they are quite insignificant. The vast mass of our rich vocabulary constitutes condensed history. Is the record of our splendid island story, tempestuous as it may have been, to be lost to us? Is it a matter of entire indifference? Let us consider one word alone: 'knight,' remembering that in Chaucer's day the 'k' and the 'gh' were sounded, though in the course of centuries we have dropped them. But whether we see this fine old word in print, or the ear in hearing it visualises what the eye sees, think of the thousand historical associations that it instantly conjures up: the pageantry of olden times, the armour, the panoply, tournaments and jousts at arms, the exploits in the field of gallant soldiers and leaders of men, the Knight Templars and the Knight Hospitallers in the Crusades, and the Black Prince at Cressy. So much can 'knight' do for us. But what are we to learn from 'nyt,' which, I take it, is the correct spelling of its supplanter? Is history to go for nothing? This simplified spelling delusion is unprofitable and deleterious; but even if it were to bring all the blessings that its promoters claim for it, is every sentiment, every honoured tradition, every instinct, of our race to be sacrificed to base and sordid utility? God forbid. We might soon have a scheme for pulling down all our noble Gothic cathedrals and rebuilding them in the architecture of barracks or exaggerated Little Bethels on the ground that they would have better acoustic properties than are possessed by our ancient edifices.

The proposals of the Simplified Spelling Society are, it would appear, merely tentative and temporary, just a step towards something still more heart-breaking. 'Phonetics' is defined as the science of voice, dealing with sounds articulate (or even inarticulate, as in the case of animals), or as the science of speech sound. The fundamental principle of all rational spelling is to represent every sound by an invariable symbol. But the English alphabet contains only twenty-six letters, while the language has, roughly speaking, forty sounds. The principle cannot therefore be applied with any degree of completeness unless the number of letters is greatly added to, or supplemented and modified by various dots, dashes and signs. This does not disconcert the reformers. They have created the letters and signs. I have some enlivening specimens of the result before me in *A Primer of Phonetics,* by Henry Sweet, M.A., published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. I can only say that these specimens are absolutely unintelligible to me. It would be interesting to reproduce some of them in these pages; but the printer's devil would not thank me if such a

Herculean labour were imposed upon him. As matters stand at present certain letters, or combinations of letters, are used to represent more than one sound; and this they must necessarily continue to do. For example, the sound conveyed by the 'th' in 'this' is not quite the same as that conveyed by the same letters in 'think.' These minute gradations of sound are learnt by practice and tradition; and they present no difficulty. To force upon us a symbol to represent each of them separately would be impossible. Such a method would be entirely out of harmony with our national character. These differentiæ are recognised almost imperceptibly in our speech, without any need to record them. It is different for the Hindoo, who has elaborated a system of music so finely graded that while with us an octave contains eight, or say thirteen, notes, with him the same range of sound is divided into at least three times as many sub-divisions. If anyone is attracted by the programme of the Simplified Spelling Society he would do well to remember that the reforms at present promulgated only represent the thin end of the wedge, and that the weight of its thicker end will be terrific.

Our language is a living growth, not a stereotyped mechanism. From century to century it changes its vocabulary, its phraseology, its pronunciation and its spelling. This is all done by the force of public opinion. One change introduced by an individual, or a group of individuals, happens to take the popular fancy, and gradually becomes incorporated in the language. The French Academy can decree that a certain use of words is correct or incorrect and is to be followed or rejected; but we have no such public authority here, and on the whole the advantage is with us. Since Dr. Johnson laid down what he may have thought were the last words to be said on spelling there have been numerous modifications. We no longer write 'musick,' 'skeptic,' 'cimeter,' or 'sack-cloath.' There is no reason why these successive alterations should not continue. They are fairly certain to do so. In various words reasonable changes could be effected without serious objections being raised in any quarter so long as the general system is not tampered with. But we must observe the old adage '*Festina lente*' (Hasten slowly). We should exercise wise moderation. No modification can be accepted on the *ipse dixit* of a few ardent enthusiasts. The approval of the majority of the community has to be obtained. This is a country of common sense and compromise. Whatever opposition there may be to any new proposals, we may be sure that it is due to reasoned consideration, and not to unreflecting conservatism.

Even a good cause is hindered and impaired by bad arguments and wild assertions. The literature of the Simplified Spelling Society is vitiated by numerous excrescences of this nature.

Extravagant promises are made concerning the benefits that their system is to produce:

> With better spelling provincialism will be reduced, and working men and women will insensibly learn to speak as good English as those who have been educated at public schools and the Universities,

i.e., from spelling 'boys' 'boiz,' 'called' 'kauld,' and so on. Here are a few excerpts:

> The proud but tottering citadel of conventional spelling is under pitiless siege.
>
> Nothing like our language in this matter of spelling exists anywhere else in the world.
>
> The literary swaddling-clothes of our children are the outworn, ill-fitting garments of dead centuries.
>
> Delay in adopting improved spelling is the chief obstacle to English becoming the world language.
>
> That the removal of this solitary disability—for English admittedly [?] possesses all the other qualifications—would be productive of much *intellectual* and *commercial* advantage is no rash assumption.
>
> Spelling reformers are up against the apathy, the ignorance, and the prejudice of the adult population.
>
> Having no desire or intention to amend their own way of spelling, they fail to appreciate the *damnosa hæreditas*—the costly and ruinous legacy—they are bequeathing to their children.

The reformers would do well to realise that sweeping assertions such as I have quoted, especially the underlying implication that all opposition or criticism is due to ignorance or prejudice, are inimical to their own cause. The scheme must be judged on its merits. If when subjected to this test it fails, there is no use in trying to bolster it up by impossible promises and hysterical complaints.

The 'pitiless siege' which has been brought to bear on the citadel of conventional spelling may be extended in various directions. There is no knowing what the next victims of this new warfare may be. Irregular plurals may perhaps head the list. If the plural of 'fox' is 'foxes,' why should not the plural of 'ox' be 'oxes' instead of 'oxen'? Why should the plural of 'man' be 'men' instead of 'mans,' and why should we have 'children' instead of 'childs'? Is there no society for systematising these anomalies? In the same way with irregular verbs, why should the past tense of 'make' be 'made,' of 'write' be 'wrote,' instead of following the usual procedure by which 'ed' is added to the present tense, as in 'uttered' or 'shortened'? It would be easy to assert that uniformity in these points would make it easier for children to learn to read, and that it would facilitate commercial relations with other countries.

Tennyson tells us:

> That man's the true Conservative
> Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

Yes, but in the process there is no need to cut the tree down; and that is what the spelling reformers are endeavouring to do. They begin by quoting a number of words whose spelling is irregular and anomalous, and which without arousing any vehement opposition might be altered, such as 'plough' to 'plow'; but that subject is speedily put aside and forgotten, while an attack is made on the whole system, which on the whole is perfectly simple, lucid and logical, and needs no alteration whatever. '*Ex uno disce omnes.*' A reform which gives us 'boiz' and 'gerlz' for 'boys' and 'girls' stands self-condemned.

E. C. Cox.

BIRDS IN LATE SUMMER AND AUTUMN

BIRD life enters in late summer a silent and secret phase. The songs which began to dwindle before midsummer collapse a few weeks later with a precipitate suddenness, and the noisy anxiousness of old birds for their young is simultaneously stilled. It is true that not all nesting ends by August; a few linnets and goldfinches and yellowhammers still have eggs or unfledged broods, wood-pigeons in their years of prosperity have learnt to rear young in the autumn, and at the end of their long, desultory housekeeping departing martins sometimes leave young in their nests beneath our eaves. Goldfinches sing in August with a fitful persistence, the yellowhammer still chants upon the commons, and in wet, cool seasons, or in high places, the voice of a thrush or a blackbird may still be heard, prolonging the end. But nests and songs are so few that they only accentuate the prevailing apathy; and of the songs most are drowsy echoes of May tunes. The occasional rhythmic whisper of a chiffchaff in August woods seems stupefied with summer's heaviness. In August most birds reach a stillness as deep as in midwinter, with a greater bodily languor; and it is characteristic of this season that the first songs of the young redbreasts are secretly delivered in the freshness of the early morning over the autumnal dew.

The heaviness of most old birds in late summer is due to the moult supervening on the end of courtship; and their dishevelled and indeterminate plumage adds to their secretiveness as they lurk in the dark garden shrubberies, or the glossy groves of bracken on heaths and moors. As for the young birds, many are changing dress, too; and the next young song-bird to try his voice after the eager robin will be a song-thrush, with a broken voice like a growing boy's, on some drizzly day of September. Meanwhile old and young go in disguise, or wear their dress with a perplexing difference; they flit and shift in a spiritless masquerade. The completest of all disguises is the eclipse plumage of the common wild drake and other males of the duck tribe which in late summer assume a female dress. From midsummer to early October we shall look in vain for the spruce grey flanks, the dark, iridescent head and neat, curled tail of the wild or half-wild mallard.

All the birds on the pool wear the same brown homely dress; and yet, if we spy closer, some of these ducks have a drake's green beak, for the beak does not alter with the feathers. While it is changing its wing-quills there is a time when the drake cannot fly, and to pass as one of the humbler sex is commonly regarded as a device evolved by Nature for its protection. To subtler feminists the object of care is the duck, as more important for the preservation of the young brood; it is argued that where all appear to be ducks birds of prey are less likely to attack the real ducks as the weaker vessels. Others deny any protective purpose in the drake's eclipse, and simply regard it as a return to the standard pattern of ducks' plumage, after the moult of nuptial glories. To whatever it is due, this doffing of male plumage by drakes of many kinds is a remarkable feature of the season; but their species is recognisable, if not their sex. The summer plumage of the young starling is still more deceptive, and in the early days of British ornithology led to its being regarded as a separate species, and named the solitary thrush. Most starlings, young and old, have already formed their wandering winter flocks; but many birds with good quarters in gardens will not need to leave them, and a handful of home-bred starlings are to be seen on the lawns all the year. Though the old birds have lost the brightness of the nesting season, they are still easily recognisable as starlings. But apart from them come stalking, often in pairs, birds with brown backs and greyish breasts which have little in common with adult starlings but their straddling walk. These are the solitary thrushes, or, as they were also called, by a rather happier guess, brown starlings. It is amusing to mark their solemn gravity, which so successfully hid their immaturity and specific identity from the best authorities a century ago. They could have hardly maintained their disguise so long, if starlings had been as abundant then as now; but the vast increase and wide extension of this species are events of the past half-century. Young moorhens of the earlier broods are now as large as their parents, and they too go in disguise. Their backs are brown, with little trace of the pleasant olive shade which makes the moorhen a comely bird in spite of its sobriety; their breasts are of a duller and paler grey, the plates bound like phylacteries upon their foreheads are dull green instead of brilliant red, and they have no white tail feathers. The phylactery and the stealthy, distributed step mark a bird of the moorhen's tribe; but in August the unskilled observer might well believe that he was watching a moorhen of another species, just as Bewick, when he first depicted it, described a distinct brown starling. These immature moorhens are all the likelier to pass as adults of a separate kind because they attend their little black brothers of the later broods with a parental watchfulness,

and have been seen by the fortunate actually to feed them. As the weeks of September go by the confiding habits of moorhens enable us to watch how the tints of these young birds change, and the characteristic white patches appear at first obscure, and grow clearer. It is the same with the young London ring-doves, that in August, when the very sparrows dissemble their villainies by eating the seeds of knot-grass, pace the park turf with necks void of the white ring. A little later we may see the growth of the two white patches, even the old ring-doves have no real ring. Starlings and moorhens and town wood-pigeons are wise enough to confide in man's goodwill, and we can mark their altering phases; but it is different with the shyer birds of the thicket. A dull brownish bird with a pale patch above the tail may be recognised in a momentary glimpse as a young bullfinch; but who can watch its transfiguration into black and rose and grey, which it achieves among the early autumn shadows?

The apparent inertness of bird life in late summer is itself a disguise, and beneath the apparent stability of the moulting season the tide of migration is already running. The beginning of the autumn passage is signalled to most people by the flocking of the swallows and house-martins on roofs and telegraph wires in September, or late in August. Yet by the time that we see them advertise their departure many have already gone. The shortness of many birds' stay in their breeding-quarters is wonderful to heavy human travellers; and those that come furthest are often the most impatient to depart. Caged migrants fret with passionate restlessness at the crossing-time; once the young need the old no more, both weary of England. Even in the ripe gardens where the birds appear so content to drowse out the moult in the late summer sunshine, there is a great decline of life since June. Partly this is due to the swift extinction of so large a proportion of the young birds within a few weeks of their leaving the nest's protection. The pairs of young starlings which we see to-day are all that is left of broods of four or five; and other species have suffered in like measure. Probably as many birds perish in their first fortnight as in all the rest of the year, not excluding the perilous seasons of migration. But many old birds have left our gardens, too. Blackbirds and missel-thrushes range the hills and hedges for wild berries after soft garden fruits are over; but a large proportion of the smaller migrant birds slip in August towards the sea, or across it. It is difficult to mark the day of their going; we overlook the last appearance of a familiar species, because we do not know that it is the last. In spite of this defect of observation, the departure of the swifts in the second week of August was until recent years too conspicuous to be missed, and gave a sharp, if passing, warning of summer's decline. But

swifts have increased so much of late that, although the same proportion probably leaves in early August still, the number of stragglers is now great enough for swifts to be seen almost daily, over congenial waters, until far on in September. In August the plainest proof of migration, except the actual sight of birds crossing the sea, is to be gained among the hill-streams and on the moors. Even grouse are migratory, though their migrations are limited; but many of their neighbours among the heather, as well as on the grass moors and beside the torrents, are migrants of the most marked type. In June and early July golden plover still haunt their hill-top nesting-places; curlews prolong their wild warbling over their young hidden in the bracken and among the cotton-grass; sandpipers call shrilly about the shingle beaches; the so-called grey wagtails flash their yellow tails over some wave-washed islet to which their young have fluttered; and the rough slopes are alive with jerking whinchats, and titlarks descending parachute-like in late song. August is not far advanced before almost all this life has vanished. Only the titlarks remain in their old numbers, and they have ceased to be song-birds, and flit before us with a thin, piping cry. The sandpipers have left their wave-washed beaches, and reappear in twos and threes on the soft banks of the midland and southern rivers where they were seen passing north in spring. Golden plover rise in wary flocks; they too have severed their concern with their nesting-places, and are on the wing for their distant wanderings. Here and there a curlew still lingers in the lower valleys, but with the music of spring forgotten; instead of that jubilant warble, or the persistent musical repetition of its name, it utters it harshly and seldom, or else departs with that angry and grating yell which suggested its Northern name of whaup. Gone, too, are the anxious whinchats from the bracken tops, and almost all the gilded wagtails from the torrent banks; in August they begin to seek the lowlands, or halt for the winter by village bridge pools far down towards the plain. By the time that the heather is in bloom the moors are lonely for those who know them at midsummer; all that busy life has left only a few feathers dropped beside the peat pools, and a silence that listens to the bees.

While most of the birds which leave the hills move to lower levels, for a time there is a counter-migration of a few species to the higher hills. Visitors to the English Lakes in August and early September find the tops of the higher fells unexpectedly peopled. Troops of missel-thrushes are met roving over the grey slopes at a height of above 2500 feet, where grass gives place to mosses, and Alpine lady's-mantle, and dwarf berry-bearing shrubs. They nested in spring in the valleys, and will return to them after they have stripped the rowan-berries on the fells' flanks; meanwhile,

before the autumn winds bite coldly, they range the mountain-tops for autumn fruit. Missel-thrushes on the fell-tops strike the eye as a shade browner than the rain-washed and lichened rocks, and paler than the crusts of dusky moss; and they often despise concealment, perching as conspicuously on the crown of a boulder as when they take post to sing in the ash-tops on some February morning. The ring-ousels which haunt the same high ridges are contrasted both in habit and colour. As becomes their name of moor blackbird, they are much darker, though in autumn few even of the cocks approach true black. As they flit through the skirts of the hill clouds they look leaden grey. They choose stony places, and are clever at hiding among the stones; time after time, on the rugged shoulders of the Welsh or Cumbrian mountains, we may flush a score of ousels and see not one of them until they flit again. Mountain berries are the ring-ousel's prime diet in later summer, when even blackbirds go for bilberries to the moors; but it is not merely the quest for congenial food which collects them on the mountains, but their method of migration. Unlike curlews and most wading-birds, which are equally happy at sea level, ring-ousels avoid the lowlands, probably from the absence of their familiar food. Gilbert White marked them year by year on the high hill over Selborne, in Hampshire; and both in spring and autumn they move like a giant in a fable, with strides from hill to hill. Wheatears have a little of the same habit, since their choice, unlike their kindred whinchats, of smooth, even turf must often induce them to rest on high, sheep-cropped ridges in their summer stages to the South. But wheatears do not despise turfy commons and sheep pastures at low levels; they are conspicuous as early autumn visitors to many lowland parishes where they never nest.

Even on our moors, where the ebb of life strikes plainest, the waders—curlew and sandpiper and golden plover—are the most conspicuous loss. But for their habit of migrating by night the August movements of this great and mobile tribe would be far more apparent. Britain lies on one of the great pathways of migrant waders from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where multitudes of diverse species rear their broods on the mossy tundra under the midnight sun. Of some, such as the knot and curlew sandpiper, the far North is the only nesting-place, and few of their nests have yet been seen by civilised eyes. These are reinforced, as the snow-sheets melt in early summer, by many other waders with a less exclusively Arctic range. On all alike autumn begins to close in August, and the threat of dark and cold sends them hurrying southward while summer is here at its ripest. In June some of these waders were still passing north, and the vanguard of the returning hosts is often noticed before the end of July; so

brief is the season for which they travel immense distances, and so intense their activity under the concentrated midsummer daylight of the far North. Most of these waders utter cries of a pure and fluting resonance; and on dark August nights, even in London, it is not uncommon to hear the calling flocks as they pass unseen. The darker the night, the better is the chance of intercepting these waders' signals, for they call to keep in touch with one another, and are noisiest when their range of vision is most restricted. They are excited, moreover, by the town's innumerable lights—partly, as it seems, because the flash of lamps on the surface of rivers and reservoirs suggests an attractive halting-place, and partly because of the mysterious and still obscure attraction of bright lights for birds as well as many insects. These wild, sweet calls far above, as the thunder of the streets dies down towards midnight, are even fuller of remote and haunting suggestion than the first song of the missel-thrush over the town squares in a windy March dawn. Both cry of distant scenes and changing seasons; but while the thrush's voice brings a vision of spring breaking in English lanes, the voices of the Northern waders are charged with the loneliness of the Arctic wilderness and the wonder of their journey.

Many of the birds that left the hills and moors are found in August on the sea-shore; and from the beginning of the month they are reinforced by waders from further north, though the full company of birds of passage or winter residents is hardly complete before late October or November. Even by early August the flatter sands and estuaries of our sea-coast are far more animated than a few weeks earlier. Except for the small black-headed gull, which usually seeks a marsh inland, most gulls nest on sea-cliffs and rocky islets, and not beside wide, smooth strands. Terns drop their eggs on sand and shingle alike; but they are fickle and gregarious colonists, and their intense activity in the earlier weeks of summer is concentrated on a few restricted haunts. Even the boldly pied shelduck, which are typical birds of sandy estuaries, are least visible in early summer, when the hen-bird—hardly less handsome than her mate—is hidden, brooding, in a burrow. Thus about midsummer most sea-strands are bare of water-birds; often there are few to interest us except a pair or two of ringed plover, and some unmated and idle gulls. By August, when the life of birds inland has abated, the sea-shore becomes alive. Gulls have scattered already from their nesting-places; the blue sea and yellow sand become populous with white breasts and grey wings, while the brindled grey-brown young add variety and amusement. There is the same ludicrous contrast between the cushion-like figure and infantile, complaining cry of a young herring-gull that provokes us in a fledged cuckoo; and where these young gulls

settle, as they do often, about some busy fishing hamlet, they are equally certain to be overfed. Terns are more oceanic than the long-shore tribe of gulls, and little is seen of them once their nesting is over; but the beautiful shelduck are multiplied as the ducklings gain their pied plumage, and float in company with their parents, freed from labour. Shelduck are far cousins of the mallard, and the drakes do not assume eclipse. Huge flocks of lapwings waver over the estuarine meadows; and below high-water mark, which lapwings seldom cross, the gathering troops of waders feed and cry in the mellow summer sunshine. Some, like the ringed plover, feed close below the line of drift-weed, as well as on distant banks; others, like the curlew, are oftener seen far out on the shallow shore. Always most wary, curlews have now no nest or unfledged young to tie them, and without long waits upon their line of flight we shall seldom see them as close as among the upland heather. But the curlew is a giant among the common waders, and that long, curved beak which shouted 'Coorlie!' wide-parted, among the bents and ling, is still conspicuous far out on the flats; and now and then we catch an echo of that familiar cry, when an ebb-tide bares the inshore feeding-grounds under the security of night, and the waders answer as they assemble. Then the musical cries of the redshanks come mingled with the curlews' calls; and by day we see them probing the sand-beds in the curlews' company, or scattered in twos and threes about the estuarine ooze. They are as wary as the curlews; but they seem conscious that their smaller stature makes them less conspicuous among the weed-covered pebbles, and they often feed closer inshore. The smaller waders form in August the largest flocks. Ringed plover skim past in parties of eight or ten; but by far the most numerous and conspicuous troops are those of dunlins. Even more than the curlews or the redshanks they display the wildness of late summer, which corresponds among waders to the furtive concealment of the song-birds of gardens and lawns. As the dunlins halted among the tussocks of some wet pool high in the moors, on their way to their nesting-place in early May, they were almost as tame as the phalaropes of a Hebridean loch. They crept like mice or rats before the feet of the human wader, and only at last and unwillingly took wing. They were loth to leave what looked like home. Now, with the nest forgotten, and their young in the air among them, they are the most mercurial birds of the shore. Like golden plover or autumn troops of starlings, they move with one impulse on the wing; but their troops are swifter than the starling's, and more compact than the plover's. They move through the stillness of the August sunshine with a kind of electric flash. As they rise their greyish backs look like lifting sand; then suddenly they change plane, and all their breasts flash

silver. Silver, too, among the brownish tribe of waders in autumn are the sanderlings now returning from high latitudes; the backs of old male birds might be coated with hoar frost or frozen foam. Sanderlings are often tamer than most other waders; one will run before us at the water's edge all across a bay, never quite allowing us to overtake it, and continually pecking morsels as it goes. Sanderlings snatch their food from the sands; turnstones, with their queer pied faces, lift the shingle and the trailing rock-weed; and them too we may meet from the beginning of August along our coasts. Some have been found as early as July, and since the known limit of their breeding range lies as far south as Denmark, they may one day be proved to breed in Britain. Week by week the waders will muster more thickly in their favourite oozy haunts, and the species familiar in August sunshine will be joined, as the north wind resumes its reign, by knots and grey plover and purple sandpipers, and rarer members of the same great tribe. Most of them pass on south by the birds' grand trunk road to the coast of Portugal, and on into Africa. But many will be with us all the winter; where the North Sea thunders among the Suffolk sandhills, the sanderlings will pick wrack from its ebb, and when the Atlantic beats in January on the rocks of the Lizard, the clown-faced turnstones will climb a little higher among the rock-tops strewn with shattered crabs.

While the birds of the North arrive early, many of our own birds leave in August too. Long before the end of the month we may catch sight of them either crossing from Romney Marsh or assembling along it for the passage. Waking at sunrise in a blanket on the shore, we may find ourselves surrounded by delicately restless yellow wagtails, with the level rays doubly gilding their breasts. These are night travellers, and their agitation on the sands suggested that they had been surprised by that red confronting ball at the very moment when, after a night journey out of the Weald, they were intending to prolong it across the Channel. House-martins cross by day, with the fair white cliffs of France, topped by coloured squares of unfenced harvest, full in sight from the English shore. All through the sunny morning we may watch them skim down the strand in occasional twos and threes, and depart across the rippling water for the basin of the Nile or Niger. On wet and stormy mid-August mornings the scene is different. The martins wheel uneasily just beneath the low, black rain clouds, and with them may be still larger flocks of swifts. Now we appreciate that the sea passage may be formidable; the flocks waver in hesitation and fear. Dense flocks of swifts and house-martins were thus surprised by bad weather near New Romney on the tempestuous August morning which brought the well-remembered Norfolk rain storm. After wheeling an hour or more

over the shore and seeing no lift in the pouring sky, they gradually made off, both eastwards and southwards, towards Folkestone and towards Dungeness, as though in search of the narrowest crossing. Such a sodden and angry morning, though exceptional in August, after the equinox is not so rare; and the tremors of these swifts and martins on the brink of ocean give a good reason why many birds leave English fields so early when their nesting is done.

ANTHONY COLLETT.

THE BEAUTY OF CINTRA

If there be any place in the world entitled to the appellation of an enchanted region, it is surely Cintra. Tivoli is a beautiful and picturesque place, but it quickly fades from the mind of those who have seen the Portuguese Paradise —GEORGE BORROW . *The Bible in Spain.*

I left Cintra with a heart full of deep thankfulness for having been permitted to see a spot which must be one of the loveliest on earth —DORA WORDSWORTH : *Journal of a Residence in Portugal.*

To dilate on the beauties of Cintra would be to repeat an oft-told tale. A spot which inspired the muse of Byron, and whose charms have moved writers of taste and feeling to exhaust their powers of word-painting in describing its beauty, needs no further certificate of character. To essay the task anew would invite comparisons which wise folk avoid. Only ' fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' ' I know not how to describe the strange beauties of Cintra,' wrote Southey, ' yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight.'

Canning became so enamoured of the place that in after-years, whenever he was in the English Lake District, he would often ride over to Easedale, and linger there for hours together, because he said it reminded him of Cintra. ' I can imagine many an Easedale in the world,' was the comment of Wordsworth's daughter, ' but no second Cintra, . . . which is a place to dream over rather than to describe,' adding : ' So thought Mr. Southey ; many a time has he told me that he knew no place which resembles Cintra.'

Byron, describing his travels in Albania (1809), wrote : ' I went over the mountains through Zita, a village in the most beautiful situation I ever beheld (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal).'

Of all the gifted writers who have essayed the task of portraying Cintra's charms by transmuting their own golden impressions of the place into the silver of prose William Beckford must be regarded as *facile princeps.* As a graceful authoress justly observes, ' he is the only one who has succeeded in making its beauties FELT, and this he achieves, not so much by attempting to describe the place as the effect of the spell-like loveliness on his sensitive and poetic temperament.' And with this expression of opinion all who were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance

of Cintra before the 'demonbuilder' elected to display his vulgarity in that enchanted region, must needs agree.

It was of Beckford's *Sketches in Italy, Spain, and Portugal*, when first published, that a critic wrote: 'Few descriptions in any language can vie in fidelity or in the beauty of the language in which they are conveyed'; while the *Athenæum* in a review of the same work remarked: 'There are scenes in these pages not to be excelled in modern poetry, pictures where words are as rich in colour and in beauty as the pencil of a Turner.' As was justly affirmed of Beckford, 'his mind was exquisitely susceptible of the slightest vibrations, and his high degree of mental culture enabled him to turn them to account.'

The effect of natural scenery on the mind is very much a question of temperament and association. Thus while the sight of a green field, or even a tree, will move some people to tears, others will gaze unconcernedly upon scenes which, if reproduced on canvas, with the aid of paint and artificial light, in a theatre, would send them into raptures. A man was once heard to argue that there was nothing in Nature to compare with the scenery at Covent Garden.

So famed a spot as Cintra, like a 'society beauty,' could scarcely escape detraction, and I must confess to having experienced disappointment myself on first introduction to the place. Arriving in torrential rain, late one evening, suffering from toothache, scarcely predisposes one to launch out into rapturous admiration; but proves convincingly that first impressions are not invariably the best. There is no gainsaying the fact, moreover, that at certain seasons, as remarked by Mathews in *The Diary of an Invalid*, the attractions of Cintra 'are heightened by the contrast of the dreary and barren waste around.' Lord Carnarvon likened Cintra to 'a beautiful picture set in a worthless frame.'

Even Tennyson—whose keen appreciation of natural beauty no one would dare to question—wrote somewhat querulously about Cintra, while admitting that his visit was 'not at the most favourable season, the fields burned and browned by heat, and the mosquitoes afflicting; and every traveller knows how even the bite of a gnat alters one's views of life. To quote from his journal:

'*August* 23, 1859—Drove over Lisbon in a blazing heat, and saw St. Vincent's. Tried to see the grave of Fielding—couldn't get in—evening to Cintra, cold drive—disappointed at first—parched, barren look of landscape.

'*August* 26.—I continue pretty well except for toothache; I like the place much better as I know it better.

'*September* 2.—Heat and fleas and flies, and one thing and another, have decided us to return by boat to Sth [Southampton] on 7th.'

The truth is, most tourists come too late in the season to see Cintra at its best, arriving after the crops have been harvested in the plains, and the foliage has lost its pristine freshness. Spring is the time when Southern lands dress themselves out for show purposes. And if you would see Cintra in all its matchless beauty, you must pay your visit in April, or May at the latest, when the gardens are aglow with bright flowers, and the 'dreary and barren waste' which so distressed Mathews and Tennyson assumes a smiling face, flecked with the rich greens and glowing yellows of the young crops, interspersed with wild flowers, while the woods resound with the nightingale's rippling song, struggling for supremacy with the loud-voiced cricket—a monotonous songster held in high esteem by natives of the land.

'Cintra's carping critics have been mostly "birds of passage," folk who boast of the number of places they have visited' said a fellow-pilgrim to the writer on entering the Tagus. 'I understand one day is quite enough for Lisbon, and another for Cintra.' 'Cintra in a day! But why waste an entire day?' I felt prompted to ask. Let these 'hustlers' rest assured that a spot which could weave its spell over so fastidious a nature as Robert Southey's and hold the author of *Vathek* spell-bound amidst its enchanting scenes, must be endowed with some singularly potent, if mysterious, charm. In short, Cintra must be wooed, not taken by storm.

Remember, it was here in his uncle's house, encircled with lemon groves, a brook coursing past its door, that Southey was inspired with the idea of compiling the great History of Portugal, on which his reputation was to rest, and which was to be, in short, his *magnum opus*, but of which, alas, not a single page ever reached the printers.

Like all popular resorts, Cintra has its famous spots which every conscientious tourist feels it his duty to see, to which end he arrives, peradventure by the midday train, engages a carriage for the round, drives at headlong speed to these spots, winding up, likely enough, with an early dinner at Lawrence's. He returns to Lisbon with the conviction that Cintra is a much-overrated place, and assures his friends that he has seen it thoroughly. And so, undoubtedly, he has, though not quite in the sense intended.

Let it be clearly understood that he who would appreciate Cintra must needs prolong his sojourn beyond the limits of a week's end. Its charms only reveal themselves to the patient suitor, to him who as he wanders over mountain and valley, discovering each day some new scene of beauty, grows, insensibly, into harmony with his surroundings, until at last he begins to comprehend something of the book of Nature—that inexhaustible volume

whose secrets are jealously guarded from the pushful 'tripper,' be he never so 'up to date.'

'How fortunate the Lisbon people are in having such a paradise within easy reach!' was the exclamation of a stranger Yes, fortunate indeed. But do they appreciate it? Have they ever appreciated it? 'Notwithstanding the advantages which Cintra possesses over every other part of Portugal, it is but little resorted to by the natives,' was the surprised remark of that dullest of diarists, Murphy, in 1789. Has Cintra, then, no charms for these city-bred folk? 'Nothing more excites our surprise,' observed the wife of a diplomatist in 1821, 'than the indifference which the generality of persons of the higher rank evince towards the beauty, verdure, shade, and the coolness of Cintra.' Referring to a later period—within my own recollection—an accomplished authoress, who had been familiar with Cintra from childhood, bemoaned 'the flocks of citizens who arrived at the hotels on Saturday nights and left again on Monday morning, passing the time in riding the poor *burros*' (donkeys) 'in a riotous and brutal manner, gormandising and gambling.'

Have these descendants of the De Castros and Albuquerques no taste for country pursuits, or for the quiet enjoyment of Nature in all its varied aspects? A native of the country, a college professor, and a writer of some distinction—yes, and, more remarkable still in modern Portugal, a devout Churchman—to whose patient courtesy I owe such insight into native manners and habits of thought as I was fortunate enough to acquire, declared positively that his countrymen had no genuine love of country life or of beautiful scenery. This much I can affirm from my own experience—and it would be ungrateful, after all the enjoyment I have derived from my wanderings in fair Lusitania, to withhold the truth—that I have never once met a well-to-do Portuguese, of either sex, climbing a hill to admire the view; and I doubt if any natives of the land, rich or poor, would undertake a journey of 100 yards merely to gaze on scenery, if it involved the use of their legs. It is this same prejudice which inclines Portuguese of all classes to regard folk who climb mountains, or, indeed, lend their limbs to any violent exercise, as on the verge of lunacy.

Who then discovered Cintra and turned it to account as a health resort? Apart from the monarchs of old who came here to hunt and some half-dozen native poets who have sung its praises in print, the mass of the Lisbon populace, before the railway was made, neither knew nor cared for this Elysium. Tradition—and there is always a substratum of truth in tradition—attributes the discovery of Cintra as a 'health resort' to the English—members of the 'British Factory' at Lisbon, who, in

former times, were a numerous and influential body. And what more natural than that these same Britons should seek a refuge in the nearest hills from the heat and disgusting smells of the metropolis during the summer? 'I, like all the English, am driven to the cool retirement of Cintra,' wrote Southey in August 1800. And he describes their retreats as 'half hid among cork trees, elms, and hazels.' It was in one of these romantic nooks, belonging to his uncle, Mr. Hill, chaplain to the Factory, that Southey spent some of the happiest months of his life. 'I would gladly live and die here,' he wrote to his friend Coleridge. A glowing testimony to the Cintra climate, even as late as October, is borne by the author of *Vathek*, who subsequently fixed his abode here: 'The clear and exhilarating air we now enjoy calls for the liveliest sense of existence. I ride, walk, and climb as long as I please without feeling fatigue.'

Local tradition concerning the discovery of Cintra by the 'English Factory' receives confirmation, moreover, from an independent source of a much earlier date. It so chanced that Cintra was visited in the year 1760 by that amusing *raconteur* Joseph Baretti, a native of Italy living in London, and a welcome guest in literary circles of that period. Writing, under date September 11, to a friend in England, 'from a room on the ground floor of a house half ruined that goes in this country under the appellation of an inn,'—to quote his own words—'and would be thought in any other a rendezvous for witches,' he describes how he had to make shift in this wretched hovel owing to the 'English inn' being full. And he goes on to explain that the house was thus entitled because it was kept up by 'a society of English merchants from Lisbon, who came to Cintra upon pleasure, or to buy oranges and lemons, and always occupied the best rooms, and with very good reason, as they had fitted it up themselves for their reception.' The inn was then owned by a native of Turin.

Thirty years later Beckford, on a visit to Lisbon, wrote of this same 'English inn': 'We dined at a clean, snug inn, situated towards the middle of the village of Cintra, from whose windows you look down upon deep ravines and bold slopes of woods and copses, variegated with mossy stones and ancient decayed chestnuts.' The proprietress was then 'a most flaming Irish Catholic.' General Cockburn, who visited this same inn twenty years later, alludes to its 'beautiful situation over a glen.' His hostess, 'Mrs. O'Dacy, a huge, old Irish woman from county Cork—all the way!'—must have been the 'flaming Irish Catholic' mentioned by Beckford. She had been in Cintra nearly forty years, and kept a 'clean, comfortable house.'

The last mention of the lady from county Cork occurs in

The Diary of an Invalid, whose author visited Cintra in 1817, and records that 'my landlady, Mrs. O'Dacy, over eighty years old, is now quite blind.' She was wont to entertain her guests with stories of the great earthquake at Lisbon (1755), which terrible event she well remembered. Her charge for board and lodging then was 11*s.*, not including wine, 'so that Cintra,' wrote Mathews, 'is not cheaper than Cheltenham.'

Such is the history of the 'English inn,' known in later times as 'Lawrence's Hotel.' My own introduction to that same celebrated house of rest came about in this wise. In the gloom of a winter's evening (1868) two young fellows from the fleet in the Tagus arrived at Cintra weary, footsore, and drenched to the skin, having 'footed' the intervening sixteen miles in torrential rain—a carriage being an extravagance beyond the means of two midshipmen of the 'sixties. After wandering through a maze of dark lanes, the haven was reached they had longed for at Lawrence's Hotel, where a hot bath and dinner, followed by the sleep of the just and weary, set both pilgrims on their feet again next morning. At cockcrow they sallied forth to see the sights, and later in the day returned to Lisbon on donkeys; for, be it noted, 'the ass in this country' (Portugal), according to Southey, 'is as respectable an animal as it is useful.'

A midshipman's frolic is amusing to look back on from the years 'that bring the philosophic mind,' to say nothing of rheumatism and kindred ills. By way of fixing the date and refreshing my memory, I took the opportunity on my next visit to Cintra, thirty years later, to examine the old 'visitors' books,' where, sure enough, our brief sojourn was duly recorded.

On the occasion of a more recent visit to Cintra with my wife, by the advice of a friend—and with a view to improving our knowledge of the language—we installed ourselves in a native hotel, where we were commended by the same kind friend to the particular care of a French-speaking waiter: no one in the house speaking English; and nobly did our guardian angel acquit himself of the trust, displaying quite a paternal care for our welfare, for the honour of Portugal.

The situation of the house was delightful, while within, spotless floors of bare boards—(beware of carpeted rooms in hot climates)—the walls washed a pale green, snow-white bed-linen, and the perfect cleanliness that reigned throughout, entirely justified our friend's advice. Mine host was of Italian birth, most courteous and anxious to please; he was also *chef*, having served in that capacity before acquiring the ownership. The table was liberal and varied, and the charges moderate: we were taken *en pension* for 1800 reis each a day, equivalent, at the current rate of exchange, to 5*s.* 4*d.* English. And this included early

coffee, Collares wine of excellent quality at all meals, yes, and—believe it if you like—baths and lights thrown in.

The waiting staff consisted of one other besides our own particular guide, philosopher and kindest of friends; and as both were short and stout and round-about, the pair were promptly christened Tweedledum and Tweedledee; and a more attentive, hard-working, cheery couple of little old men I never encountered. It was a revelation to watch the way they attended to a party of thirty or forty Sunday diners, in addition to the boarders. The anxiety they showed for our particular comfort was quite pathetic. The only complaint I had against them was the insistent way in which they encouraged overeating. What chiefly grieved these dear little people was our small consumption of victuals. The refusal of a dish so grieved them, indeed, that often, out of regard for their feelings, we would sample a course simply to avoid further importunity. For at the least sign of hesitation—and towards the close of a long meal one is wont to relax a little—there would come the touching appeal, '*Oh, c'est fort bon!*' or, from Tweedledum, the beseeching cry, '*E toa boa!*' Now, as breakfast consisted of many meat courses, to say nothing of eggs and kindred dainties, while dinner was served on a far more lavish scale, both meals ending with heaped-up dishes of fine strawberries and other fruits, this continuous over-indulgence, begotten of a desire to spare our attendants' feelings, was, we hope and trust, placed by the recording angel to our credit.

The light in which we were regarded by our guardians may be gathered from the following episode. When the friend who had installed us here returned to Cintra, asked the trusted one how his charges were getting on, 'Oh,' replied Tweedledee in his native tongue, with a tinge of sadness, 'they just walk all day, and eat nothing.' We accepted this as a pretty compliment.

'Telling tales out of school' is a most reprehensible practice—while you are at school. But if travellers were prohibited from recording their impressions of the strange folk they met, what false ideas we should form of our fellow-prisoners on this unstable globe. Depend upon it, the 'candid friend' has his uses; and, after much wandering in fair Lusitania, the most enduring impression I carried away was the utter lack of proportion between the amount of food consumed by the well-to-do classes and the physical exertion indulged in between whiles.

Beware, however, of too frequent generalisation—the particular vice of travellers. For a story is told of a foreigner who, on landing at Dover, was waited on by a red-haired servant-girl and promptly wrote home that *all* English waitresses had red hair. The reader must not, therefore, jump to the conclusion from the example I am about to cite of native habits that all Portuguese

lead the same unwholesome existence. There happened to be staying in the hotel at Cintra an elderly and amiable senhor whose appetite excited our envy, yet I have no recollection of his walks extending beyond the lounge hall—a place about the size of a roomy cupboard. Here, breakfast over, he would ensconce himself and remain for hours, peering into futurity, as we supposed or, perchance, simply waiting for dinner. Assuredly, if the look of placid contentment his face assumed—due, no doubt, to the comfortable sense of repletion that is the lot of fortunate owners of sound digestions after a bountiful meal—was a true index of the mind, our friend must have been entranced with what the future held in store.

Personally, I doubt the wisdom of peering into futurity, in spite of the satisfaction it seemed to afford our friend, and would advise all who value peace of mind to act as Beckford did on a memorable occasion. 'Far from desiring to catch even the shadow of coming events,' he wrote, 'I said to myself, in the nervous language of Dryden :

> 'Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd,
> Joys only flow where fate is most conceal'd.
> Too busy man would find his sorrows more
> If future fortunes he could know before.'

The stranger, unaware of the heroic achievements of the Portuguese in times past, might be pardoned for supposing that legs, in this favoured land, were provided for the sole purpose of balancing the body on a chair while eating.

For this reason, I am persuaded that until the hills of Cintra have been rolled flat Elysium will never become really popular with the Lisbon folk, nor can it hope to compete with the resorts of beauty and fashion with the added attraction of games of chance at a lower level. It was this pious conviction that wrung from one of our countrymen, long ago, the assertion that 'Cintra is too good a place for the Portuguese. It is only fit for us Goths, for Germans or English.' In the year 1800 we find Southey deploring that native merchants were beginning to find out that 'Cintra is a fine place,' and were buying houses as they became vacant, 'so that one day they will dispossess the English, and this I do not like.' Cintra is still a beautiful spot, but, alas, it is very different from the Cintra which inspired the rhapsodies of Beckford, Southey and Byron, and were these famous men to revisit it, the temptation to quote Wordsworth's splendid lines would be irresistible :

> There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparell'd in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

Since the entire world has been practically thrown open to the great army of tourists—a very different breed from Nature lovers—the 'lions' that attracted former generations have ceased to roar; that is to say, they no longer attract the admiration that was formerly lavished on them. Amongst the once famous beauty spots which have thus suffered eclipse, perhaps the most notable is Cintra, once the earthly Paradise of our poets.

TEIGNMOUTH.

HOLBEIN'S 'DUCHESS OF MILAN'

THE story of 'The Holbein' has never yet been told, and it never can be completely told, because the name of our benefactress, who saved the picture for the nation by the munificent gift to the National Art-Collections Fund of 40,000*l*., must never be revealed. That was a condition upon which the gift was made, and it was demanded of us for sound and sufficient reasons.

A statement was made at the annual meeting of the Fund in June last that the donor was a lady, and this was also stated by Mr. D. S McColl in his article, on the twenty-first anniversary of the Fund's existence, in the *Burlington Magazine* for April. With that statement members of the Fund will remain satisfied, and in the following pages care has been taken to respect the wishes of the donor.

The story of the acquisition of the picture is fascinating, partly because it contains an instance of an art-lover's remarkable generosity and partly because the success of our efforts was a matter of uncertainty till the last hour of the very last day of our option

Early in 1909 it was whispered that the fifteenth Duke of Norfolk intended to sell his famous portrait of the *Duchess of Milan* by Holbein. The rumour was received with dismay and with incredulity by all art-lovers, with dismay because it was feared that the picture would surely leave the country, and with incredulity because it had been so long on exhibition at the National Gallery that the public generally, and even the Trustees, had seemingly come to the conclusion that the picture, which had been on loan for nearly thirty years, I think, would eventually become the property of the nation. Consequently it came as a shock to the Trustees and the public when the rumour became a reality, and the Duke gave notice of his withdrawal of the picture.

The fact is that, owing to official legislation, the Roman Catholic schools of the country were deprived of some financial support, and the Duke wished it to be known that he intended to apply to that object the money he received for the picture.

In 1903 the National Art-Collections Fund had succeeded in buying from Messrs. Agnew *The Rokeby Venus*, by Velasquez, for

the sum of 45,000*l.*, to which the vendors themselves made the handsome contribution of 5,000 guineas. But it was a terribly hard task to collect 40,000*l.* in times that were not good. Yet the Committee succeeded, and there was a chorus of praise, in which the King, the Press, the public and our members all heartily joined.

But for the Holbein the price was fixed at the large figure of 72,000*l.*—a price unheard of for a portrait. What chance had the Executive of securing this great prize? Most of us thought a very small chance indeed, but all were agreed that it was our bounden duty to try, and the excitement and the enthusiasm of all concerned supported us in our great adventure.

The Duke engaged the services of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi to sell the picture for him, and consented to give an option to the Trustees of the National Gallery of one month before disposing of it elsewhere. We knew, however, that, if we failed, Mr. Frick, of America, was thirsting to buy it (through Messrs. Knoedler), and this served to increase our ardour.

The Treasury, after much pressure, agreed to contribute 10,000*l.*, and Messrs. Colnaghi contributed 2,000*l.*, leaving the Fund to find 60,000*l.*, but in spite of the great kindness of the Press, which kept the matter very prominently before the public, in spite of the efforts of every member of the Executive Committee and the hard work of its officials, and in spite, too, of many generous contributions, only slow progress was made towards the amount required, and our period of 'option' was gradually dwindling away.

We sent our S.O.S. appeals to the Press, and *The Times* rendered great help. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Morning Post* also gave us much support. Friends of the Fund responded to them, and King Edward openly expressed his good wishes for our success. *Punch* on May 12, 1909, published a cartoon by Bernard Partridge showing *Hans across the Sea.* It depicted a stranger (America) seizing Hans Holbein's Duchess by the wrist and, dragging her forth, saying: 'Once aboard the liner, and the gyurl is mine!'

All these Press appeals bore fruit, but the harvest was not yet. Meanwhile our 'option' continued to diminish, and we were becoming increasingly despondent and unhappy, and felt that only a miracle could save us. Moreover, a fresh anxiety was that the Whitsuntide holidays would commence in the last week of our option, and our last chance would go by Whit Monday.

I had intended going to the country for a much-needed rest over the holidays, but the honorary officers and most members of the Committee had already left town, and I decided to remain on the faint chance of something turning up. I went to my office

daily during Whit week, and on Tuesday morning, June 1, something did turn up.

Among the letters was one written on Sunday, May 30 (Whit Sunday), from a lady at a health resort in Germany addressed to the National Art-Collections Fund, 47, Victoria Street, London, which ran:

> X . . . begs a wire be sent her stating the amount so far collected for Holbein's *Duchess of Milan* and whether cheques must be sent or whether a reference to her bank would be sufficient to be valid. X . . . relies upon the National Art-Collections Fund keeping her name completely private, whether any result comes from this letter or not.

I read the letter again and again and wondered if we were being hoaxed or if the lady was mentally sound, as she was a complete stranger to us, for the offer of a gift of 40,000*l.* was as incredible as 70,000*l.* asked for a portrait. But the offer had to be treated seriously, and I hurried off the following telegram in reply:

> *Tuesday, June* 1, 1909, 9.30 *a.m.*
> (Reply paid.)
>
> (To X . . .) We gratefully acknowledge generous offer. Amount obtained 27,000*l.*, amount required 45,000*l.* Your bank reference sufficient for us. Kindly wire immediately.—From National Art-Collections Fund, 47, Victoria Street, London.

By lunch-time on the same day the contributions had increased by 5,000*l.*, the accumulation over the holidays, and the following telegram was consequently sent:

> *Tuesday, June* 1, 1909, 2.45 *p.m.*
> (To X . . .) Option expires to-night. 40,000*l.* would secure picture. All depends upon you. Please reply immediately.—From National Art-Collections Fund.

Later in the day we were gratified by the receipt of a confirmation of the offer, which ran:

> *June* 1, 1909.
> To the National Art Fund, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.—Agent Bank . . . I will make up deficiency for the Holbein.
> (*Signed*) X . . .

This was followed by a second telegram:

> To National Art Fund, 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.—Your wire received. Hereby confirm. Have written to agent at bank.

I went to see the agent of X. . . . at her bank, and wired and wrote to my colleague R. C. Witt to interrupt his well-earned holiday and return, which he did at once. My interview with the bank manager I shall never forget. He was not at all surprised to see a representative of the Fund, and he seemed to me to know

all about the matter and was deeply interested. He gave me the impression that he was even supporting, if not actually encouraging, his client in her intention. I showed him the letter from the lady and the telegrams, hers and ours, and the thrilling moment came when he said, with a smile: 'Our client has ample means and is quite capable of carrying the matter through.'

I returned to the office a very happy man. The following day I had the advantage of my colleague Witt's help, and we sent the lady the following telegram:

Wednesday, June 2, 1909.

(To X . . .) National Art-Collections Fund desire to express their unbounded gratitude and their most cordial appreciation of your splendid and munificent action. Acting upon your telegram, have seen your agent at the bank with Colnaghi and informed Colnaghi that balance will be forthcoming through agent. As matter of form, kindly write confirming telegram to us and agent. Your patriotic assistance will be deeply appreciated by the entire country. Writing fully to-night.—From National Art-Collections Fund.

We then went together to the bank, as I wanted my colleague to hear from the manager what he had already told me. We next went to Messrs. Colnaghi and had an interview with Mr. Mackay. I felt a little anxious because I was uncertain whether our 'option' legally expired at midnight on June 1, and if so whether Mr. Mackay would take advantage of it in the event of his having a better offer from Mr. Frick, of America. On the other hand, I felt that patriotism would prevail, and no question was, happily, raised on the matter of the time limit.

We told Mr. Mackay that we exercised our 'option,' and the National Art-Collections Fund would take the picture at the agreed price. He had not, hitherto, heard of the 40,000*l.* gift, and was startled. 'But you have not the money,' he said. 'We have,' we replied. 'I shall want evidence of that,' he said. 'We are prepared for that. Come with us to the bank, and you shall be assured that the picture will be paid for.' We all got into a four-wheeled cab, waiting at the door, and drove to the bank, when Mr. Mackay had confirmation of our statement from the manager. Mr. Mackay said: 'Well, all I can say is that this is the most remarkable transaction I have ever been connected with.' A remark which each of us might have truthfully repeated.

To put the matter in order my colleague and I wrote the following letter to the manager of the bank concerned:

47, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,
June 2, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—

Holbein's 'Duchess of Milan.'

We beg to inform you that we have received a letter from X, . . . of —— and now residing at ——, dated the 30th of May, requesting us to wire to her stating the amount so far collected for the purchase of the

above picture, and inquiring whether she should send cheques or whether her reference to her bank would be sufficient for any further offer to be valid.

We replied that 27,000*l*. had been promised, and that 45,000*l*. was still required to complete the purchase.

Shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday we received her reply as follows: 'Agent Bank . . . I will make up deficiency for the Holbein through above. X . . .'

We have since telegraphed and written to her expressing the unbounded gratitude of our society for her munificence, and have taken steps with Messrs. Colnaghi, the present owners of the picture.

Permit us to take this opportunity of thanking you for your most valued assistance in this matter, which is of national importance.

We are, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
I. SPIELMANN,
R. C. WITT,
Hon. Secs.

The Manager, Bank . . .

To this letter we received two replies:

BANK . . .
June 3, 1909.

MEMO.

To Sir I. Spielmann.—In reply to your letter of the 2nd instant, I beg to inform you that we are in communication with the lady who is willing to assist in the purchase of the Holbein and awaiting a favourable reply.

THE MANAGER.

BANK . . .
June 3, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of this date accepting the offer of a contribution of 40,000*l*. towards the purchase of Holbein's *Duchess of Milan*, and I will at once communicate with the lady who makes the offer and no doubt you will hear further from me in the course of a few days. I note that you quote the lady's name in your letter. Please understand that she is most anxious that the gift should be given anonymously.

Yours faithfully,
THE MANAGER.

Sir I. Spielmann.

After our interview with Messrs. Colnaghi we went to the National Gallery to see Sir Charles Holroyd. He was not well, and the thought of the loss of this great picture had depressed him considerably. 'Holroyd, the picture is saved,' I said. 'Cheer up, my dear fellow; the picture is ours,' said my colleague. He looked at us from one to the other as if dazed, and then followed the most pathetic incident in the whole of these proceedings. He buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Being out of health, the suddenness of our statement was rather too much for him, and I must confess that his emotion raised a lump in my throat. When he had regained his composure he said that Holbein's *Duchess of Milan* was the picture he had always loved most in the Gallery. He was overjoyed that it would now never

leave it, and he rejoiced heartily in the success that the Fund had achieved.

On June 7 I received the following letter:

BANK . . .
June 7, 1909.

DEAR SIR I. SPIELMANN,—It will interest you to know that I have received a letter from . . . this morning in reply to mine of the 3rd, in which the lady writes: 'I hope to be back this next week and then to arrange the advance,' so you will not be kept long waiting.

Yours very truly,
THE MANAGER.

In a few days a further communication was received, that one-half of the promised contribution had been arranged:

BANK . . .

MEMO.

I have seen the donor, and it has been arranged that you have 20,000*l.* on Saturday *morning next, the rest to follow in due course.*

THE MANAGER.

On June 19 the bank manager announced that the first 20,000*l.* had been paid into our account:

BANK . . .
June 19, 1909.

DEAR SIR I. SPIELMANN,—I have sent the 20,000*l.* to Coutts in due course.

Now I think it would be well if you write acknowledging receipt in warm terms, adding that the Committee would be glad to know about what date the donor could, at her convenience, pay the balance of the gift, that they may arrange with Colnaghi accordingly.

Yours sincerely,
THE MANAGER.

The suggestions contained in the above letter were naturally acted upon by our chairman, Lord Balcarres, now the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. We received kind acknowledgments of our letters from the donor through her bank manager, but not direct, so anxious was she to preserve anonymity.

Further instalments towards the completion of the 40,000*l.* were received in due course, of which the following announcement is an example:

BANK . . .
July 2, 1909.

DEAR SIR I. SPIELMANN,—I am paying another 5,000*l.* to your credit at Coutts to-day, making 25,000*l.* paid up to date.

Yours very truly,
THE MANAGER.

It is now fifteen years since the picture became the property of the nation, and in that brief period nearly all of those who

were chiefly concerned in its acquisition have passed away: the Duke of Norfolk, the owner; Mr. Mackay, of Messrs. Colnaghi, his deputy, with whom we had to deal; the generous benefactress herself; her agent, the manager of the bank, who carried out her wishes; and Sir Charles Holroyd, the Director of the National Gallery, who happily lived to see the great picture become the property of the National Gallery.

The National Art-Collections Fund has just celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of its existence, having been founded in 1903. In 1904 the membership was 551, and at the end of 1923 it was 3607. It has secured, or assisted in securing, upwards of 450 works of art for the nation, some of them being art-treasures of the greatest importance.

ISIDORE SPIELMANN.

THE OLD VIC.

Just one hundred years ago a play entitled *George the Third, the Father of his People*, was being performed at the Coburg Theatre in the Waterloo Road, at the corner of the New Cut; and every night the audience witnessed the translation of the mad old king from the Surrey side to heaven. This vision of apotheosis, however, so moved the personal feelings of the spectators that on a Saturday night a gentleman in the threepenny gallery hurled a bottle at the royal head, and in rapid consequence found himself deposited in the watch-house. Hearty days, when the drama lived with a shout; when generous programmes of a fine, strong flavour were provided; when tremendous effects were produced for a surprisingly small cost of admission; when the actor had a voice and thunderingly well used it; when the tribe of Crummleses flourished and were applauded for their honest, robustious worth and toil.

Much of the vital spirit of those times, with a similar sincerity and love for the drama, is still alive at that theatre; but manners, as well as the name of the building, have changed, and flung bottles are no longer regarded as a convincing expression of dramatic opinion. The audience at the Old Vic. is the happiest in the world. In many ways it is unique. Its zest, its sense of appreciation and fidelity, its common sense in knowing a good thing when it has found it, comprise a definite cause of the success of the house. Without its partiality and enthusiasm the result could not be so good. The truth of this to some extent was proved during the summer, when the company of the Old Vic., with a series of Shakespearean plays, was transferred for a season to the New Oxford Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, and, deprived of its own audience, found a 'frost.'

Of the three main causes of the peculiar success of the Old Vic. —the devoted audience, the excellent entertainments provided, the abounding sincerity of the performers—the character of the audience is probably entitled to the first place. People go to the little theatre with commendable regularity and fine faith, knowing that good fare is certain and is sincerely offered, and that the play as a whole is the attraction, and not a particular star or group of

stars. Although not Southwark only, but the whole of London, sends worshippers to the shrine, the audience still has a local character and maintains its individuality, so that whether the work of Shakespeare, or Mozart, or Sheridan is offered, the new-comers soon catch the right fervour and accept the mirth of Falstaff or of Papageno with the enjoyment proper to the elect. Truly the eager attention of the audience—as this one of that audience has found it both at operatic and dramatic representations—must be an excellent stimulus to the players, for the poetry is enjoyed, the point of wit taken, the melodic phrase accepted, even although it may have been heard already a score of times.

Yet there was a period when this condition was otherwise. Edmund Kean played on that stage for a couple of nights in 1830, and received for his two appearances the amazing sum of a hundred pounds. The audience, however, with the partiality which, after all, is merely a sort of loyalty, showed plainly that they preferred their own man, Cobham, who had played Iago to the great tragedian's Moor, with the result that at his curtain call Kean told them bluntly that he had never before acted to an audience of such unmitigated brutes. On this occasion, evidently, the gentleman with the bottle was not there.

The fact of Kean's appearance is striking enough, considering the struggle to keep going which the theatre often had at about that time, as afterwards. Yet other dramatic stars shone there too. Grimaldi clowned it to packed houses for thirty pounds a week; Paganini made his last appearance in England on that stage; Macready acted there, as did Liston, Ben Webster, Booth, Sheridan Knowles, Buckstone, and T. P. Cooke. In later days, in the 'sixties, Nellie Farren made her *début* on those boards. So that the brilliant company of players and operatic artists—the Thorndikes and Florence Saunders and Muriel Gough, Clive Carey, William Stack, Fisher White, Ernest Milton, and others—who have acted or sung there in recent and present years follow a theatrical record and sequence of fine sincerity and accomplishment, which not even Old Drury, with all its mighty resources, can have bettered.

The character of the works produced, since first the curtain rose in this house, one hundred and six years ago, has been decidedly varied. It began with old-fashioned red-poker pantomime and ripe melodramas of thunder and blood, followed by Shakespearean performances not very much 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and with farces and domestic plays, furnished with the crudest of costumes, effects, and properties, yet sufficient to an audience that, in its love for the 'legitimate,' has always used imagination and accepted the simplest stage accessories for a rolling ocean or ancient Rome, a battle-field, a

blasted heath, or the immortal Forest of Arden. Dioramas, moralities, and variety shows, as well as opera—nearly everything at some time or other has occupied these boards. Thank Heaven that, with all its adventures and anxieties, the Old Vic. has never come down to the ' pictures.'

The most sympathetic audience in the world would, however be impossible without the right inspiration. It needs true work, with plays that call to the heart and mind; and not one of us who belongs to the Old Vic.—by the rights and privileges of self-election and the tribute of the pay-box—can deny that he or she is richly rewarded with enjoyment given plentifully of good material. Since the conclusion of the war every play of Shakespeare has been produced upon that stage, even to *Titus Andronicus*, with its ghastly and overloaded slabs of horror, which, happily, as we can feel, was only in slight part his; and I notice, on looking through old programmes, that even during the war, when the task of securing men-performers was inordinately difficult, half the plays of Shakespeare were given every year, as well as *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, an Epiphany play entitled *The Star of Bethlehem*, and the old morality of *Everyman*, with sixteen operas, including *Don Giovanni*, which has not been heard elsewhere in London since some time before 1914, and—added to the list, though surely he is a strange companion to Juan, the lover of one thousand and three—the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn. So it goes on annually with the regularity of the seasons or of the stars in their celestial orbits. Of the operatic section of the work of the Old Vic. I will, however, speak a little later, if you please.

During recent years we have had great moments with William Shakespeare at this theatre—great moments due to the great William himself, and not to the purple passages of particular actresses or actors, through which, as has often been witnessed at other houses, the flow of the drama is suspended for Jaques to deliver to the footlights his speech on the Seven Ages, or the newest Ophelia to rave with an ingenious and very particular neurotic intensity. At the Old Vic. they don't do that sort of thing, but give us the natural course of the action, as if it were really an aspect of life displayed or a story in the process of the telling, showing men and women often passionate and splendid or wronged and weak, but not so unnaturally expert of attitude and utterance that while they mouth the traffic must be stopped, and their fellows on the stage remain ' mum ' and stiff and ' stuck ' and staring. Not that the acting down Southwark way in recent years has been devoid of fineness and exaltation: Sybil Thorndike has been there, and others of a like ideal and rapture; but also the Old Vic., it must be acknowledged, has sometimes had its ' duds.' On the whole, however, the show has been satisfactory and of

high endeavour; individual efforts have been subordinated to the common end; the actors have worked as a team; always the play has been the thing.

With such a generous provision of high and noble entertainment—for no theatre in the world, not even the white elephant in red-brick at Stratford-on-Avon, is so thoroughly a memorial theatre to Shakespeare as the Old Vic.—one should so far as possible have the text unbowdlerised. Yet sometimes the blue pencil of a dark propriety has removed what might better have been left. One does not wish to keep the old merely dirty jokes, or the too frequent puns, used by a dramatist who knew his craft to tickle the ears of the groundlings, for time has taken their excuse away, and they do not help the action or the characterisation. But, for example, it *is* necessary to keep the whole of Launce's speech to his dog. Take away any of that, and the joy of one of the most human of stage utterances is lost. Habitually that speech has been cut down, disembowelled, at the Old Vic., a process somewhat unfair to an audience that is gifted with a nice discrimination and discretion, and coming strangely from producers who have had the courage to display the violent woes of poor Lavinia with her amputated hands.

The operatic section of the work at the Old Vic. is not less important than the dramatic, although twice the number of plays are given In spite of disadvantages—very cramped space, an inadequate chorus, evidently rather roughly amateur, and an orchestra which, though inspired and capably led by Mr. Charles Corri, lacks some of the essential instruments—the performances are enjoyable. The scheme is ambitious. Nowhere else in England, possibly nowhere else in the world, is there anything like it, for although most towns upon the Continent of any size have an opera-house, ambitions abroad are not generally so catholic and unlimited as at the Old Vic. They are able especially to indulge in the local product; and the local product of Great Britain and Ireland in this respect is not very much.

At the Old Vic. you may enjoy operas which, excellent though they be, are not easily to be heard elsewhere, as *Fra Diavolo*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Martha*, *Maritana*, and *The Lady of Killarney*. Sometimes they are claptrap, at other times stodgy and dull, but yet possessed of airs, and choruses, and graces which have entered the popular heart, and still are capable of stirring the emotions when heard occasionally in selections. They are played and sung every year at the house in the Waterloo Road, and go with gusto there. The principals, at any rate, know their job, and have the valuable experience of working together, so that even without big voices they secure a sufficient effect and give happiness to musicians, as well as to those of us, comparatively

ordinary mortals, who are glad to escape for a time from the dinginess of a gas-lit existence to realms of jolly melody and poetic fancy. It is matter for rejoicing that, at any rate in the Waterloo Road, we can hear again the operas in which Jenny Lind and her associates sang, and melodies our grandfathers hummed on their ways homeward afterwards. The trouble to the casual visitor often is that any one of the operas can be given only three times a year, so that nearly always the house is full, an excellent condition for the theatre, but disappointing to those who find themselves confronted by an inexorable doorkeeper with the verdict of 'Not even standing room!'

The established opera, which has won a living recognition, has its regular nights, with an alternate Saturday *matinée*. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser* I have not attempted to hear there, for somehow one feels that works requiring so much from the orchestra, a sonorous splendour of brass, a magical complexity of instrumentalisation, would be too exacting for the resources available. Mozart, however, that loveliest, if not the most divine, of musicians, is wondrously vivid and enjoyable at the Old Vic. The smallness of the orchestra seems almost to improve the effect, as it is nearer to the standards of the eighteenth century, though on these occasions the reed instruments, at least, are insufficient, and the colour of the music is thereby somewhat lost. Yet the pleasure of the performance is unquestionable. From start to finish it goes with flow and swerve and delight; at no other time is the accord of the audience with the performers so absolute. There is an intimacy, a friendship felt.

The Magic Flute, in particular, is an experience to realise at the Old Vic Of course, in the merely artistic essentials it has frequent and obvious limitations, and cannot be compared with the production at Covent Garden. It has not the quality or strength of voices, or the costumes, appointments, accessories—although its serpent, in the first scene, is vastly less preposterous than the stuffed and jerky reptile at the National Opera House—especially it has not the chorus or the dancers; but in the power of communicating pure joy its superiority over the major house is positive. Those who doubt this bold assertion had better go and see.

In *Don Giovanni*, the greatest of all operas, the Old Vic. in one important respect has been pioneer, for in its admirable version, introduced for the first time in November 1921, the comic epilogue was restored. This should never have been omitted, for besides being a delightful example of concerted music, characteristically Mozartian, it points the moral, accentuates its genial irony, rounds off the comic tragedy, in an appropriate spirit. The naughty Juan having mocked and derided love and infinity until

the end—his end—and been dragged by the statue through the last, worst exit of life, his companions, who had seen the significant escort of devils, re-enter to advise the audience to be good, with a frankness reminiscent of, but, oh, so different in spirit from, the evangelical thumpers of the old, unpleasant years:

> Sinner, pause and ponder well;
> Mark the end of Giovanni!
> Are you going to heaven or hell?

Except by students of the Royal College of Music, under the direction of Sir Charles Stanford, this finale had never been performed in England before, so that here is a case where the little old theatre in the New Cut has relighted a neglected lamp and renewed a flame of golden inspiration.

The customary accepted operas, as *Carmen*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *Faust*, are performed every year; while *Don Giovanni*, let it be emphasised, is nowadays not to be heard anywhere else in England. A strange fact, when one comes to consider it. Well, it is only another cause for pride in those who love the Old Vic., for this theatre is more than a place of dramatic or musical entertainment, with—on Tuesday nights—an illustrated lecture 'for Thinking Men and Women,' as the programme puts it. It is nothing less than a national institution, and the nearest approach to a national theatre that we shall have until the socially important persons who are said to be organising such a necessity manage to overcome their lethargy, and, as a sign of good faith, at least lay a few bricks.

Four-fifths of the work that a national theatre would do is being done by the Old Vic. Every year it produces half the plays of Shakespeare, as well as a few of the English classical comedies. A national theatre, of course, would stage examples of British dramatic works, from, say, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to *Hindle Wakes*, and afterwards. The Old Vic. cannot do that because of its operas. They require seventy nights a year, and are much too useful and good to be dispensed with.

I do not, therefore, ask for more from Miss Lilian Baylis and her associates; but I do venture the wish that at Christmas-time, instead of giving us *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which is only a sort of play, they should revive annually one of the old melodramas or pantomimes, played more or less in the original manner, which filled the house when Joseph Glossop, or D. W. Osbaldiston, or Joseph Cave was the manager: *Sweeney Todd*—why not?—and the pantomime of *Baron Munchausen*, and *Alone in the Pirate's Lair*, and *The Scamps of London*, and that other pantomime, Grimaldi's own, entitled *Salmagundi, or the Clown's Dish of all Sorts*. Such variety and abundance of earlier achievement, how-

ever simple or stagey or stupid it may appear to our superiorities, should not be left entirely to the dust and forgetfulness, for the reproduction of those plays would certainly be curious, in many ways amusing, and would illustrate an important chapter of the history of the English stage. I am sure that Mr. Chance Newton, who knows everything about this theatre and all theatres—and what he does not know he can safely invent—would help in the discovery and presentation of those lost examples of old theatrical effort.

It would, I am sure, be worth while, just as the dear Old Vic. is splendidly worth while. The influence of this theatre, on the whole, has been, and is, unexampled elsewhere. It provides what the upholsterers—or was it the novelists ?—called a felt want. It keeps the spirit of the drama alive. The audience crowds into it for love of the play, and the play is well done largely for love of the audience. The Old Vic. will not perish, its influence will march and prosper, for it has kept its soul.

Be sure that often—and probably on treasury nights—great shadows congregate in that hall, the ghosts of players gone, while echoes of the old applause, inaudible to mortal ears, drift among the rafters. Ill arranged and dingy as the building may appear to new-comers who have not yet caught the gladly tolerant and appreciative spirit of the place, the Old Vic. is yet always fresh and new, for successive performers of a capacity not less than those of other times sing the loved songs or re-enact the plays proved deathless, to an audience whose fidelity can never tire. And so may it go on—and so it will go on until we who applaud to-day in turn are relegated to the armchairs of contented, and it may be of babbling, age—and for very long afterwards.

One little thing else. Why is there not an Old Vic. doing similar work, with a like spirit, in every large town ? It seems not too difficult an ideal and enterprise.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

PROPAGANDA AND FRIGHTFULNESS

THERE is a time-honoured story of a man who after delivering an impassioned address to his 'flock' upon the need for moral reform, based upon his prophecy that the world would end in a few months' time—he stated the day—went straight to his solicitors and arranged for an extension of thirty-three years upon the lease of his house.

Probably he was quite a business man; and did not forget to stipulate that the landlord must execute the necessary repairs at the end of each year.

There is a type of essay, backed by political statements which we are unable to verify and by figures which may prove anything, with which we are all very familiar. It often spoils our morning cup of tea—on Sunday.

We are told that the world is rapidly deteriorating. We are told that England will soon be a bankrupt wreck, and that before very long the yellow races of the world will hold us between their thumb and little finger. It is often added that the 'workhouse' stares us in the face, and that the health of the nation may shortly be described as a 'doctors benefit.'

Some people may be so mentally lethargic that remarks of this kind are helpful, they may act upon them like a visit to a switchback railway, but to the vast majority of thinking people they are a source of irritation and of possible danger.

To breed a spirit of unrest is contemptible unless it is to obtain advancement. Continuity of thought is essential to progress, it is the very science of invention, and as such is the only manner in which new industries can be built up.

The human mind to-day is seldom capable of more than a few seconds' concentration; it is concentration, the power to follow up mental suggestion, that so largely distinguishes us from animals, and it is as essential to a community as it is to the individual.

The public are so used to the metaphorical utterances of the political world that they are usually able to look upon them in the light of understanding, but while technical education is neglected at the expense of the 'social classics,' so will ignorance allow scientific frightfulness to alarm our sense of truth.

In the unceasing effort to explain the details of existence, the scientist is apt to think along too straight a line. He is apt to forget the extraordinary ignorance of all of us to-day and to neglect the humiliating position of knowledge in this century.

There is no such thing as a really basic fact. Every day our preconceived ideas of existence are altered, and a conviction is no proof of permanency. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon everyone that change is not only the spice of life, but that it is a *necessity*.

Our most wonderful buildings are really in a constant state of disintegration. The very shortness of our lives should indicate that scientific time is beyond our ken, and that the so-called wonderful accomplishments of science to-day are only wonderful *to us*; they will be jokes for the schoolboy of the future.

Nearly all predictions of bad times to come assume that the man of the future will regard his circumstances through the eyes and brains of the man of to-day.

Nothing could be more short-sighted; nothing could be more pitiable. How often have we been told that the coal and fuel supply of the world is rapidly giving out, and that the time will come when we shall sit shivering in front of a coalless grate.

This assumes at once that in the far future, that in a few hundred years' time, we shall still be quite content to burn our coal at the same wasteful rate as we do to-day, and that we shall gladly burn our faces in front of an open fire while our backs are frozen with cold in the lath-and-plaster house of to-day.

It assumes that the engineer of several centuries ahead will be quite happy to waste 90 per cent. of his fuel, and it assumes that electrical transmission of energy from a central station will never come; it even assumes that no one will trouble to obtain energy from the tides. There are many stores of energy in Nature; there is electrical power to be obtained from the atmosphere. We have only begun to grasp the meaning of the word 'atom,' and our ideas of obtaining direct energy from the sun are little better than those of some savages. Certain newspapers would even have us believe that within a century or so the food supply of the world will give out.

They actually dare to assume that men of medicine and advanced science will be unable to provide more economical methods of feeding.

In other words, they take it for granted that education will *never* reach all classes even to the extent at which we know it to-day, and that the intensified production of specialised food will soon be utterly forgotten.

Do they not know that these items of progress have only just this moment commenced, relatively speaking? Is it not a well-

known fact to us that the whole of the community is improving? We must not judge by incomplete historical records; we must take the age to which people live, and we must examine the wonderful advances of medical and general science.

How foolish to assume that medicine will advance no further. It is only a few years ago that medical science had its beginning; antiseptic surgery is quite new, the study of bacteriological disease is in its infancy, and the internal secreting glands have only jumped into public prominence within the last twenty years.

Health will continue to increase, and so we shall continue to benefit by improvement in curative methods and improvement in methods for psychological treatment of modern disease.

There is in this world, to anyone who cares to look, a remarkable trend towards moral, physical, and intellectual progress.

One is apt to talk airily of 'good old times,' quite forgetting that if we had lived long ago our modern intelligences would have warned us of the many dangers to which we blissfully and ignorantly exposed our bodies. And even if we only look back over quite a short period we must realise that the discomforts endured by the less mentally perfected people of the past were terrible.

It would indeed be frightfulness if a man of to-day was living 200 years behind the times. Our moral code must increase with every fact of knowledge, for is it not the method of the Almighty to improve us that we should learn and use our power? Many of the heroes of old whom we were taught to revere at school would find themselves in Bow Street after a few days of their normal lives if they were living to-day, and all of us would suffer terribly under the legal restrictions of a few centuries ago.

This is because we are *improving;* it is not because we are rushing to the edge of a cliff of bankruptcy, misery and destruction. How often do we read that the coloured races of the world are merely being trained by the white to the day when they will rise up in our midst and beat the white from the earth.

The writers of such fantastic tales are not logical. They should urge, if they believe what they say, that the white races should make use of their knowledge at once, and that they should by scientific means, by consultation with their fighting men and their medical men, kill off the blacks like flies.

Yet what are we doing? We are adopting the only honest and the only sensible method. We are *teaching* the uneducated races, and that they are benefiting is evident to anyone who sees the progress made in the magnificent Universities of our Eastern colonies and dependencies.

Nature cannot produce improvement immediately without merciless destruction. We, as very humble and very ignorant human beings, are very liable to be impressed by happenings

which are really quite small when looked upon from the distance of time.

To-day we are influenced in many of our actions by the Great War, but after a few centuries the war will become historical, and the horror of it will largely die. It is right that it should if future generations are to benefit by the noble sacrifice of those who have gone. But unless we make use of the education of that war we do not deserve to progress, and if any other peoples are able to benefit more than ourselves, who would deny them their right ?

For countless thousands of years there has been strife upon this earth and possibly upon other planets as well. Nature has been at war from time immemorial. *Why should war cease to-day ?* Can we, with our petty minds, say that the many wars which have made England were all good, and that this last war gave us nothing but bad ? Is that not a very unfair statement to those who fought ? Is it even common sense ? We can see in a moment some good results of conflict. We can see progress in aviation and the chemical industry, progress in the science of radiotelegraphy and in the realms of pure physical research.

Did not the intensified lesson of the war teach us much about health ? Has it not taught us that intensified work is as necessary for women as it is for men if they are to take their proper place in the world ? And although it is perhaps not for us to suggest it, has it not made us realise that moral good is more dependent upon ourselves and our thoughts than it is upon slavish adherence to ceremony and custom ?

The day of rapid transit has not yet dawned. We still spend many weary weeks if we wish to reach Australia, but the time will come when the railways and steamships of to-day are only suitable to the engineer of the future as exhibits with the 'Rocket' of Stephenson.

We shall be able to reach every part of the world in comfort, and travelling will not be a hobby confined to the millionaire and the politician. What will be the effect upon our minds when we see other races and become intimate with them ? We shall cease to regard them as utter strangers ; they will begin to choose the best amongst their own kind because they will strive to reach the educational standard of the more advanced nations with whom they mix.

Intermarriage between the best of peoples will reduce the tendency to warfare, and there is every reason to think that with the advent of perfected wireless, perfected travel, and other simple comforts, a war—for example, with France—would even by the politician of a few hundred years to come be regarded as nothing more or less than civil.

But man will never cease to fight. The ideals for which he fights may alter: he will try to obtain benefit by his battles, he will struggle for knowledge, not for wives; and as each step in that struggle is achieved, so will he appreciate the advantages of peace, and so will the periods at which war occurs decrease in frequency.

But when war comes it will certainly be very frightful. Who knows that without it we might not suffer from diseases so terrible as to be beyond our imagination to-day? To sigh for fresh worlds to conquer, in any sense, cannot be entirely a bad thing. Has any nation that has progressed in morals and in general decency ever been afraid to fight? It has become a habit to create attention by saying that the world is 'going to the dogs,' but those who are fond of the expression should recollect that they are speaking for themselves alone and not for humanity.

To the possessor of knowledge more free from the factor of time it would be possible to deduce the Atlantic Ocean from one pebble. If we ceased to consider life from the aspect of the very short period of which we have direct knowledge, we would realise that world-wide civilisation has an *average* tendency to improve.

We do not *usually* hit our neighbour on the head for nothing; we do not *usually* torture people; the *whole* world does not now praise us if we steal other people's belongings by force, or speak in delight of hanging those who are probably mentally afflicted under the ægis of the 'Christian' religion.

A. M. LOW.

MEDICAL WOMEN

WHENEVER the fulness of time has come for the fulfilment of any great purpose, the personalities essential to that purpose are raised up, and circumstances appear to conform themselves to its fulfilment. There had been medical women in the past, learned ladies like Agneta of Sparta and the less well qualified, but very practical, women who practised domestic medicine and surgery all over the civilised world in the ages of chivalry. These women, learned and unlearned, disappeared for many years, and although the practice of midwifery was limited to women long after they had renounced medicine and surgery, that too had become a lost art among them.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a fresh development of medical art for women commenced, and in 1858 Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, an Englishwoman by birth, succeeded with great difficulty in taking the M.D. degree of Geneva, a small town in the United States. Miss Blackwell returned to England, and was practising there when the Cowper Temple Bill for the regulation of the practice of medicine was passed that same year. As Miss Blackwell was absolutely practising medicine at the time, her case could not be ignored, and thus she had the honour of being the first woman on the British Medical Register. Naturally, Miss Blackwell was anxious that other women should be able to follow in her footsteps, but the new regulations were so drawn that every candidate for registration had not only to secure theoretical and practical instruction in medicine, surgery and midwifery, but it was also necessary to find some qualifying body that would admit them to its examinations. The women immediately found that, even if they could secure lectures on medical subjects, there was no hospital willing to admit them to its wards, nor was there any qualifying examination open to them.

Miss Sophia Jex-Blake, a woman gifted with a very remarkable personality, determined that she would make an effort to obtain qualification through the University of Edinburgh. She and six other ladies did their utmost for three years to comply with all the regulations of that University. The story of their heroic struggle and final discomfiture is too well known to need repetition, nor

does it concern the history of the London Medical School for Women except that Miss Jex-Blake, being foiled in her endeavours to secure the Edinburgh M.D. for women, resolved to found a school in London for the teaching of women medical students and to trust to a kindly Providence for the necessary hospital instruction and admission to examination by some qualifying body. Miss Jex-Blake was a strong woman in body, mind and *morale.* Like Napoleon, she did not know the meaning of the word ' impossible,' and like her friend and colleague Mrs. Garrett Anderson, she possessed the courage, *savoir-faire,* and indifference to public opinion that were necessary to the pioneers of so forlorn a hope.

The School came into existence in October 1874 with a roll-call of fourteen students, a provisional council of very distinguished men, and an equally distinguished staff of lecturers. Of these lecturers all, with the exception of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D. of Paris, were teachers recognised by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. Among the fourteen students was the indomitable Sophia Jex-Blake herself. The necessary funds were raised by private subscription, and for three years the students were duly instructed in the theory of medicine and surgery. But, alas, no hospital could be persuaded to admit the women students to its wards, and no licensing body would allow them to sit for examination.

In 1877 the money subscribed was expended, and the infant School appeared to be in danger of immediate dissolution, but that same year saw the final triumph of those gallant pioneers.

There were twelve great general hospitals in London. To eleven of them male medical schools were attached. Naturally they did not want the women. But the Royal Free Hospital, in Gray's Inn Road, had no school. It lived a life of solitary grandeur, and perhaps its ' splendid isolation ' robbed it and its work of the recognition which is essential to real success. Very fortunately, Mr. James Hopgood, Chairman of the Hospital Board, became personally interested in the fortunes of the Women's Medical School, and, with some difficulty, he persuaded his Board to make the tremendous ' act of faith ' and to admit the women students to its wards. Thus one of the two great essentials for the life of the School was attained.

Almost simultaneously with the opening of the hospital wards came the momentous and generous determination of the Senate of the University of London to open its degrees, with all distinctions, medals and scholarships, to women. Nor must it be forgotten that in those dark days Irish chivalry also came to the aid of the distressed, and Kings' and Queens' Colleges of Physicians in Ireland afforded an easier qualification to those women to

whom the University degree offered too great difficulties, financial or otherwise.

Thus the great campaign was won. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, her friends and colleagues, were triumphant, and the fourteen students obtained their qualifications. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake returned to Edinburgh and commenced practice there, and after a time founded a hospital. Dr. Edith Pechey practised in Leeds, and in 1883 was appointed Superintendent to the Kama Hospital, Bombay, which afforded her a field of good work for many years. Most of the other ladies settled in England, but Miss Waterston went to Africa and is still an honoured and successful practitioner of some forty-six years' standing in Cape Town, while Miss Fanny Butler went as a medical missionary to Kashmir, probably the first woman medical missionary to India. The faith, hope and courage of the pioneer women were amply rewarded. Not only did they obtain all that was necessary for the qualification and registration of the students, but they saw those students successful in that a larger percentage of them obtained University degrees and distinctions than were obtained by any other medical school. Still more important, they saw that the medical women who owed their success to the School were able to make good in practice. The numbers of students have risen from the fourteen of 1874 to something like four hundred for many years past.

The number of women who have qualified from the School in the fifty years exceeds a thousand. The Royal Free Hospital also has reaped its just reward for its generous action in admitting women to its clinical instruction, for every scholarship, every distinction and all the success obtained by its students have enhanced its good reputation. Long ago the betrothal between school and hospital, so timidly proposed, developed into a much closer and a completely satisfactory union, and the joint institution is now known as the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women.

1874 to 1924. THE JUBILEE OF THE SCHOOL.—Fifty momentous years, half a century that has seen the little one become a thousand, and the puny infant a vigorous adult. Our jubilee brings us many duties, much food for reflection, and abundant cause for thankfulness. Among these duties is the delightful one of praising our famous men and our mothers who bore us; that is to say now we must teach the younger women to remember with affection and gratitude the distinguished pioneers, thanks to whose labours their own status in the profession has been attained, who bore for them the burden and heat of the day.

Elizabeth Blackwell, Sophia Jex-Blake, and Mrs. Garrett Anderson are names only to the younger medical women, and indeed many of them only know one of the three—the one on

whom the greater part of the responsibility and anxiety fell. Elizabeth Blackwell practised in Hastings and took little active share in the management of the School. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake herself qualified from the School and continued to take a vivid interest in its fortunes, but her professional life was lived in Edinburgh, and probably its greatest interest was to be found in the hospital which bears her name in that city. On the other hand, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson from the very inception of the School up to extreme old age continued to be its very soul. Her official positions were Lecturer on Midwifery and Diseases of Women and later on Lecturer on Medicine. She also occupied the very important offices of Dean, and Chairman of Council, and when she resigned the office of Dean, she became President of the School, and thus held office connected with it until her death in 1917. It was to Mrs. Anderson's untiring exertions that the School owed its rapid yet steady development. She wrote about it, spoke about it, used her influence, her position and her money to secure its welfare. To most of us who know and love the School it is but one interest among many; to Elizabeth Garrett Anderson it was her life's work; and her best reward for her self-sacrificing labours was to be found, not in any personal increase of reputation or status, but in its constantly developing prosperity and success. Shrewd, businesslike, strenuous, with a hard head and a warm heart, she was the one woman amongst all connected with the School who was fit to bear, and who did bear gallantly, the innumerable difficulties, discouragements, and disappointments that from time to time beset her beloved School. It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction to all who knew and admired her that before her death she knew that the long-drawn-out battle was won, and that at any rate up to that time the outlook of the campaign was hopeful.

Of course the School was started absolutely without endowment. Indeed, for its first three years it was maintained on a sum of 1,300*l*. privately subscribed by certain friends and the fees of its few students. Generous individuals have from time to time given scholarships, and much money was obtained during Mrs. Anderson's lifetime by her persistent and strenuous efforts. But those responsible for its financial stability have never been able to feel satisfied about the School. The medical curriculum demands a period of six years, and before the war it was reckoned that each student's inevitable expenses amounted to at least 900*l*. But even this sum is totally inadequate at the present time. The curriculum becomes increasingly exacting both as to time and money, and the new methods of education, while greatly facilitating the student's progress and justifying brighter hopes of academic success and future usefulness, make demands which are increasingly

difficult to meet. In these circumstances it is felt that our deep and lasting gratitude to the Founders of the School ought to be expressed in part by the provision of an endowment fund. It is therefore proposed that we should ask the friends of the School and the public, which benefits so largely by the services of medical women, to provide at least 50,000*l*. as an endowment for three professional chairs, one each in anatomy, physiology and pathology. These are the three great fundamental departments of medical knowledge without which no one can safely practise as physician or surgeon. Without an accurate knowledge of the fabric of the human body and the mutual relation of its various parts all doctoring would be guess-work and surgery an absolute impossibility. Without information as to the functions of every part and every organ we should fail to understand their action in health or in disease, and without a knowledge of the many ways in which structure and function may be abnormal or aberrant we should know neither what was wrong nor how to set it right. These three subjects, then, constitute the basis of scientific medicine, and in dedicating three chairs to the memories of Sophia Jex-Blake, Elizabeth Blackwell, and Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, we feel that we are piously expressing our sense of indebtedness for their exertions on behalf of medical women.

In performing the difficult task of collecting this money the School Committee does not find any want of public interest in medical women and the School. We are not told, 'I am not interested' or 'This matter does not concern me.' The one and only plea advanced for inability to subscribe is that of poverty, the burden of taxation and the cost of living. We are not dismayed: we feel sure that those who are unable to give this year will do so when better days come, and we are confident that even now, if the public could realise what is being done for it by medical women, it would manage to find the necessary funds. There are certain departments of medicine and surgery which are already largely in the hands of women, certain services to their own sex and to children which they are specially qualified to render.

If the proper study of mankind be man, there is no doubt that the proper study of womankind is woman, and that the chief *raison d'être* of women doctors is their special suitability for the practice of midwifery and gynæcology. In addition to these specialties, women doctors ought to be found very useful for work in the female departments of prisons and lunatic asylums. A large number of women prisoners are mentally defective, most of them, of course, being what is technically known as 'Higher grade feeble-minded.' Many of them are quite young girls, who have committed petty misdemeanours such as thefts, obstructing

the police in their duty, and similar acts which are really the expressions of faulty mentality rather than deliberate criminal intention. The whole story of feeble-minded prisoners is a peculiarly sad one. They are often members of unstable families, handicapped by an unfortunate heredity, and still more by careless and improper bringing up. Both by neglect and by the force of bad example they are poorly equipped for the battle of life. In many instances they are doubtfully able to distinguish right from wrong-doing ; they have but little strength to resist temptation, and a sudden gust of sexual feeling or an unaccustomed glass of wine (the Bank holiday spirit) is quite sufficient to upset their doubtful balance and so to bring them first to the magistrate's court, then to a short sentence of imprisonment, with option of fine. This method of treatment, designed as it is for the welfare both of the offender and society, too frequently becomes the basis of what may be known as the 'in-and-out life.' By this is meant the moral and mental condition which not infrequently leads to an individual receiving 250, or even more, convictions for relatively trifling offences. For instance, a young woman slightly the worse for drink is noisy and disorderly in the street. When brought before the magistrate, she is very likely to be cautioned and told that, in consideration of her youth and it being her first offence, she must go to prison for a few days or pay a fine. The money is not forthcoming immediately, and the girl is sent to prison. Very shortly one of her companions in disorderly conduct pays the fine, meets her on her discharge from prison, and takes her home to start afresh on a lower rung of the ladder from which she fell. In many cases a very undesirable relationship is thus set up between the man who pays the fine and the possibly attractive but silly girl whose virtue has no protection of principle or environment. From that time on she is 'known to the police,' and not infrequently 'wanted' by them for petty thefts or unseemly conduct. She serves many short sentences, none of them long enough to enable her to profit by the really excellent disciplinary and educational treatment afforded by our modern prisons. There are women whose life is thus passed, and who almost inevitably continue to sink lower and lower in the social scale. A considerable percentage of these girls and women contract disease and spend a certain portion of their various terms of imprisonment in the prison hospital. There every effort is made to restore them to moral and physical health, and it is to such cases that a wise and experienced woman doctor can best minister the gift of healing and prove herself a useful lieutenant to the supreme authority of the institution. Not only in medical knowledge, but also from her experience of life and her training in psychology, a woman doctor of goodwill imbued, as she ought to be, with a

passion for humanity, is in a position of great advantage to seek and save that which is being lost.

Again, in the matter of female lunatics the services of women doctors are, and ought to be, very valuable. Bound as they are to the sufferers by their sex, and having, if they will, a good understanding and insight into their mentality, they ought to prove themselves both efficient and sympathetic with those the music of whose mind is like sweet bells jangled and out of tune. Women doctors also make admirable inspectors of prisons, factories, schools and midwives. There is an old saying about setting a thief to catch a thief, and, without wishing or intending to infer that the woman doctor has a specially close likeness to all those whom she may be called upon to inspect, there is no doubt that she shares with them the woman's point of view and the woman's attitude towards life, which gives her a very real advantage in the discharge of her duties as inspector.

Since the beginning of the century there has been a great development in what is briefly called 'welfare work.' That is chiefly the work accomplished by voluntary associations for the care of women before and after childbirth, the welfare of infants from birth to school age, and all the other efforts which have developed therefrom. This movement, which bids fair to save the lives of many child-bearing women and many more babies, is also gradually securing for the Empire a healthier and a sturdier population. In fact, good feeding, proper clothing, and a constantly increasing knowledge of what constitutes a healthy home is beginning to do for our present-day population what more drastic circumstances did for the teeming families of the Middle Ages. Now, as then, it is the survival of the fittest, but, thanks to medical science and to a more enlightened philanthropy, the percentage of fitness in our children greatly exceeds that of former years. This beneficent work has opened a wide field for the energies of the younger medical women, and gives them the opportunity of learning to understand the domestic problems of those whom they would benefit, and gradually teaches them how they can best assist in the solution of those problems.

If medical women in increasing numbers are needed for the adequate performance of these duties at home, still more are they needed for the same problem in other parts of the Empire. Take the case of India, with her enormous population, chiefly consisting of the dwellers in the tiny villages and hamlets scattered over the vast peninsula. Many years ago Sir Charles Pardey Lukis pointed out that one of the most urgent calls for women doctors was that they should make themselves available for evangelising the gospel of good health and cleanliness in India's homes. Not so much that each village should be under the guidance and

teaching of a fully qualified European woman doctor, but that a sufficient number of them should be found in the larger towns able and willing to instruct the many bright and intelligent girls of the country, who, in their turn, could carry the necessary knowledge to the inhabitants of villages and hamlets.

It is no doubt true that values in India are altering rapidly, and that the relations between the different races are widely different from what they were thirty years ago. Pessimists among us are prophesying the end of the British *raj*, but the wisest and the most patriotic of Hindus and Mohammedans recognise that the time when India can exist as a sovereign State and an entirely unified country is far distant, and that for a longer time than we are able to foresee the welfare of her teeming millions will depend on the continuance of her present government, modified although it may be by a certain amount of Indianisation. If this be the case, there will be a constantly increasing demand for women doctors, to work independently or under the State or Christian missions, and those among us who most earnestly desire that India should remain an integral and honoured part of the Empire will be most anxious to assist in the education of women who will be suitable for this Imperial service.

These considerations are amongst the grounds of our conviction that the 50,000*l.* will be forthcoming. Whether our desires are selfishly limited to our families, whether by an increase of charity they at any rate extend to the welfare of the British Isles, or whether, with statesmanlike wisdom, they are coextensive with our Imperial responsibilities, we shall certainly realise that it is a duty incumbent upon each one of us to do what lies in our power to secure that the medical women trained in our School shall be the best of their kind, well taught, well disciplined, and able to graduate not only in a learned University, but also to act as acceptable and efficient representatives of a noble profession and a great nation.

Others there are who praise the times that are past and the women who are gone to their reward while they look with disfavour on those women who are the products of our recent times and our new conventions. But the authorities of the School, who best know the nature of the material on which they have to work and the value of the finished article, are able to look on the younger generation of our graduates with modest pride and satisfaction. There is no large community that has not its good, better, and best members, and in every basket of fruit there must be relative degrees of sweetness and of beauty. But we are more disposed to offer up heartfelt thanks for the goodness of our average and the excellence of our best than we are to lament over a speck of mildew here and a wasp bite there. We believe, and we have reason for our belief, when we say : ' The best is yet to be.'

The central point of our jubilee celebrations is a solemn act of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing that has rested on the School from the time of its foundation. This we hope to render in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday, October 25, at 2.30 p.m. The Dean and Chapter have most kindly permitted us to gather there, and by a solemn procession, enriched by hymns and psalms, by vocal prayer and thanksgiving, and by the deeper adoration of the heart, we hope to express our gratitude for the past and our humble prayers for the future.

In this thanksgiving the medical women will not stand alone, for they have invited representatives of the many professions and institutions which have been quickened by their life and stimulated by their success. This invitation has been accepted by all the great schools and colleges, by the nursing profession, health visitors, and other working women. There will be no barriers of rank or standing, for we even indulge a humble hope that, should Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen be in London, she, the foremost woman in the land, and some other women members of the Royal Family may join our procession and our thanksgiving.

On the evening of the same day there is to be a grand reception at the School premises, where students past and present, friends old and new, will assemble in the fine and commodious buildings which all owe their existence to the indomitable pluck and resolution of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson. There, with music and song, with happy memories of the past and with fearless anticipation of the future, we hope a goodly company will meet.

There is yet one more item in our jubilee. This has been made possible by the great kindness of the City Fathers, some of whom may, we hope, grace the feast. We should be un-English indeed if we did not include a social sacrament in our rejoicings. A dinner is not a sacred function, but it is one that represents the mutual goodwill and sympathy which ought to exist, and which does exist, between the teachers and the taught, the old and the young. At that banquet there will be medical women who represent those who entered the School nearly fifty years ago. We hope to have the Countess of Dufferin and Ava, one of our oldest and most valued friends, Professor Sir Edward Schäfer, and Sir Anderson Critchett, members of the original staff of lecturers, and Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, who represents her greatly valued mother. We feel that this will be a gathering such as has been vouchsafed to very few medical schools, and one which, even should it bring tears to our eyes, will assuredly bring joy to our hearts.

MARY SCHARLIEB.

SOUND

THE mystery of sound is one of the deepest of those which encompass us; yet it is one to which we pay little or no attention. From the moment of birth, and even before, sounds are weaving themselves into our being, influencing us without our knowledge, and moulding the fabric of our lives. They affect us more profoundly and instantaneously than do sights, for many a man who can gaze upon beauty almost unmoved will be wildly excited and altogether lifted out of himself by a simple tune. Each day of our lives we are changed and affected by the sounds which reach our ears: the noises of city life irritate or reassure us; the sounds of the country soothe and refresh us; the passing of an express train thrills us with a sense of the power of a man-made thing.

To the musician harmonious sound is the aim of life; to the engineer the rhythmic beat of his engines is as satisfying as an orchestral symphony; to the sailor the thin sound of the wind in the rigging and the rush of water from the ship's stem are part of his very being. Lastly, there is human speech, the intelligible sounds by which we communicate with our fellows, order our lives and conduct our religions.

A motion within a motion is a vibration. Vibrations of the air, when received by our ears, we call sound. Every physical object in the universe is vibrating; hence every object gives forth continually its own sound. Our human senses respond only to a limited range of these sounds, a range which is greater in some individuals than in others. As is well known, the squeak of a bat is audible to some persons, but inaudible to others. If we were sufficiently in tune we should be able to hear the note given forth continuously by our table, our inkpot, and our house.

The uniting of form with matter gives rise to existence, the state of standing out. All existing things continually radiate their own vibrations which, when acting upon a given medium, may be picked up by a suitable instrument in the form of sound. These vibrations express the word or name of the object which gives them forth. The sounds or notes of physical objects can be made audible by artificial means; thus, when a gong is struck,

it gives out its own particular note. The planets and heavenly bodies themselves must, by their very nature, give forth each one continually a harmonious note. These notes are inaudible to us, for if we could hear them they would drown all other sounds. Yet some individuals have been sufficiently in tune with the cosmic rhythm to hear this music of the spheres.

In the *Somnium Scipronis* there occurs the following passage:

'What,' I said, 'is this sound, so loud and yet so sweet, which fills my ears?' 'It is,' he replied, 'that chorus, composed in unequal intervals, yet in distinct parts and proportions, which is chanted by the onrushing and movement of the heavenly bodies themselves, and which, by combining the high notes with the low, produces harmoniously various chords. For it would be impossible that such mighty motions could be effected in silence; and Nature shows us that the bodies at one extremity utter a deep sound, but those at the other a shrill one. For this reason that highest of the starry courses of heaven, whose revolution is more rapid, gives out a sharp and shrill sound, whereas this of the moon, the lowest, moves with the deepest note. For the earth, the ninth sphere, remaining motionless, abides immutably in the lowest position, occupying the central place of the universe.

'But those eight circles, two of which have the same power, those of Mercury and Venus, give out seven sounds of distinct pitch, and that number is the connecting principle of almost all things. Learned men, by imitating this harmony with strings and vocal melodies, have opened a way for their return to this place, as all others have done who, endowed with pre-eminent genius, have cultivated in their mortal life the pursuits of heaven.'

The vibration of the physical atmosphere is but the lowest form of sound, a fact that may be illustrated by the phenomenon of wireless. The wireless waves set in motion by the voice speaking into the microphone have to be retransformed into audible sounds by the valve or crystal and telephones at the receiving end; yet these waves are vibrations in the ether, and could themselves be heard as sounds by anyone possessing what might be termed 'etheric' hearing.

The science of vibration in its widest sense is all-embracing, for it deals with that music or harmony which is the objective cosmos itself. From the creative Word, or Logos, which brings the universe into existence, to the geometrical shapes produced in sand by the note of a piano, all that moves or changes may be expressed in terms of vibration. The higher vibrations overcome and are superior to the lower ones; the more powerful rhythms contain within themselves the minor ones. The rhythms of Nature are perfect; the cosmic chant of winds and tides and stars does not falter; its harmony is complete, its inbreathing and outbreathing regular and inevitable. But when man is considered there is the beginning of discord. He alone of the earth's creatures has the power to mar the symphony, to sound a discordant note in the chorus. Man is a microcosm of the macrocosm, and there-

fore he contains within his physical body elements of all that is contained within the physical universe. But the physical universe is in complete and perfect harmony, whereas man is usually in a state of more or less acute discord. His various principles are continually clashing, his mind requiring one thing, his body another. The diseases and sicknesses which befall man's physical body are without exception the result of inharmony between the principles which make up complete human nature, for the perfection of the physical universe results from its complete harmony and perfect correspondence with the subjective principles upon which it rests.

Man's life is a process of tuning himself into the cosmic rhythm. By studying the world around him and comparing it with himself he may arrive at a knowledge of the principles upon which both he and it are founded, and thus become a more and more perfect likeness of the macrocosm.

It must be realised in this connection that this return into the likeness of the macrocosm by no means denotes a return to Nature in the sense in which that phrase is sometimes used. Visible Nature is, as it were, the physical body of the macrocosm; and therefore for man to identify himself with it, as such, is for him to descend below his highest potentiality. Perfect though it be, it is only one aspect of the perfections of the Divine, and considered as an aim in itself, an object of imitation, apart from the other aspects of Deity, it may lead man far astray. This is why Nature mysticism is only satisfying up to a certain point and why religions which worship Nature as such become debased and cruel. But when this is kept in mind and Nature is looked upon as the symbol, the expression, the manifestation, and not Deity itself, it may be a means of approach to that which is beyond it, for man may divine in the symbol the thing symbolised.

The rhythms and vibrations of Nature, therefore, act chiefly upon the physical body of man; they do not in themselves affect his spiritual nature, except in so far as he sees in them the evidences of that which produced them. But in the healing of the body and in its preservation in perfect health a life in close harmony with Nature is a valuable aid.

The sounds of winds and rivers, of rustling leaves or breaking waves, are soothing and harmonising; they repair the mischief which the rush of city life does to man's body. Indirectly they may help to attune his soul, but that they are not always potent enough to do this is clear from the fact that to a man in great trouble or pain the beauty and peace of Nature appear only as a mockery, a beautiful mask. This is because Nature and her sounds do not, and cannot, affect directly the highest nature of man, which is above Nature.

Besides the natural there are the artificial sounds which man himself produces.

Because man is a microcosm of the macrocosm, he has the power of reproducing all the sounds of Nature. But, being endowed with intelligence, he is able to arrange these sounds in various orders and scales, so that they become more than natural and can affect his own higher nature. Mere imitation of the sounds of Nature would, in itself, never be sufficient to bring man into tune with the All. Thus man must perform the process of bringing himself into harmony by the light of his own intelligence, using the sounds and forces of the world around him as materials in the work.

One aspect of this work is the science of music, which in its highest sense might be called that of ordinative sound. It is said to have been invented by Pythagoras, who deduced it from first principles and devised means of bringing a reflection or echo of the Divine music, which to him alone was audible, to the ears of ordinary men. The Pythagorean canon rests on the proportions of half, two-thirds, and three-quarters, the interval between two-thirds and three-quarters of the fundamental chord being taken as the first unit of tone. From these original proportions all the modes were deduced. These were fourteen in number, and their music affected those who heard it in widely different ways. Most modern music is composed in two of these modes, and these two those most distrusted by the ancient and more profound musicians.

For they, realising both the true end of man and the true nature of music, did not use it lightly or in a haphazard fashion, but scientifically and with a full knowledge of its effects. Nowadays we use music mainly as an amusement or a relaxation, but with the Pythagoreans it held a much more important place in life. It is said of Pythagoras that—

> at night when his disciples went to sleep, he delivered them from all the noises and troubles of the day, and purified the perturbations of their minds, and rendered their sleeps quiet, with good dreams and predictions. And when they rose again from their beds, he freed them from the drousiness of the night, from faintness and sluggishness, by certain proper Songs, either set to the Lute or some high Voice.

He composed also various songs and rhythms 'by which the harmonies of the faculties of their souls were reduced to their primitive dispositions,' and

> by which he changed all the passions of the mind, which were newly raised in them without reason, and which did procure griefs and angers and pities and unseemly loves, and fears, and all kinds of desires, and vexations and appetites, and softnesses and idlenesses, and impetuosities, correcting and directing every one of these towards virtue by convenient harmonies, as by certain effectual medicines.
>
> He used no musical instrument but the Lute. Wind instruments he

conceived to have an ignoble sound, and to be only fit for the common people, but nothing generous.

He likewise made use of the words of Homer and Hesiod for the rectification of the mind. It is reported that Pythagoras, by a Spondiack Verse out of the works (perhaps of Hesiod) by a player on the Flute, asswaged the madness of a young man of Tauromenium, who being drunk, and having employed all the night lasciviously with his mistress, was going about to fire the door of his Rival's house; for he was exasperated and inflamed by the Phrygian mood. But Pythagoras, who was at that time busied in observing the Stars, immediately appeased and reclaimed him, by perswading the Piper to change his Air into the Spondiack mood. Whereupon the young man being suddenly composed, went quietly home, who but a little before would by no means hear the least exhortation from Pythagoras, but threatened and reviled him.

The above quotations, which are taken from Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, sufficiently show that the science of music was far more deeply understood and more widely applied than is the case at the present day. As medicine becomes a less empirical science, and its practice is brought more and more into conformity with first principles, the use of music for healing purposes will be resumed. Already there are signs of a movement in that direction, for the healing properties of colour are now recognised, and it is but a step further to the rediscovery of the more fundamental and potent uses of sound.

Pythagoras divided the sounds made by the human voice into two classes. The one, in which the voice rests on each note separately and distinctly, he called the Diastematic; the other, that of ordinary speech, with its slurs and cadences, the Continuous.

Thus we are brought to the highest and most potent manifestation of sound, that of articulate human speech. Behind everything that exists is the archetype or idea (using the word in the Platonic sense) from which it springs. Man by contemplating physical objects and endeavouring to realise that of which they are symbols may at length be led to these Divine ideas themselves. And just as the idea itself is the origin of countless substantial objects which are partial expressions of it, so the attempt to describe an object or express its idea in sound gives rise to a word or name. The endeavour to demonstrate the relationships of these ideas to each other produces language. But just as no physical object can express the whole content of the archetype from which it springs, so no finite word can fully express the object to which it is applied. Indeed, so numerous are the viewpoints from which even the simplest object may be contemplated that each one has applied to it many names, all of which predicate something of it by one or more of the ten Aristotelian categories of substance, quality, quantity, relation, place, time, condition, situation, activity or passivity. The conception of the ideas which

are behind spoken language has been beautifully touched upon in Fiona Macleod's essay *The Lynn of Dreams*:

> And there the dreamer of whom I write saw his heart's desire bending like a hind of the hill and quenching her thirst. For there he saw the images of beautiful words, as he knew them in their mortal shape and colour, themselves in drifting thought, and often become the thought whose raiment they seemed . . . or stand, like reeds in shadow, and let the drifting thought take them and wear them as crowns or diadems, or crested plumes.
>
> And looking deeper, he saw the souls of words, in their immortal shape and colour. These would not come from the violet hollows where they moved in their undying dance of joy, nor could the supplication of yearning thoughts reach them.
>
> He saw, too, the flow of the secret tide that continually moved these children of joy into semblance of mortal beauty, images known in happy hours or seen in dreams, but often such as he had never known either in waking dream or in sleeping trance. These he saw ceaselessly woven and unwoven and rewoven. The clusters of many Pleiades made a maze in that living darkness. His soul cried aloud for joy.

It is not good for mortals to look too soon upon hidden things, as the dreamer by the Lynn of Dreams found to his sorrow; but, whether we see them or not, these eternal ideas subsist for ever behind the symbols in which we clothe them.

And so behind all existing languages there is this universal inner language of ideas. The more perfectly this inner language is expressed in any one particular language, the more adequate will that language be for the clothing of thoughts. A language is not a dead, formal texture of symbols, but a body of living words, continually moulded and shaped by the thoughts of those who speak it. Since the fundamental process of reasoning is the same in all men, all disagreement and differing conclusions must arise from false premises, illogical deduction, or lack of unanimity as to the meaning of the terms employed.

Each idea is expressed in part by many words, and each word has many different meanings according to the sense and connection in which it is used. But in so far as the word applied to any existing thing is a true one, that is to say, in so far as it expresses some predicate of the thing to which it is applied, it will not be contradictory or inconsistent with any other word which may be applied to the same thing. Thus a piece of steel may be called a rail or a girder, according to the use to which it is put, and a sermon may be described as an inspiration or a piece of twaddle. The correctness of the terms applied to concrete objects is of less importance than that of the words for abstract ideas. Whether a particular cooking utensil be called a saucepan or a 'skillet' is immaterial, whereas the precise connotation of the word 'transubstantiation' may be the cause of bloodshed.

The misuse of words is a far more serious matter than some fluent users of the pen are apt to think. It is nothing less than the

obscuring of truth itself. Every word has a root meaning which connects it with the idea which is behind it. From each root are formed many words, and the fundamental roots of language are few compared with the multitudes of words which spring from them. Any particular sense in which a word is used ought to be referable in some degree to the root, for if the root meaning is entirely lost sight of, as sometimes happens when a language becomes corrupt, the word is merely an arbitrary sound which will convey different meanings to different people, whereas if the root meaning is in some degree present it will be to that extent a true symbol of the idea it expresses, and the meanings it conveys to the minds of those who hear it, though not necessarily the same in each case, will not be inconsistent.

A heavy responsibility, therefore, rests on philologists and the compilers of dictionaries, for it is their business to see that the meanings which become attached to words are the true ones, and that no words are fathered upon roots with which they have no connection. It is to be feared that in some cases they have not been equal to the task which they have undertaken. Nor are they entirely to blame, for ultimately responsibility for the right use of words must rest upon those who actually use them and not upon the lexicographers. A language is not a fixed system of symbols, but, as has been said, a living instrument of expression, ever being modified and made more perfect by those who speak and write it.

The potency of words is due to the fact that they have the power of affecting the whole nature of man and not merely a part of it. They affect his body, his emotions, his mind, and that which is above his mind. For, besides their original root meaning and the particular meaning that becomes attached to them in any one period, they have, as it were, the capacity of absorbing into themselves the distilled essence of the circumstances in which they are used. Thus they become ensouled and filled with power. The very fact that the use of a word extends over a long period of time is evidence that it is a true symbol, and thus, to the life which its own intrinsic worth gives it, there is superadded that which it gains by use.

If words in themselves may be endowed with life, so, to a much more intense degree, may those structures of words which it is in the power of man to create. When each word is well and truly used, so that the idea behind shines out through it, and when all the words and minor combinations of the work are fully dominated by the over-idea which is the soul of the structure, such a creation becomes a living entity, a power in all the worlds.

A poem, a piece of prose, or a ritual, looked at from the physical point of view, is a succession of sounds, but such a succes-

sion may have power to lift the soul of man from earth to heaven, to make a path from time into eternity, from the regions of sound to that which is beyond sound. In such a work we may see the highest expression of the power of sound, the most Godlike use which man can make of his own creative powers. By musical notes we may shatter a vessel, but by spoken words we may shatter a man's faith and bring to nothingness the hopes of a lifetime. Words are indeed winged, for when true words are spoken with feeling and intelligence they fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, and their echoes are heard in heaven. Thus is sound a mediator between the above and the below, the height and the depth.

As the importance of sound in the lives of human beings is more fully realised many of the barbarities of modern civilisation will gradually disappear. To take an instance, there is no reason why the warning note of a motor car should not be pleasant and musical instead of harsh and raucous. The stridency and unnecessary uproar which is a part of modern life is to a certain extent a reaction against the false calm and artificial quiet which characterised a certain aspect of the Victorian era. When the balance is again restored, when the motorist becomes aware that every time he sounds his horn he is inflicting a real injury not only upon the offending pedestrian, but upon himself, when the exponent of jazz music realises its real nature and effects, the science of music and of sound generally will come again into its own.

If the true object of life were but kept in view much of its hurry and bustle would disappear. This hurry, which is caused by an illusion, is mainly responsible for the harshness of sound by which our ears are assailed. Once it were firmly established in men's minds that there is no need to hurry, that time is a slave and not a master, how great would be the change in the life of a city. Roads would be replaced by waterways, electric cars by gondolas, steam sirens by musical chimes of bells. All this might be if only the mirage of haste were dispelled. Without such an awakening the efforts of legislators in the direction of fostering the amenities of life by laws and regulations cannot go far. Street cries and barrel organs may be prohibited, but as long as the general tendency is towards more and more speed the life of cities will become more and not less noisy. Amenities cannot be introduced by law; they are natural blossoms, not applied beautifications.

But when such changes come, as at length they will, and the causing of an inharmonious sound is recognised to be as great an offence against the community as that of allowing a bad smell to be made, when the science of music is rediscovered and its art is applied, not, as now, principally as an instrument of pleasure, but for healing, inspiring and ordinating mankind, when the music

of religion is more basically understood and more generally admired, when, in fine, the science of sound is at last properly formulated, then will the whole of creation begin to give expression to that hidden sound which is the cause of all sounds that are heard, that lost word of which all spoken words are faint echoes.

G. H. Bonner.

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THE

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AND AFTER

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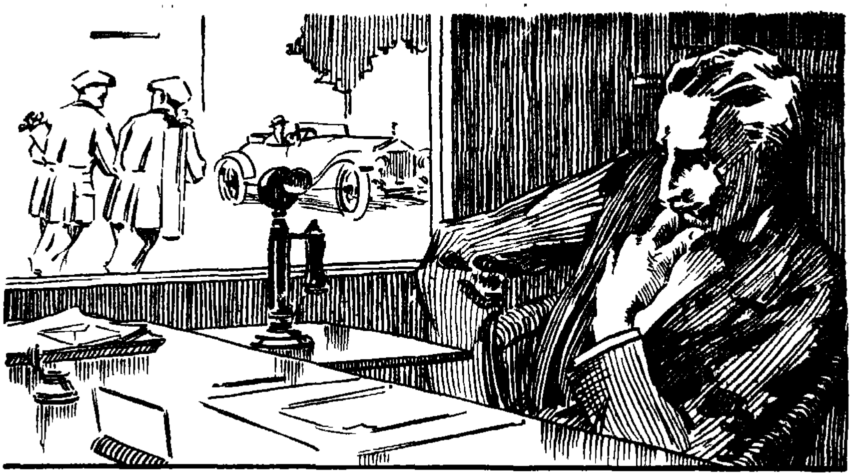
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XIX

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THE FRIENDS OF THE SOVIET: AND THE POLICY OF THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER'

Much ink has flowed over the paper since Mr. Ponsonby announced, with a vagueness so complete that it can only be ascribed to ill-timed levity, that agreement with the Soviet Government had been reached on the question of Recognition. At first this was not badly received by the daily and weekly Press, while even a section of the Church saw fit to support this gesture of friendliness to the cosmopolitan gang of cut-throats who call themselves the rulers of Russia! From the first, however, *The Nineteenth Century* has protested against such an act, not on the ground that we shall get less money by Recognition, not because there can be no security in lending money to thieves and assassins, but because clasping the hands of such thieves and assassins makes one ashamed of the word 'humanity' and is a violation of every Christian, Liberal or British instinct of decency that has ever existed. Fortunately, public opinion is coming round

rather more to this view, although the degenerate inheritors of the great Liberal tradition still trail across the scent the red herring of 'securities' and 'guarantees.'

One has greater respect, in a way, for the Communists than for them. The Communists at least have not adopted the nauseating cant about 'the era of peace' as a screen for their base desire to finger the stolen, blood-tainted gold with which the pockets of Bolshevist delegates bulge. The Bolsheviks themselves have naïvely admitted that they have repudiated their debts, 'and this they intend honestly to stand by,' while M. Kameneff, Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Cabinet, declared on August 22 that:

> This treaty contains . . . in itself no obligations on our part—that is, no obligations having concrete significance, binding us to pay so much, give so much. The guarantee of a loan means that if, after raising a loan in Great Britain, the Soviet Government should repudiate it, the British Government will itself undertake to pay on behalf of the Soviet Government.[1]

This has been described as 'a surprising statement,' but the only ground for surprise is that the Bolsheviks should have been honest enough to make it openly. No person of ordinary common-sense ever dreamt that we could traffic profitably with thieves without adopting equally villainous methods. We cannot barter our honour and keep it, for the fundamental principles of honour are the very things that give the Bolsheviks an insurmountable advantage if we try to deal with them. If we chose openly to forswear our honour and engage with the Bolsheviks in a competition to see who could raise the biggest mortgage on dishonesty, we might have some chance, but even the 'trade-at-any price' brigade would scarcely agree that this was a very long-sighted policy.

The whole of the Government's negotiations with the Soviet has been a gigantic piece of deception and self-delusion. With their eyes open members of the Government walked into a den of serpents and told us that they were sucking-doves, in the hope of stealing their eggs and passing them off on the electors as the genuine articles of 'peace' and 'prosperity.' For the sake of snatching an ephemeral political advantage and an illusory financial gain, we have soiled our hands with touching the vilest dregs of humanity that have ever polluted the earth.

Our so-called Socialists, who give way to occasional outbursts of emotion, such as bawling *The Red Flag*, tell us that the flag is red with the blood of those who have died for the people's cause. Do they include in this the 9000 or so of 'the proletariat' who have recently been murdered in Georgia because they dared to resent

[1] *Pravda*, August 24.

Bolshevist tyranny? Or does their amazing capacity for self-deception persuade them that 'the people' are only those who think differently from decent-minded citizens? Have not Finland and Esthonia had to fight for their lives to ward off the loathsome attentions of the moral lepers of Moscow? Is it not a fact that the whole of the vast province of Siberia and the Ukraine are only awaiting an opportunity to free themselves from a tyranny which they detest? Have not the Bolsheviks, after stamping out every vestige of refinement and culture in their unhappy country, now taken to robbing and shooting a peasantry whom they have brought to the lowest limits of misery and starvation? 'The people's cause,' forsooth! The most hardened aristocrat would recoil from such cynical hypocrisy.

Next to the Socialists, the Liberals have always advertised themselves as 'the people's friends,' but their attitude towards the recognition of the Soviet would surely have been revolting to Gladstone and Palmerston. In a phrase, the Liberal attitude is, 'What can we get out of it?' The extreme Socialists' point of view is fairly degenerate, although it may be pleaded for them that theirs is the mentality of the crowd, unbalanced and atrophied of the power of reasoning; but what can be said of the callous cynicism of the reasoning Liberal mind that is prepared to listen to immoral suggestions provided the bribe is high enough? After much loose talk about 'liberty of action' and 'the rights of self-government,' the Liberals really begin to come to earth at the sound of the money-bags, and seriously consider a scheme for conjuring gold out of Bolshevist pockets, gold that still smells of the blood of murdered kings, princes, priests and landowners. It is unthinkable that the British nation, that has always stood for honour and justice, should have any desire to enter into such a fiendish partnership.

The Liberal attitude has come about through a debased form of intellectualism that, unfortunately, is only too prone to usurp the place of intelligence in the Liberal tradition. It is part of the same mentality that looked the other way when the finest body of men in the world, the Irish Constabulary, were shot in the back, but dissolved into sickly sentimentality when the murderers were brought to book. We have seen the same thing in India, where Englishmen may be assassinated, but the 'poor natives' allowed to go scot-free; we have seen it in Egypt, in South America and in South Africa. It is a form of mental deficiency quite unconnected with Liberalism as conceived by Palmerston or Gladstone, but to which the Liberal mind seems peculiarly susceptible. It enunciates the dogma of Liberty Hall, 'You do as you like'; but it forgets the corollary: 'And I do as I like.' By all means let us refrain from interfering with the Bolsheviks,

but if we do not care to interfere in the interests of morality and civilisation, assuredly we should not do so for material gain. Mr. MacDonald himself has said in referring to the honoured founders of the Labour Party, William Morris and Keir Hardie: 'They respected opinions with which they did not agree, *but they kept them at arm's length*.'[2]

The meaning of 'Liberal' is 'free.' This is so elementary that one shrinks from remarking upon it, but the action of those who call themselves by that name and yet would enmesh us in the evil net of Bolshevism for the sake of money or political advantage suggests that the point is worthy of note. We must be free to protest, however passively, against this assault on all we have learned to call dear or beautiful, and the line taken by *The Nineteenth Century* has been nothing if not liberal and progressive, on the side of progress and of those who groan under Bolshevist oppression.

Where our country has taken a lead in international politics it has been on the side of right and civilisation, which is the only meaning of 'progressive,' and it is by championing such causes that England has won her reputation for fair dealing and being ever in the van of progress. The French Revolution was a minute thing compared with the Bolshevist atrocities, yet Burke saw the real issue clearly and threw all his influence into the scale against it, thereby winning the gratitude of every God-fearing nation in Europe. What would we think of him to-day if he had fallen on the necks of Robespierre, Danton or Marat for the sake of a few paltry pounds, and wallowed in the slough for the sake of 'a commercial proposition'?

The chatterers and scribblers who bring the puerile accusation of 'reactionism'[3] against those who show a distaste for the company of unprincipled cut-throats may go backwards and cite the instance of how we traded with France during the Napoleonic wars; but, apart from the fact that two blacks do not make a white, Napoleon was a Christian gentleman compared with the Bolsheviks, who make no secret of the fact that they are itching to stab us in the back even while we offer them gifts. Not only is this charge of 'reactionism' a false one, but it is utterly ignorant. Why did not our critics take a similar line in August 1914, and accuse us of being impossible old reactionists and

[2] Queen's Hall, October 7, 1924.

[3] Also, those people who object to our Recognising and trafficking with the disgraceful Soviet are sometimes jeered at as men of 'sentiment' and their policy as 'a line of sentiment.' But the truth is that the ignoramus who employs the word in this connection does not know its real meaning even. Obviously, decent and intelligent people who object to traffic with the Bolsheviks are people of sentiment in the true sense of the word; and their feeling springs from thought, and is nothing if not intellectual.—EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After*.

'die-hards' for breaking off all negotiations (including trade) with Germany when she started to butcher Belgium and France? Was not Germany entitled to her own ideas on conducting her business? 'Ah, yes!' we are told, 'but Germany was plotting against us, against the whole of Europe.' But the Bolsheviks have made no secret of the fact that they are doing the same, that they are plotting to overthrow the whole of the civilised world, and their methods are the more dangerous and despicable because they work more insidiously. Those who welcome Bolshevist doctrines are only misguided and a little insane, but the trucklers who are ready to share the booty with them, but are now screaming because they think they are not getting enough, are only comparable to those vultures in human form who used to prowl over the battlefields, 1914–18, and rob the wounded and dying.

Their revolting cynicism is so hardened, or their ignorance is so grotesque, that they really imagine that they can get something worth having out of selling their souls to the devil.

Nor are the Conservatives blameless. With here and there a hushed whisper of disapproval, they sat quietly in their seats and allowed negotiations to proceed without once making organised protest. Was it that they feared the political results of blocking a motion which the ignorant fondly believed would bring trade to this country? If so, this is not the stuff of which statesmen are made, nor does such weak-kneed acquiescence win a party votes. Had they stood up manfully and appealed on behalf of the nation against truckling with blackguards, they would not cut quite such a sorry figure now that things have gone so far, and they are being asked: 'But what did you do against it?' Instinctively one looks to them to guard matters of national honour, but in this we have looked in vain, for, save for one spirited protest from Sir William Joynson-Hicks, they have slept at their posts and left the door unguarded for the pestilential breath of Bolshevism to dull the bright shield we once stretched across the world. Politically they have missed a splendid opportunity, but there is still time for them to awaken to their responsibilities and sweep away the rotten edifice of lies and self-deception that the extremists and theory-ridden cranks have built round this question of Soviet recognition. It is for them to expose the obvious fact that there can never be a satisfactory treaty with such people; that, of course, the treaty is a farce, because the Recognition is a farce. Sows' ears have never yet made silk purses, and the only result of playing with filth must be to get dirty.

A national appeal on these lines would have served both Conservatives and Liberals better than going to the country on the alleged intrigue of the Government to shelter one Communist—

especially as that man joined up in 1914, lost both his feet, and was applauded by the army authorities for his bravery in the struggle against Germany, who wanted to smash us up as the Bolsheviks would do, only by fairer means. They seem to have strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel, for while they have rightly objected to the seditious behaviour of an individual, they have made no serious protest against the organised and far more intense and dangerous sedition that the Bolsheviks have every intention of endeavouring to arouse in this country with the help of Recognition and money lent by us for that purpose. Either the Conservatives and Liberals have no sense of proportion, or Mr. MacDonald has been too clever for them.

The Bolsheviks themselves have made the following admissions:

(1) That their word is worthless.
(2) That their chief enemy is Britain.
(3) That they intend to do all in their power to spread their doctrines.
(4) That they wish to have as little foreign trade as possible.
(5) That they intend to fabricate a debt against us greater than that which they owe.

Of these things they make no secret, and their rejoicing over the treaty with us was founded not on any promise of more peaceful and prosperous conditions, not even because it foreshadowed more friendly relations, but because they saw in it the means of attacking more easily Britain, the citadel of civilisation and the mainstay of all those things by which evolving humanity sets store. The Recognition was most fortunate for them, for it came at a time when their stock had fallen badly. The appalling misery of their country was hardly a good advertisement for their doctrines, their army was disaffected, and outside Moscow there was a growing movement in favour of an effort to throw off the yoke which 400,000 had set upon the necks of 150,000,000. Recognition by Great Britain gave them a great stimulus, and was a corresponding blow to the rising hopes of the suffering Russian people. What a magnificent service the Labour Government rendered to democracy when it Recognised these despots!

To the Bolsheviks it seemed almost too good to be true that the English could be such fools, and in a riot of indiscretion they began to announce at once how it would facilitate their evil designs against this country. One would have thought that this, at any rate, would have been sufficient to disillusion any who were foolish enough to imagine that such blackguards were capable of any response to soft answers or gentle treatment, but there are none so blind as those who refuse to see, and these up-to-date sword-swallowers have accomplished the seemingly impossible,

and still wallow in a quagmire of fictitious premises. For let this be perfectly and plainly understood: the Soviet Government are constitutionally deaf to all blandishments, and 'appeals to their better natures' are entirely valueless, for the same reason that people do not die of snake-bite in Ireland. For them there is only one policy as regards England, and that is to smash England. They have said it themselves, and even while they have promised to cease their propaganda against our Empire, they have told us that they do not consider themselves bound by their word. Events have proved that in this they are speaking the truth. Their hatred for us has not been mollified by Recognition; they have only been filled with satanic glee because it made the prospect a little brighter for wrecking the stronghold of constitutionalism and Christianity. For them the issue is clear, unclouded by 'intellectual' vapourings and nonsense. The British Empire must be destroyed, and Recognition is a step in the right direction. Would that our politicians saw the issue as clearly.

Unfortunately, there are many of our politicians who are the slaves of theories. They are obsessed with the idea of 'self-determination.' Self-determination in its place is a very excellent thing, and nations, like individuals, are certainly entitled to work out their own salvation *within reasonable limits*. But there is a world of difference between this and working out someone else's destruction.

If a man determines that he can best express himself by being a murderer, for example, he is removed, not so much because one disagrees with him in theory—for that is largely an affair between him and his conscience—but because on utilitarian grounds it is better for everyone that such a mode of self-expression should be discouraged and defeated. The liberty of the one is of considerably less importance than the endangered liberty of the many who meet him and run the risk of being stabbed or shot. In the same way the Soviet Government infringe the liberty, not only of the great majority of their countrymen, over whom they tyrannise, but also the liberty of the civilised world, which they seek to overturn. Therefore it would seem reasonable either to assist in their removal by violence from the earth which they contaminate, or at least to discourage them in every peaceable way possible.

Not so our theorists, however. Too lazy or too moribund to act on their own judgment, they put their faith in the letter of a dogma rather than in the spirit of inspiration or the instincts of decency, and mutter repeatedly the magic word 'self-determination.' They warp the facts to fit their theory rather than shape their theory by actual, living conditions. But statesmen do not

live by theories, they prove or disprove them by the power of their genius, and to become theory-ridden is the mark of a man who has been left behind in a rut or has never started upon his journey—in other words, who is a reactionist. By a simple mental process for which it is not necessary to resort to Freud to corroborate such a man tries to avoid the charge by levelling it at others, and so it is that those who cry 'Reactionary!' the most loudly are the ones who are proclaiming their own limitations.

One would have thought that the facts of the recognition of the Soviet were too simple and straightforward for any man to need the aid of inert dogmas to bolster up his failing reason. They have proclaimed themselves the enemies of all that mankind has learnt to hold of any worth, they have committed every kind of crime, they intend to continue to do so, and their evil intents are directed against the British Empire in particular, because they rightly see that we, with America, are the chief protectors of such things. There are some who are contemplating shaking them by the hand for three reasons:

(1) Political advantage.
(2) Money.
(3) Peace in Europe.

Of the first enough has been said. Already Mr. MacDonald has scented the danger that the electors may not regard the Recognition as quite such an inestimable boon as he imagined, and has preferred to go to the country on another count. Of the second it can only be said that its prospects become more distant the closer they are investigated. As regards the third, far from promoting peace in Europe, there will be no peace or stability until the whole of the pestilential breed, with their plots and machinations, are wiped out. Mr. Asquith himself has most ably demonstrated that nations nowadays cannot be considered in watertight compartments, and that each plays its part in contributing something to the store of human knowledge and the fruits of human endeavour. Greece and Rome influence the Western world to-day; Garibaldi is still a living inspiration to many an awakening nation; we fought Germany as much on account of her acquired habit of thinking and its evil and dangerous possibilities as on account of her material ambitions. Increased facilities for travel and improved methods for interchanging intellectual and artistic ideas have all rendered it more easy for one nation to influence another, while the interdependence of nations in trade, and the spread of capital all over the world, has made the prosperity of each country the concern of all. Europe is becoming an entity, even as Britain has grown into one out of a number of savage tribes. Civilisation as we understand

it cannot afford to encourage the growth of Bolshevism, and to believe that its activities can be comfortably ignored and peaceful conditions obtained by merely shaking it by the hand is to lull ourselves into a sense of false security, from which we shall have an unpleasant awakening. The Labour Party refuses to deal with the Communist Party in England, or to give them representation as members of their society. Foreigners of the same persuasion and of far worse character, however, are greeted as brothers. Where is the sense in it all, and what can possibly be gained from such a bargain ? Much may be done by compromise, but compromise with the devil is usually a one-sided affair, with the odds on the prince of evil every time ; moreover, the Soviet attitude is utterly uncompromising. Faust enjoyed a short-lived happiness from his unholy compact, but in the end we find the truth of the fact that we cannot serve two masters. Either we are for Christianity and decent living, or we are against it. The Bolsheviks glory in the fact that they are against it—they have at least made their position unequivocal—and so it should not be difficult for us to choose.

But let us be honest about it. If we find conditions in our land so evil and unhappy that we feel Bolshevism could be no worse, let us frankly admit it and join those who would throw the social order down. At all costs, let us be manly enough to strip ourselves of the cant about 'civilising them by trade relations,' 'seeking the wider ideals of international peace,' etc., which is nauseating rubbish, besides being utterly false and doomed to failure.

There is one thing worse, a thing as vile and degraded as the Bolsheviks themselves. That is to barter our national honour for a few miserable pounds, to sell our shining birthright of justice, freedom and straight dealing for a mess—and a filthy mess—of poisonous pottage.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

MAN AS A SEPARATE CREATION

RECENTLY Canon Barnes made the startling pronouncement that man was not a separate creation. That, at least, is the accepted creed of the 'modernists.' Canon Barnes, as Bishop of Birmingham, asks us to accept the theory of the evolutionists with courage. I maintain that there is greater courage in rejecting the theory, and abiding by the testimony of the Old Book. Granted that evolution is not a theory of decadence, but of progress; granted that it is a biological conception, the truth of which may be attested by a vast amount of evidence; granted, finally, that man cannot be left out of the whole scheme of creation, or considered as a thing apart. Yet still I maintain that the evolutionist has never proved his case.

Canon Barnes and his disciples imagine that we read the opening chapters of the Bible like uneducated children. I beg to differ. Not only do we read the Sacred Book with eyes of faith, but we have more than a positive feeling that there is greater mystery behind certain words than our most advanced scientists can fathom. Critics of this statement may shrug their shoulders with an air of superior wisdom. Other evolutionists may feel inclined to substitute the *Origin of Species* for the Book of Genesis, but so far it is on record that they have only postulated a theory. They have never linked up their evolution dogma with accredited fact. One, of course, from a certain standpoint, may have a remote sympathy with the evolutionists. If we maintain that man was a separate creation, we are asking them to believe that one particular organic species was suddenly created out of nothing. Naturally there is no missing link with the disciples of Darwin. There is, however, unmistakably a missing link, and, even on physiological grounds alone, the professors of the Darwinian hypothesis have been hopelessly beaten.

We read that man was made in the image of God. It is hard, therefore, for any genuine Christian to believe that man was made in the image of a beast. Thus when I am asked to accept the creed of the 'modernist' and rule out the separate creation of mankind, I can only smile, not with an air of superior vanity, but with a feeling 'that the half has never been told.' In othe

words, we know nothing. When men of vast intelligence prate of their intellectual discernment, and when I am told that modern scientists know more than the inspired writers of the Bible, then I ask them to go down and stare at the sand on the seashore. I ask them to pick up the smallest pebble, or the tiniest fragment of sand, and either explain its ultimate genesis or ask them to recreate it afresh. We know nothing, and yet even the hairs of our head are numbered. I always like to think that the greater the mystery the more profound and wonderful the explanation. And some day we may be able to argue with the 'modernists' on their own points of technicology and abstruse formula. Meanwhile, there is no shame in being a traditionalist. It is not a case of being laughed at by 'up-to-date' performers for our amazing ignorance. It is simply because, for the present, the mystery of our genesis is unfathomable, and all the biologists that ever lived have never been able to make it otherwise. I am therefore inclined to the view of the writer who maintains that, when you rule out the supernatural and the miraculous, you are not merely dislodging the foundations of religion, but you are destroying faith. And we cannot afford to destroy faith.

The Bible, to me, is not pre-eminently the greatest book owing to the superstition or dogma attached to any creed or faith It simply heads the list, in my estimation, owing to its unfathomable mystery. From a scientific basis, from a biological outlook, or from any materialistic standpoint, the Bible—to my mind at least—contains more mystery and, at the same time, more glorious truths than any other book ever compiled. That may seem, at first glance, an extravagant remark. I only make it after long reflection, and, indeed, truthfully, after a rigid and extensive selection of other reading matter.

I should like it to be clearly understood that I do not dismiss the theory of evolution. I have never ruled it out save in one respect, namely, when it is contended, along Darwinian precepts, that man was not a separate creation. Evolution has proved a vital force in history. The greatest intellectual treat is to trace, step by step, the wonderful progress of evolution right down the ages. Yet when we enter the demesne of human destiny, when we introduce the human ego, and attempt to show that there is no vital dissimilarity between man and the animal species, then, in the last analysis, the chain of reasoning breaks down, simply because the links in the theory of evolution are not complete. If the theory of evolution is complete with regard to man, will people kindly inform me why evolution itself came to a final stop? Do they consider man the highest form of animal creation? Is there no greater prototype in the vast world of creation than man? Again, why is there always a persistent reversion to

type? Why is there no steady, onward, progressive sweep of evolution after it evolved man? This contention of mine does not mean that I am throwing mud at science. I have a tremendous respect for the scientific minds of all ages, and I also concede that without science there can be no ultimate progress, yet when the most advanced scientist living to-day is unable to explain some of the simplest clauses in the opening chapter of Genesis, am I not right in contending that we know nothing?

I hope I shall not be considered a rigid Puritan on this question of evolution. Surely it is the other way about? I maintain that evolution, in itself, is such a mystery that we know nothing about it, and when we go to our Bible for further knowledge we are only confronted with greater mystery. I believe in evolution, but I do not believe the Darwinian hypothesis to be correct. I am so great an evolutionist in principle, and believe so wholeheartedly in the doctrine of evolution, that I go even further than modern evolutionists. I believe that evolution is a cycle of progressive and retrogressive change, that, as regards mankind particularly, there must have been evolution within evolution. Let me attempt to explain my meaning. I do not believe that man was suddenly evolved from nothing. I have great faith in the Bible, and a great portion of it to me is the Word of God, and, after reading the Sacred Book, I feel convinced that man was a distinct creation, apart from the animal species. Not that he deserved such special creation, not that he was vainglorious enough to feel he was entitled to any special favour in the law of evolution, but simply because, in the mysterious mind of the Creator, it was resolved that man should be made in the image of God. I believe, for that purpose, there was an absolute interruption in the ordinary law of evolution. I submit this thesis with great reverence. I simply have reached this stage in thought, and my theories are confirmed by what I read, not merely in the Bible, but in the articles and writings of our advanced scientists. We have to remember that we are all subject to certain laws. We call them natural laws. We know, however, that there are spiritual laws. Further, we can believe that there are even natural laws in the spiritual world. Drummond affirms that fact. But these laws are in themselves all the handiwork of a Supreme Mind. Why should man, if he was destined for some special Divine purpose, be subject to the ordinary law of evolution? If some other law was selected, and man was made a distinct creation along that special path of evolution, it is as easy to comprehend such a line of thought as it is to draw two parallel lines.

Physical science is a poor medium to prove the existence of the soul. There is no man in England more conscious of the limitations of physical science than Sir Oliver Lodge. There is

probably no greater exponent of physical science than Sir Oliver Lodge, and I would be the last person to call this great scientist a vapid dreamer. I do not mean that physical science is to be swept aside with a wave of the hand. Neither do I mean that psychical science should be substituted. I mean simply that our advanced thinkers have arrived at the junction of both sciences. In other words, the last stage in physical science is but the beginning of the mystery of soul. What do I mean by that ? Simply this, that the last experiment in physical science leaves us baffled. It brings us right up against the fourth dimension in occultism, and I use the word occultism simply because there are certain things we do not know.

Let us look at the question of soul from another aspect. It can be demonstrated that we have five senses. It can hardly be fully demonstrated that we have six senses. Yet advanced thinkers like Sir Oliver Lodge maintain that we have a sixth sense. I believe Sir Oliver goes even further than this admission. I believe he contends that in order to understand even the rudimentary principles of ether we have to be in full possession of our sixth sense. In other words, as regards ether, the limitation of our five senses brings us to a blank wall. I have come to the sad conclusion that man's intelligence is limited. We know nothing, and, for the present at least, we are not permitted to know more. It is not because it is wrong for us to have greater knowledge with regard to the occult. It is simply because the finite mind is so constituted that it cannot grasp the infinite. I maintain that the laws appertaining to ether are beyond the ken of man's finite intelligence. We can see through a glass darkly, but the wall of finite limitation is stupendous in height.

Is it no wonder, then, that Sir Oliver Lodge has almost concentrated on psychic knowledge ? He is a practical scientist, and has mastered probably all the points concerning physical science, yet he is drawn irresistibly beyond the veil of human discernment towards the unknown and unfathomable. He is like a man standing within a huge conservatory of flowers, yet he is looking through the glass windows into a world of greater and more mystical beauty beyond. The glass partition is something against which his human intelligence raves, frets and groans. The apostle was right. 'We see through a glass darkly.'

It is easy, of course, to submit a working hypothesis that the existence of soul can be proven by physical science. It is easy, for that matter, to submit any kind of reasonable hypothesis ; but what good is a hypothetical statement without concrete proof ? I believe, in any event, that the converts of materialism would prove too sceptical. They would bring us back into the laboratory and demonstrate with all kinds of glass instruments

that every 'spiritual theory' could be ruled out with a practical test or applied physics. Yet there are certain things that even the physical scientists cannot rule out, and these very things are the attributes of soul. Let me give an illustration. They know that all musical sounds leave a peculiar indentation on the human brain, and they have traced those peculiar indentations in the skeleton skulls of our most remote ancestry; yet they have been at an absolute loss to trace the same evidence in the remains of the most 'advanced' animal species. Just a tiny ray of light on the theory that man must have been a distinct creation with a distinct soul. This is actual physiological fact, and it can easily be confirmed.

We now come to the question of mind. I admit my ignorance is very great, yet I have read very extensively on this subject, and thought even more than read, and my conclusion is that the mind is entirely isolated from the brain. It acts, I admit, up to the point of physical death, in conjunction with the brain; but, at the metamorphosis of death, the mind lives on. The mind has no death. It has no beginning, neither has it any end, for we are all part of the Supreme Mind, and the Supreme Mind is eternal. The grey matter of the brain acts concurrently with the human body, and suffers decomposition with the human body; but the brain is merely a functional attribute of the physical ego. I go further than that. I believe sincerely that the mind and the soul are indivisible. In other words, that the mind is soul. I believe we can prove we have a soul through our own consciousness. This would hardly be demonstrable to others; but if a man, in his conscience (which is simply his spiritual mind), is convinced that he has a soul, then he need hardly worry, because such a significant fact cannot be proved by physical science.

I have come to the conclusion that we have a dual mentality. Given a finite problem of conduct, I feel convinced that I have two minds, and that two mental forces are at work within me. We have both a brain and a soul. We can call the soul our mind, our mind our soul, our soul our conscience, or our conscience our soul. Let me try to explain. It is this perplexing duality of thought that has differentiated us from the brute creation. We are all prepared to admit that practically every animal has an instinct. The instinct may be so positive, so prevalent, or so self-assertive as almost to suggest that the animal has a reasoning power. I would hardly go so far as the latter contention. As far as I can gather from the data I have read, the instinctive intelligence of the animal creation is merely the resultant force of acquired habit. Apart from habit, however, one must admit that the power of instinct, even in the most insignificant animal, is often uncanny. That, of course, brings us into

the realm of occultism, so let us confine ourselves to the subject under discussion.

When we speak about two minds I think we are very near the truth. Only I call the superior mind the soul. I refer, of course, to the mind of the conscience. We would hardly maintain that the spiritual mind was inferior to the ordinary brain intelligence. The 'soul-mind' has unquestionably every attribute of reasoning power. That is why we are so often perplexed. We are often in a conflict of doubt and uncertainty. The normal intelligence, which is absolutely materialistic, is fighting its hardest for supremacy against the power of the spirit; the conscience-mind is also fighting hard, pleading and entreating, and the individual must decide to which mental voice he will listen.

I admit it is hard to realise that one has two separate mentalities: yet, if we sit down and think it out, we can only come to a conclusion of this kind. The first thing that will occur to us is that the idea is absurd. We will absolutely waive aside, for the moment, the fleeting suggestion that we have a dual intelligence. We will simply, at the first impulse, put it all down to a direct conflict of our ordinary mental powers. Yet reflection, and deeper thought, will soon convince us that we are wrong. We will gradually acknowledge that the grey matter of our brain is materialistic in very essence. That physical brain is all part of a sordid 'substantiality.' There is no soul about it, no spiritual impulse, no beckoning towards the higher realms of purer thought. There is simply abstract intelligence, abstract reasoning power, abstract thought, all based on the grim artificialities of life. Yet with the 'conscience-mind' it is different. We realise slowly that our conscience has also the most potent reasoning powers, quite different from the sordid realisms of our earth-mind, and we begin to feel that we are in the presence of God Himself. In other words, the longer we wrestle with the mind of conscience, the more convinced we are about the truth of 'Jacob's ladder.' The mind of the soul reaches up to God.

It is on this latter form of reasoning that I have come to the conclusion that we possess a dual mentality, only I term it 'soul and brain.' Having convinced ourselves of the reality of soul, we naturally ponder on the mystery of this wonderful force within us. Has it a distinct form and personality? Is it made in our likeness or in the likeness of God? Is it utterly different from our physical shape, or is it an exact counterpart of the physical ego in ethereal form? When we ask those questions, naturally we are ushered into a new realm of thought. The figment of flesh disappears from our mind at once. We are cognate of deeper things. We picture to our ordinary mind that there may be such a thing as etherealised form. We do not concern ourselves,

at first, whether the form bears our own identity. We simply feel that somehow and somewhere such an ethereal entity must exist? We do not care, for the moment, where it exists. We are satisfied if we have convinced our physical mind that the spiritual ego exists. How, then, we ask, can it exist without flesh and blood? That is the natural query of a normal intelligence with regard to spirit. We are prepared, after some reflection, to admit that flesh and blood may not after all be necessary. We say, 'How ridiculous! We are thinking of the spiritual. How, then, can we liken it to a solid or a substance?' But supposing I suggested that the thought was not ridiculous? Supposing I maintain that the ethereal form of mind or soul was an actual solid, not perceivable, of course, to the ordinary intelligence, nor sensitive to ordinary contact, but still a solid of a particular kind? You are perplexed, dumbfounded, incredulous! How, we argue, could a solid mass exist, live, breathe, operate, without the cognisance of our physical body? Of what, you ask, is the solid composed? I reply, 'Ether.' You look at me in stupefaction. You have heard of the substance, you have even read that it is a substance, mysterious, remote, indefinable. 'What is this ether?' you ask slowly. That is where the physical scientist has to smile. We have asked him something.

Let us now consider the potentialities of ether. What is this mysterious thing we call ether? Does anyone know? So far, it has baffled and defied analysis. We cannot bring it into the laboratory in order to examine it in detail. Evidently, according to the experts in physical science, ether is outside the formula of ordinary physical laws. Apparently it is not subject to liquidation or condensation. It has always proved a remote, elusive force, yet we seem to have the clearest evidence that it exists. It has baffled even greater men than Sir Oliver Lodge. It has amazed and confounded the continental experts. It has even puzzled such a man as Einstein. Marconi can make nothing of it. We have no living scientist able to probe the mystery of ether. Yet there is testimony from all sides of the Atlantic Ocean that ether is a mighty, living, potential force.

Sir Oliver Lodge has gone very far in his perceptions. So far as I can gather from his deductions, he seems to think that ether is the direct medium of life. Humble people like ourselves can hardly imagine that ether has a life force. Yet, if we examine the problem minutely, we must admit, after lengthy consideration, that ether has vaster possibilities than we have yet fathomed. We do not seem to have solved the principle of its manifestation. It acts and interacts without apparent change. It permeates the entire universe like a mighty ocean. It touches the borderland of physical science, and then recedes from it into an elusive

void. It encircles the earth; it seems to encircle the stars, and the remote hemispheres of distant planets. It may be the mysterious medium through which all life acts and interacts. It may, in itself, contain the mighty principles of evolution. If they search far enough into the mystery, scientists may yet discover that ether, and the special laws appertaining to it, had more to do with the creation of the world, and possibly all worlds, than has yet been known or imagined.

Meanwhile, it remains intangible and ghost-like. Ether will yield to no set of rules devised by a psychist. It upsets the ordinary table mathematics. It permeates every laboratory in the land, and yet it cannot be traced to a logical definition. Scientists are puzzled by its immanence and permanence; spiritualists worship it like the Unknown God. It seems to be the common denominator of all occult thought.

Now, in sensible terms of reasoning, what accounts for this intangibility of ether? Why can we not reduce it to a final analysis? Why does it evade the clearest definition of natural laws? Surely we can venture on the most plausible solution. Ether, unquestionably, must form a definite link in the laws of the universe. I had a conversation with a friend the other day on this very subject. He was profoundly mystified by my reference to a spiritual law. Why should he be? I tried to explain to him that we must be very vain if we imagined that only natural laws existed. We simply call them natural laws because they are the only laws we have recognised. They have assumed definite shape in our practical imagination. We have tested and analysed these natural laws, and they have yielded to our tangibility of thought. They have not defied analysis. We are so conceited over our knowledge of natural laws that we think no other laws exist. If, one afternoon, there is an interruption of a known natural law we call it a miracle. We know definitely we have five senses, and just in the same definite manner we imagine that only a limited number of natural laws exist. If some philosopher, or advanced thinker like Sir Oliver Lodge, refers, in occult terms, to the existence of some other mysterious law, then we pity him and think that his brain has become affected by the war.

Yet why should we preclude the possibility of a spiritual law? Why should we remain so inordinately vain as to think we know everything when we know nothing? When I say we know nothing, I simply mean that there is so much unknown mystery that what little we do know becomes negligible in comparison. A man may have forty pounds in the bank, yet when he thinks of the millionaire he reflects: 'Yes, that man has a million. I have no money.' His forty pounds is but a drop in the ocean, and he says he has got nothing. I write in the same sense about profound

knowledge. Why, then, should we rule out the existence of a spiritual law?

The man who loves an argument then steps into the arena and asks: 'Yes, granted the hypothesis of a spiritual law if you like, yet if there is such a thing, why can we not prove it, just in the same diligent way we have discovered natural laws?' That is quite a plausible question. Supposing, however, I suggest to him that the thing is impossible. He thinks me a madman and starts talking about something else, anything to soothe me, anything to keep me from 'going off the deep end.' But one has to be patient with the most perverse materialist. 'Let me continue,' I say. 'The thing is only impossible from our side.' 'What do you mean?' he asks. 'According to these advanced thinkers,' I explain, 'we are precluded from testing these spiritual laws.' 'Explain yourself a little more precisely,' my friend observes. 'Simply this,' I add, 'that we are only human, and these laws are ultra-human; they are outside our ken, beyond our frail and limited intelligence, outside the purview of man's sanity to comprehend.' My friend shrugs his shoulders and walks away. 'Perfectly right,' he mutters. 'The man's mad. Mad as a hatter.'

This is exactly the viewpoint of the materialist. When we start talking to him about etherealism, and a force beyond natural law, probably he will conclude that we are suffering from shell-shock, or a deranged reason of some kind. He certainly will not believe we are sane. It is hard, in one sense, to be unfriendly towards him, because we know that his pet hobby is solids, or substantialities. His facts are all concrete and in the mass. There is nothing elusive about his terms of reference. They are all definite. You can get him to work out any sum for you with mathematical precision, but start talking to him about 0, and the unknown quantities, and he will look about immediately for a warder and a padded cell. He is very solicitous about our welfare when he thinks we are *non compos mentis*. He believes—and possibly he is right—that we are a danger to the community. He is right, I mean, from his point of view—and that is a very limited one.

Our practical scientist may seem vastly amused. He may even feel indignant. He may say: 'Yes, my dear man, but you are setting a limitation to human knowledge; you are putting a definite boundary to the resources of science; in plain words, you are telling us that we have only a limited intelligence.' That is exactly the situation. We are not limited in intelligence concerning the things that will minister to our material comfort. In some mysterious way, however, when we plunge into the occult, and into those forces that are beyond the vista of mankind,

we reach the signboard of human discernment: 'So far, and no further.'

One can only submit a personal opinion about what is meant by 'the image of God,' and even to do that is rather a big undertaking on the part of a mere human being. It certainly seems vainglorious and terribly arrogant on our part to imagine, even in a minor sense, that we are all duplicates of the Creator as regards physical shape and form. It seems to be the biggest piece of human conceit ever formulated. Yet, once again, I take my stand upon the Bible. It clearly states in Holy Writ that we are made in the image of God. That is sufficient for the writer. There is more mystery behind that statement than I can fathom for the present. Why, in the first place, should I be sceptical in the matter? I agree in my belief that God is a Spirit, but why should we rule out the physical appearance of God? I use the word 'physical' in a spiritual sense. To state, reverentially, that 'God is a Spirit' does not discount the theory that every spiritual entity may have physical attributes. For instance, we often read that it is the hope of many an earnest Christian to see 'the pierced Christ!' Some, even in Paradise, will, like the doubting Thomas, only be finally convinced of the Crucifixion when they see 'the marks of the nails in the Hands' and the wound of the spear in the side of our Lord. In other words, if we rule out the physical attributes of the Great Nazarene, how are we going to recognise relatives and friends in the great re-union? We read that 'We shall know even as we are known.' I can only interpret that promise in a literal sense.

When we realise that death is but a simple passing from one state to another, just like a person walking from one room into another, we begin to comprehend that death, after all, is not such a terrific event.

What is man's ultimate destiny? Is it this tiny, insignificant glow-worm of an existence? If, in another sense, we believe in eternity, how can we possibly imagine that an infinite future can be based on a finite present? If we imagine that our earth-life is the final judgment-hall of existence, we have got a very meagre conception of what is meant by truth and justice. If a man commits a criminal act on the swift impulse of a passing moment, do you ask me to believe that he is to be condemned for that to an eternal punishment? Is he to be offered no second chance? Are all the weighty influences of environment, tradition, heredity, social circumstances, mental weakness, etc., to be ignored and laughed at? When I read, therefore, that man is 'made in the image of God,' I am just beginning to understand that the spiritualist is not far wrong in some of his conjectures.

I should like it to be clearly understood that I neither

discount science nor human intelligence. When, however, according to my perception of certain principles of known laws, we reach a stage where human comprehension is simply dazed, not by a finity of outlook, but by an infinity of thought, sanity alone must call a halt. Let me give an illustration of my meaning. I have already submitted the theory, with all humility, that, so far, the principles of ether are beyond our human understanding. Ether is something more than a mystical figment of the human imagination. We may not be able, from this side, to grasp it as a tangible object, or with the same degree of realism as ordinary matter, yet, from many sources of investigation, there seems the clearest evidence that ether is both tangible and perceptible. Ether, for some mysterious reason, has persistently remained outside the zone of the scientific laboratory. When, however, we enter the domain of psychic knowledge, we begin to realise that at least some of the principles of ether may be understood through the agency of certain people who are willing to act as mediums. This principle of mediumship, I repeat, is still outside the grasp of our scientists completely to understand, and, for the present, I submit that, as ether cannot be tested, analysed, or compounded, we are forced to the conclusion that we are 'up against' some infinite force. How, then, can the finite grasp the infinite ?

The next point I wish to make clear is that we are in error when we postulate spiritualism as a 'pseudo-science.' If a particular science is so remote, intangible, and occult to comprehend, it is rather absurd to bring it, for that reason, into the category of pseudo-sciences. 'Pseudo' simply means 'false,' and I strongly deny that spiritualism is a false science. When intellectual men like Sir Oliver Lodge are content to worship at its shrine, we begin to suspect that there is more real truth in this branch of occultism than we can even dimly comprehend. This means that we are gradually reaching some degree of definite thought. It means that the human soul may be composed of these etheric elements. That is a big advance along the road of accepting spiritualism as a definite science. Along the same line of thought, we may discover that ether forms part of a great evolutionary principle in Nature, and human nature. The emergence of that idea will focus attention on the point I have been driving at from my original thesis—that man was a distinct creation, not necessarily an interruption in the principle of evolution, but subject to a distinct influence of the higher evolutionary principles.

Some readers would probably like to know if I could satisfy an honest doubter with my particular arguments. I leave the query open to my readers in this respect: What plan of campaign would be the noblest to pursue in a test of that kind ?

Would it absolutely satisfy that man to sell him a small bottle labelled ' soul ' for eighteenpence—as aimed at by the present-day materialist—or would it be more comforting to tell him frankly that his soul was neither to be bought nor sold by human agency? In other words, why introduce all the sordid realisms of a worldly laboratory into a man's finer and nobler perceptions about soul and a future life? If we demonstrate to him that all the mystery of his ' emotional impulses ' can be explained by the theoretical knowledge of the modern physical scientist, my contention is that we are telling that man a deliberate falsehood, and we are dwarfing his spiritual conceptions about the Creator and a future life. It would be quite different if the modern physical scientist was absolutely correct in his studied formulæ, but when we know, at the utmost, that his theoretical hypotheses are only guesswork and a surmise, is it not better to adhere to the truth and tell the man frankly we know nothing whatever about the mystery of the human soul?

Sceptics, and other materialistic people, may scoff at faith until Doomsday—they probably do not believe in Doomsday—but those who profess a child-like faith in God and the great mysteries of the universe know instinctively that true Christianity is based on faith. ' Without faith, we are as brass and tinkling cymbals.' Therefore, when I inform the honest doubter that I believe in God, the soul, and a future existence of immortality, I have done something more than place human intelligence at a discount. I know that the ' conscience-mind ' is infinitely superior to the normal intelligence, more mystical, more lofty in wisdom, and I bow, for the present—and only for the present—to the dictates of that inner soul or mind. If I seek to battle against the perceptions of this superior intelligence within me, my human mind becomes a blank, and the future in this world is only a madhouse. I reverently believe we were never permitted to have an ultimate access to all knowledge. In that event faith would be ruled out, and there would be no nobility in a Christian life without faith. Faith, of course, in the real sense, is not a superstition but a Divine creed.

Some of these so-called ' emotional illusions ' are going to save the world. If evolution itself is to bring us to a progressive development, it will not be by the evidence of materialism, but by the strong faith of some so-called ' emotional illusion.' The ' illusion,' for once, may become both a paradox and a verity.

Materialsim is a dead creed. Man must live by faith alone. Simply because he can do no other. He can only appertain to a finite intelligence, therefore give him the sheet-anchor of faith, and he is content to await the explanation of the great mystery. There is no emotional illusion about faith. Faith is the great

guide of the universe, and faith alone can make us climb the mountain-tops of vision. Man cannot be content with the multitudinous experiments of the laboratory. His spiritual impulses shrivel up at the continuous sight of all those elements of 'substantialism.' There is something within man that no abstract evolutionist can ever satisfy. He wants certainty. The physical scientist wishes to give him certainty, but is hopelessly baffled in the process. Why? Because the spiritual part of man is inherently uppermost, and the grosser elements of materialism stifle all his finer idealism.

Yes, we are alive to the trickery of the materialist. He wants to meet us even on the sacred mat of religion. He wants to take away the mat we actually pray on and give us a small glass bottle instead, labelled 'soul' and sold for eighteenpence. It would be a case of 'sold.' He wants to stop our prayers; he wants us to shut out our dream-thoughts about heaven, and about that other world where rank and gross materialism hold no part. He scoffs at our little séances. He jibes and sneers at our whispered belief about a spiritual universe. He beckons us, with an ever-entreating finger, towards his laboratory and his hateful array of test-tubes and dirty glass bottles. That is why we must fight these men who would rob us of our faith. There was nothing in the geography of Columbus to convince him that America was a reality; there was no materialistic data in the shape of solid earth before he set out on his journey; yet he discovered America, not by the compass, or the chart, or the map, but by faith. And it was faith that made us triumphant in the war. It was not the armoured cars of materialism, or the big guns of scientific invention, or the liquid gas made by the gentlemen in the laboratories. It was a great united co-operative faith on the part of the Allies that Spirit and Right were triumphant over Materialism and the Devil.

JAMES CORBETT.

LIBERALISM

No political party has ever occupied so curious a position as that of the Liberals under the late Labour Ministry. They were so powerful that the Government of the day was their nominee, and existed manifestly upon their sufferance. They could, and did, largely dictate the national policy. They could, and did, compel reluctant Ministers to alter, abandon, or even reverse their publicly proclaimed intentions. And they were so obviously powerless that their impotence was the jest of every street-corner ranter and the stale commonplace of every windbag momentarily gravelled for material. They included in their ranks a larger proportion of men of first-rate ability than any political body since the Ministry of 1906. And again and again they were betrayed into positions from which it was difficult to escape with honour and impossible to emerge with dignity. The policy of steady, well-considered reform for which they stood is a policy which, if party labels could be obliterated, would probably command the support of a considerable majority of their countrymen; and in a long series of bye-elections the representatives of this representative policy were, with the rarest exceptions, overwhelmingly defeated.

The explanation of this extraordinary situation is really simple; but the augurs and diviners, persistently peeping and prying into the entrails of the unhappy party, have successfully obscured the plain facts. It has been suggested, for instance, that the main cause of the misfortunes of Liberalism was defective leadership; and it is an interesting, if rather a profitless, speculation to consider whether the Liberal Party's position would have been in any material degree bettered under the leadership of some modern replica of Mr. Gladstone at the height of his powers. Would a politically perverse and crooked generation listen to the new prophet? Would any popular newspaper report his speeches in any but summary form?—and fancy what would be left of Mr. Gladstone summarised! Would anybody read them if it did? The answer to all these questions is almost certainly in the negative. The Liberal leadership may not have been brilliant, and the split in the party weakened its credit and disastrously

impaired its organisation. But if platform appeals could save a party nowadays, the Liberals would not do badly. I knew personally an old man who had heard in the height of their fame Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lloyd George. He was a very intelligent person, of mildly Conservative views. He declared without hesitation that in popular appeal, if in this only, Mr. Lloyd George was quite immeasurably superior to either of his great predecessors. But the days are over when the platform was a dominant force in politics. The enormous crowds who flock to hear a great man speaking into a megaphone nowadays are too sophisticated to be carried away by tricks of rhetoric. In any case they are but a fraction; the vast majority of the electors will never hear anything about the speech, except the bald summary sandwiched between two police-court cases, and possibly, on the back page of their newspaper, an unflattering presentment of the orator bawling into the megaphone. This instrument is not the symbol of the increased popularity of oratory, as some people seem to imagine; it is the last despairing effort of the platform to make itself heard in its forlorn struggle with the Press and other relatively silent political forces; and it is a total failure.

It may be said that public speaking is, after all, only one, and not the most important, of the functions of the political leader. But is there any evidence that the influence lost in the decline of the platform is balanced by any gains in other fields? Is not the transience and instability of the greatest personal reputations one of the most startlingly universal features of post-war politics? The list of these shooting stars which occur instantly to the mind—Mr. Wilson in America, M. Poincaré in France, Mr. Lloyd George in this country, Mr. Gandhi in far-away India—is sufficiently remarkable; and the very rare exceptions, like Lenin in Russia and (for the moment) Mussolini in Italy, seem merely to prove the rule. The cynical explanation, which it is impossible to disprove, is that the men are not great enough for the occasion, and that the older generation would have suffered no such eclipse. But is it true? Is it not at least equally probable that the real change is in the conditions, and that the days are passing, if not wholly past, when the millions of mankind were willing to entrust their fortunes indefinitely to any one individual, however gifted or however eminent?

But, the augurs mutter, if it is not the leaders that are at fault, then it is the starveling times, which produce no great causes to inspire eloquence or excite enthusiasm, no great, clear-cut issues to provide the fit field on which the political knight errant may tilt. It is not clear whether the suggestion is that in the gigantic issues which the war has left Mr. Gladstone and

Mr. Disraeli would have found no matter for their great argument, or that a generation which has looked on with weary indifference while Europe has been bleeding to death in the interminable reparations controversy would have lashed itself to fury over the Bulgarian atrocities or Mr. Disraeli's 'fancy franchises.' What is clear is that both suggestions are pure nonsense. The augurs are driven back, in the end, upon the mere calumnies of the cheaper kind of critic who goes about proclaiming that Liberalism is an obsolete superstition, and its supporters impotent greybeards, who, out of touch with all modern conditions, mutter in corners the effete platitudes learnt at their grandfathers' knees. A glance at the Liberal Party as it existed in the late House of Commons—to the eye of the most superficial observer, 'the very pulse of the machine'—was sufficient to dispose of the legend of its senility. Half an hour spent in reading the more important speeches made last session by Mr. Asquith on the constitutional position, by Mr. Lloyd George on the mines question, by Sir John Simon on the armaments controversy, by Mr. Masterman or Mr. E. D. Simon on the Housing Bill, or by a dozen other prominent Liberal members on the often highly intricate and complicated problems of the hour, will explode the myth of its ignorance. A casual perusal of the pamphlets written by well-known Liberals for the 'New Way' series will probably suggest to anyone who does not wish to believe the contrary that no political party has ever brought to bear upon current questions so great a weight of expert authority, or examined their details with so earnest and conscientious a scrutiny.

The real cause of the weakness of Liberalism, when every allowance has been made for the disastrous effect of recent squabbles and recent compromising alliances, may be summed up in precisely three words: 'the new elector.' It is not that the recently enfranchised masses have any particular aversion from Liberalism as such, or that it is necessarily more difficult to convince them of the merits of Liberalism than of Conservativism or Socialism. If all three parties had to fight purely on the merits of their case, and if their relative power were determined by the number of persons who really understood or sympathised with their aims, perhaps there would not be a great deal to choose between them. The weakness of Liberalism at present consists in the fact that it is almost entirely without the sort of reserves of political force to which both its rivals can appeal. These reserves have scarcely any connection with the real merits of the contending creeds, and they are enormously powerful in the new electorate. Their nature can best be explained by illustration. 'We like you,' said a deputation of working men to a Liberal candidate of my acquaintance. 'We have heard what

you have to say, and we agree with all of it. We will all vote for you, if the union doesn't put up a man. But, of course, if the union puts up a man, we must vote for our own man.' There is, observe, no condition made as to the character or qualifications of the man, as to the policy for which he is standing, or his own apprehension of it or capacity to express it. Before he opens his mouth—nay, before his identity or even his existence is known—this mysterious candidate is assured of the support of thousands of voters. He may hold views diametrically opposed in reality to those of these faithful supporters; he may be manifestly incapable of holding intelligently any views whatever. He will be supported none the less: he is 'our man.' This is the Labour reserve. Quite clearly, no mere argument can weaken it.

But now consider the reverse picture. 'I'm going to vote Conservative,' said a woman in a poor street canvassed by an enthusiastic young Labour man. 'Labour! It's nothing but strike, strike, strike. I'm fed up with them.' The canvasser led her to the door of her house. 'Look at that street,' he said, pointing to one of those grim, smoke-begrimmed alleys which make the moderately susceptible sometimes doubt whether industrialism is really worth the price paid for it. The woman regarded it with glassy eyes. 'Well,' she said, 'what's the matter with it?' Here is the Conservative reserve in the new electorate, equally immovable by any appeal to logic or emotion. For how is it possible to appeal to the weary apathy to which Paradise itself seems an insufficient reward for the pain of a fresh idea, or the most atrocious evil tolerable if only it be not new?

Liberalism has nothing to set against these forces of class feeling and instinctive aversion from change. Now and again some local interest may find its account temporarily in the support of Liberal candidates. But in general, to a far greater extent than either of his rivals, the Liberal must depend for success on the direct appeal of his political creed. In an electorate of which so large a part is politically inexperienced and uninformed it is the gravest possible handicap.

Some Liberals of just authority in the party are so impressed with the darkness and the difficulties of the prospect under these conditions that they have hinted at, if they have not positively suggested, the abandonment of the unequal struggle. They would have Liberalism retire, so to speak, from the market-place to the study, surrender even the hope of forming a Government in any near future, and content itself with a sort of spiritual directorate of any Government, Conservative or Labour, which might be in power. The future function of Liberalism on this view would be positively to elaborate constructive proposals so admirable, so popular, and so practical that any Government would be

bound to adopt them, and negatively to focus criticism on perverse or ill-considered attempts to break away from the straight path.

There seem to me to be grave objections to this conception. Public spirit is not lacking among Liberals ; but is it seriously to be supposed that able and ambitious young men will consent to devote themselves indefinitely, without hope of other reward than the approval of their own consciences, to a species of political laboratory work ? If they do, is there not an evident danger that the mere seclusion of their environment will react on them so forcibly as ultimately to convert them into something remotely resembling the pedantic prigs of their enemies' imagination ? Is it certain, again, that industrious political hodmen will always be found able and willing to carry out the policy prescribed for them by their intellectual betters ? Even a trade union secretary is, after all, not intellectually less than God's creature. There is no particular reason why he should consent indefinitely to carry out somebody else's policy ; and even if he does, the Labour electorate, continually promised the bread of Socialism, and as persistently presented in the event with what it must logically regard as the serpent of Liberalism, will be less than human if it does not in the end revolt. On the broadest lines, is it a satisfactory application of the principle of the division of labour that the conception of national policy should be the work of one party, and its execution the work of another nominally at least opposed to it ? The experience of the present Parliament is surely decisive evidence to the contrary.

A far simpler solution is that continually pressed upon Liberals by their Conservative and Labour friends alternately. These mentors urge them to abandon a meaningless and merely factious independence, and to take service like honest men in their respective forces. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the advice. To many, perhaps to most, of their opponents, the Liberal position does seem a mere halting between two opinions, a weak and unworthy emulation of the attitude of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. The root of this belief is a superstitious veneration for the two-party system. It is a mere superstition. Parliamentary government does not necessarily presuppose two parties, and only two. There is no reason in the nature of things why the intelligent citizens of a democratic State should be required to vote for one of two rather than one of three, or four, or five parties. In only two great countries—this country and the United States—has the two-party system established itself. It has not done so in the Continental countries. It has not done so in any of the British Dominions. In the two exceptions it has repeatedly shown a tendency to break down, and this tendency

of late years has in both manifestly increased rather than diminished.

The vague truth behind the reverence for the two-party system (apart from the danger of mere faction, which it does not really exclude) seems to be this. It does seem to be true that in all living politics there are two poles between which all parties tend to oscillate, and two spirits which act and react on the aims and character and constitution of each. There is the spirit of order, insisting on the value of tradition and organisation in human affairs, magnifying authority in every sphere, and pointing out quite truly that the snail without a shell is a poor doomed creature; and there is the spirit of liberty, resting itself upon abstract justice, exalting the right of private judgment and the value of personality, and claiming, also with obvious truth, that the shell is made for the snail and not the snail for the shell. No party ever really incarnates absolutely either of these principles, for every political party necessarily contains a great deal of dross, and is always liable to be drawn aside from its natural line of development by irrelevant prejudices and temporary interests or accidents. But upon the whole, perhaps more truly than any two parties in any country, the British Conservative Party has represented the first, and the British Liberal Party the second, of these principles. In spite of appearances, they still do. It is true that the modern British Liberal has sloughed the extreme individualism of his Radical grandfather, and that circumstances have driven the modern Conservative into the rather odd position of a critic and opponent of State action. But the watchword of the latter is still 'Order,' that is to say, the maintenance of the power of the State; and the watchword of the Radical is still 'Liberty,' that is to say, the safeguarding of the rights of the individual. Take, as an illustration, such an issue as free education. Moderate Conservatives regard free education coolly and suspiciously, extreme Conservatives with vehement antagonism. To Liberals it is almost the Ark of the Covenant. The Conservative argument is that it is a waste of the State's power, partly in the immense sums spent, more subtly in what is held to be the pauperisation and consequent deterioration of the classes affected. The Liberal argument sometimes, to be sure, takes the form that the uneducated nation cannot thrive; but the real argument which influences most Liberals on this question is that it seems to them as atrocious an injustice to deprive a child's mind of light because its parents are poor as it would be to condemn it, for the same reason, to the physical darkness in which Mr. Wells' Morlocks dwelt. To put it in another way, the Conservative tends to see in free education a possible menace to order, and opposes it for that reason; and the Liberal sees in it the most effectual guarantee

against slavery and the exploitation of one class by another, and for that reason supports it fanatically.

But if it be true that Liberalism thus stands, as to Liberals it appears to do, for certain quite definite and most important principles, is it not natural that before they consent to declare themselves politically bankrupt Liberals should ask to be told who is to be their successor and how the estate is to be administered? We are realists. Open-mindedness and a recognition of the law of change are a part of our creed. If it can be shown that the work which Liberalism has done in the past can be more effectively, or even as effectively, carried on in the future by some other party, few of us will be disposed to waste our time and energies in a squabble about names. We have too much to do. But what is this other party to be? The Conservative Party? Accidentally, so to speak, the Conservative Party has frequently in the past (probably to its own perplexity and bewilderment) found itself converted into the temporary bulwark of individual liberty. An ironist might amuse himself without extravagant paradox by proving that every great wave of reaction in this country has been reinforced and partly caused by a revolt against some form of tyranny. The Tudor despotism was popular with the average Englishman because it freed him from the far worse oppression of the feudal nobility, the Stuart restoration because it delivered him from the iron rule of the saints and the Cromwellian major-generals. The personal rule of George III. was similarly popular, as Mr. Ramsay Muir has pointed out in his fine book, as a reaction against the usurpation of the Whig oligarchy, until it was overwhelmed by the disasters of the American war. But the Conservative Party can never be quite easy in this unnatural part; and it is asking too much of Liberals to recognise in the avowed, and, so to speak, professional, champions of authority the trusty guardians of the spirit which is itself a living and perpetual challenge to authority. It seems strange that it should be necessary to assert that Conservatism and Liberalism are not mildly different forms of the same thing, but fundamentally antagonistic philosophies. Yet this is what the suggested amalgamation really implies; it is equally insulting to the sincerity of both the parties concerned.

There remains the proposal, far more plausible (at any rate till very recently) to the great majority of Liberals, of a union with Labour. An article some months ago in *The Nineteenth Century and After* sought to show that the political Labour Party to-day consists of two perfectly independent elements in almost accidental association: the Labour Party proper, which is purely the old class movement in a political dress, with no clear aims beyond the redress of its class grievances, and no intelligible political principles

or philosophy at all; and the Socialist Party. The justice and accuracy of this analysis is now hardly questioned; it is practically confessed in the recent utterances of Mr. Graham, the Under-Secretary to the Treasury, and of Mr. MacDonald himself. To the Labour Party, so long as it retains its present character of a purely class movement, it is obvious that the guardianship of no principles can be safely entrusted: it is not concerned with principles; it is merely the trustee of an interest. With Socialism proper the case is, no doubt, far different. Socialism is undoubtedly a philosophy, and some Socialists are apt to grow angry when it is hinted that individual liberties are not safe in their care. But are they?

It is true that one rather old-fashioned form of this changeful creed was in effect a sort of sublimated individualism. The Utopia which gleamed before the eyes of these visionaries was a community in which every man did what was right in his own eyes; there was no judge in their Israel. The theory was that the natural excellence of human nature had been contorted and perverted by the pressure of governmental institutions, which were the root of all evil; destroy these, and all would be well. The only defect of this system is that it is untrue in theory and impossible in practice. The French Anarchists who founded what were known as the Icarian colonies in America in the last century tried definitely to work on these lines. But the Icarian colonies were mere Bedlams from the beginning; the experiment never showed the slightest prospect of success; the Anarchist communities perished in the confusion of their birth throes. If this is the result of Socialist individualism applied to small communities composed exclusively of believers, what will be the result when the attempt is made with vast communities containing at least a very powerful minority, and probably, in fact, a considerable majority, who are not really believers at all?

But there is a form of Socialism which, despite the scepticism of non-Socialist propagandists, has at various times attained a measure of success. Some of the Rappist and Shaker colonies lasted more than a century, and they established clearly certain facts which the opponent of Socialism is apt to deny far too sweepingly. They proved, for instance, that it is possible for a purely Socialist agriculture, and even (though this is more doubtful) for a Socialist industry, to compete, and compete successfully, with capitalist rivals. They proved that Socialism can, at a price, give to its disciples the good gifts which it promises: freedom from the anxieties and insecurities of the citizen of a capitalist State; from the degradation of overwork and the horror of unemployment; from the squalor and filth which, in most capitalist States, are the penalty imposed on the failure and the unfit. Unfortu-

nately, the price demanded is the surrender of almost everything which to the ordinary man makes life worth living. The minutest particulars of the Shaker's day were decided for him with a rigidity which might have startled a mediæval monk. Individualism was not merely discouraged: its lightest manifestation was stamped out with an iron heel. And this is the spirit in which alone, so far as present experience goes, a Socialist system can hope to thrive. It is the spirit which animates the one great working model of Socialism in the world to-day. A friend of mine complained laughingly to a Bolshevik commissar that he had been fined a rouble for throwing a cigarette end into the street in Moscow. 'Yes, yes,' said the commissar grimly, 'we'll teach these people to be clean and orderly.' What will happen when a British Government attempts to enforce such a regimen upon the Yorkshire miner and the Lancashire weaver, upon the dour obstinacy of the Lowland Scot and the self-sufficient independence of the London cockney, is a matter of rather humorous speculation. The vivid verse in the Psalms which depicts the untimely end of the ungodly seems to anticipate the situation, if and when it arises. The fear that any system so inspired can even begin to have any sort of success in this country seems to the plain man the wildest moonshine; and that so mere a nightmare can haunt the bed-head of Mr. Churchill merely shows how far from the solid world of fact a very able man may be led by the will-o'-the-wisp of his own too brilliant imagination.

The probable peril is quite other. What will happen if the attempt is ever seriously made? What will happen if Bolshevik Russia passes from a mere public nuisance into a real public danger to capitalist Europe? It is almost certain that there will then be immediately in this country a very violent Conservative reaction. A Conservative Government will come into power in circumstances remarkably like those in which the Government of the younger Pitt found itself in the middle stages of the French Revolution. Frightened itself, urged on by a terrified public opinion behind it, it will behave in the same sort of way. It will prosecute half-witted agitators caught spouting blasphemy and sedition in obscure corners; it will develop a police spy system to smell out revolutionary conspiracies (which the spies, like conscientious workmen, will proceed to do even if there are none); it may pass a certain amount of hurried, panic-stricken legislation more or less dangerously and mischievously restricting liberty of speech and of printing. There will be no opposition. The Socialists will be broken and discredited; the Labour movement divided, uncertain and paralysed. The Liberal Party will have ceased to exist at the behest of its opponents. Those of us who have joined one party will be committed, however reluctantly,

to support all the acts of the Government, silly and rather odious as we may secretly believe them to be; those who have joined the other will share in the impotence to which their fantastic experiments will have reduced the Socialists. To be sure, a new Opposition will in these circumstances promptly arise. It will be in effect, whatever it may be called, and however it may be constituted, the old Liberal Party. But if our resurrection is to be so very speedy, is it worth while dying?

To sum up. If a man believes, as most Liberals believe, that the present state of society is in many respects so cruel, and so unjust, and so ill organised and (in the true sense) uncivilised that it cannot be expected to last without the most sweeping reforms; if he believes that most traditions are old without being venerable, and that most of the so-called lessons of history are beacons to warn rather than lights to guide: if he believes that the value of continuity of policy can be grossly exaggerated, and that the risk of too much change is far less than the danger of too little—if he believes all these things, which no Conservative believes, why should he call himself a Conservative? If, on the other hand, he believes that the capitalist system, with all its ghastly abuses and miseries, is still the only known system under which mankind has really progressed, however slowly and unsteadily; if he believes that the beneficent power of direct State action is confined within rather narrow limits; if, finally, while recognising the high and generous side of collectivism and perfectly ready to use the force of collective endeavour where he judges it wise and possible for the advancement of civilisation, he still remains an impenitent individualist, as assured as ever of the supreme value of personality, whether it be the personality of a peer or of a scavenger, saying with the Red-haired Man's Wife:

> I am separate still: I am I, and not you,
> And my mind and my will, as in secret they grew,
> Still are secret, unreached and untouched and not subject to you—

if he believes all this, which no Socialist believes, why should he call himself a Socialist?

There is one ground only on which the critics who urge Liberals to abandon their historic name and style can sustain their case. If Liberals do not any longer believe in Liberalism, the sooner they call themselves by their true names, whatever they may be, the better—but supposing they do believe?

STUART HODGSON.

THE CONTROL OF THE BRITISH NAVY

'A GREAT French historian has said that a nation is safe in the crisis of its fate if it can remember its own history. Much of the glory of our annals has been contributed by the Navy, and for that reason it is the duty of all British-born to look at their history from the sea-angle.' The quotation is from the preface to Professor Callender's new book, *The Naval Side of British History*, which has just been published with the laudable object of facilitating our study of the naval conditions that govern our well-being and our very existence. The author's researches cover the period from the fifteenth century to the twentieth. His conclusions resemble those arrived at by Admiral Richmond in last year's Raleigh lecture, and quoted in my recent article on the naval policy of the late Government, as affecting the Pacific.[1] They bear repetition :

> Many threads run through that great fabric, the foreign policy of England for the last three centuries, but while these come and go, one basis of policy is so persistently recurrent that it seems to deserve a claim to permanency—the maintenance of naval strength.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Through different periods we can trace at least one definite aim running, with very slight interruption, through our external policy . that, by its efforts, it shall contribute to supplement the internal efforts to maintain supremacy at sea.

Let us endeavour, in the light of these quotations, to examine our present-day policy towards the 'Protocol.' We realise, of course, that glory, mentioned by Professor Callender, is no longer considered or desired. There is no national wish for it as a factor in our foreign policy, but there is, I believe, a demand for security against foreign interference in our affairs and a determination to ensure our safety against aggression. Given these conditions, there is also the intention to do all that lies in our power to secure the peace of the world, the main factor wherein used to be the British Navy in the days, now passed away, when sea supremacy was conceded to us by all nations.

In this connection I venture to interpose here a few notes

[1] 'Singapore,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1924.

from documents to which I had access in Whitehall during the period immediately preceding and immediately following the conclusion of the Great War. Those documents were confidential at the time, but they are now at the disposal of official historians. My first note affects the use of the British Navy during the century preceding the war. Those who were engaged in British 'propaganda' work in the war discovered that the Germans had been working laboriously to find and to expose examples of the use of the British Navy, either for aggressive purposes or for the advancement of British at the expense of foreign interests. Their search was fruitless. Not a single modern example of such employment could be found. The next point affects the unselfish use of British naval and mercantile resources in the Great War itself. At the time when war aims and peace terms were being discussed, I remember reading a combined statement by representatives of the Allied Powers to the effect that the services rendered to them by the British Navy and Merchant Service caused them to desire that the British should be as strong as possible at sea after the war. It is not necessary to dwell upon the nature of those services, now that so much progress has been made with the official histories of our naval operations, our seaborne trade, and our merchant navy, but it will be as well to mention a few details which bear upon my point. By the end of the war the equivalent of over 1,000,000 tons of British merchant shipping was being employed solely in the service of France. About 45 per cent. of French total imports were being carried in British shipping, including in that total about 50 per cent. of the coal and about 60 per cent. of the cereal imports. At the same period about 750,000 tons of British merchant shipping were at the disposal of Italy, carrying about 45 per cent. of her total imports, and including in that total about 50 per cent. of Italian imports of coal and of cereals. To these services to Allies must be added the vast amount of British tonnage allocated to the transport of the American Army to France, and to its subsequent maintenance there (200,000 to 300,000 tons dead weight per month), also to coaling the American Navy in European waters (150,000 tons of bunker coal). Owing to these services to other nations—necessary, let us admit, to win the war—the British people were subjected to the hardships involved by having to reduce their own imports to 13,000,000 tons of food, 14,000,000 tons of munitions and war material, and only 3,000,000 tons *per annum* for civil supplies at the end of the war, compared with the 1913 imports of 18,000,000 tons of food and 36,000,000 tons of raw materials for industry, manufactured articles, etc. The point is that it was due entirely to the strength of the British Navy, and to the employment of that strength, that these and other

services could be rendered. The question now arises whether, in the light of our peace record for the last century and our recent war record, there is any need for us to give to the world a definite guarantee that the British Navy will be used in the future, as it has been in the past, to curb the aggressive designs of militarist continental States.

This brings us to the 'Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes,' which was adopted unanimously at Geneva on October 2 by the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations, and is now awaiting ratification or rejection by Parliament under the guidance of whatever Government may be in power when these lines are published. In considering the Protocol, it will be as well for us to keep firmly in view what we have assumed to be the attitude of the nation towards the Navy, an attitude which is influenced mainly by a desire to safeguard ourselves against foreign aggression, and then, given this safeguard, to do all in our power to secure peace all over the world. The Protocol has been substituted for the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. This was rejected by the British Government, and there is a consensus of opinion that they were well advised in taking that action. The Treaty cut directly across the principles upon which the League of Nations is based, and it laid unfair and impossible burdens upon us, by reason of its distribution of 'sanctions' by continents. The question arises whether the Protocol is open to similar or to other objections.

Not long ago Mr. L. S. Amery, who as First Lord of the Admiralty during a recent critical period had a good opportunity of mastering the naval aspect of our defence problem, expressed these views [2]:

> The fact is that not only the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, but any pact of a similar character, whether explicitly or implicitly based on obligation on our part to guarantee the integrity of European States without a corresponding effective guarantee of our security all over the world by those States, is incompatible with the continued existence of the British Empire. This has been realised fully by the Dominions, all of which, with the exception of Ireland, have refused to accept it.

We must here take note of our existing obligations. The League of Nations Covenant, to which we have subscribed, already binds us (Article X.) to guarantee the territory and the existing independence of all other members of the League against external aggression. In the event of such aggression resulting in war:

> it shall be the duty of the Council to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the Covenant of the League (Article XVI.).

[2] 'Policing the World,' *Sunday Times*, September 21, 1924.

Considerations of space prevent my dealing as fully as I should like to do with that great British interest, the preservation of the peace of the world, as affected by the new Protocol. I must confine myself almost entirely to the subject of my heading, 'The Control of the British Navy,' and the extent to which the amount of external control exercised under the Protocol would be likely to affect us, whether we dwell in the United Kingdom or 'overseas.'

Article XVI. of the League Covenant, as I read it, leaves us unfettered in the uses to which we may decide to put our Navy, manned by some of the best of the nation, and paid for by the British taxpayer. Does the Protocol leave us equally free? I think not. The documents which need study in this connection are: (1) The General Reports submitted to the Fifth Assembly by the First and Third Committees by M. Politis (Greece), *rapporteur* of the First Committee, and M. Bénès (Czechoslovakia), *rapporteur* of the Third Committee. (2) The Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes (text approved by the First and Third Committees and revised by the Drafting Committee), which was submitted to the Assembly on October 1, 1924, by the First and Third Committees. (3) The *Journal* of the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations, Geneva, 1924, Nos. 28 and 29, of October 2–3, 1924, containing the debates of the twenty-fifth to the twenty-eighth meetings of the Assembly. It is desirable also to note that the Protocol itself, as adopted, has been reprinted in a handy form by the League of Nations Union, and that *Headway*, for October—the organ of the Union—contains a leading article and a leaderette which clear away some misconceptions that have arisen about the scope of the Protocol. With all this information now available, it is possible to clear the air about the undertakings given officially by Lord Parmoor as head of the British Delegation at Geneva. A report has been spread broadcast that he 'put the British Navy in pawn' by placing it under the control of the Council of the League of Nations. It is, therefore, due to him to quote *verbatim*, before proceeding farther, from the report in the *League of Nations Journal* of the speech in which, in the name of the British Government, he urged the unanimous adoption of the Protocol:

> It had been said, perhaps ironically, that the head of the British Delegation had made an offer of the British Navy to the League. This was an absurd statement, and quite untrue. By the terms of the Protocol such an offer could not be made, for the *Protocol was strictly within the limits of the Covenant* [my italics].

We must analyse certain articles of the Protocol carefully in the light of this statement. Having reminded the Assembly that

the Council could only interfere when war, or a threat of war, had occurred, Lord Parmoor added:

Even if the worst happened, and not only economic and financial sanctions but also military sanctions proved necessary in the case of a dispute, the Council would have no executive powers, and no troops or men of war would be at its disposal. Every Government would remain free to decide how far, and in what form it could best co-operate loyally and effectively in supporting the Covenant and assisting the victim of aggression.

The use of the word 'military,' in its widest sense, by the head of the British Delegation, is the first point worthy of notice. I remember, when engaged in Government office work, being surprised at finding that all telegrams referring to the British Navy and its work which passed through the Foreign Office were classified as 'military,' and headed accordingly. As naval conditions transcend all others in importance to those interested in our security, it is desirable that this wide use of the term 'military,' swallowing the word 'naval' into its maw, should be noticed by a public accustomed to use the word in its narrower sense in conversation. We cannot lay too much stress upon the difference in the conditions attending the use of land and of sea force in international disputes. Sometimes to our advantage, and sometimes to our disadvantage, we have frequently been confronted with ignorance of this difference when we have dealt with representatives of European nations, whose fear of invasion by the armies of neighbouring States dominates their whole conception of security. The importance of keeping these experiences before us when we examine the Protocol becomes still more apparent when we recall to mind the nationality of the *rapporteur* of the Third Committee, which drew up the articles dealing specially with sanctions (including the uses to which the British Navy shall be put). M. Bénès, as we know, is the honoured representative of a country with no sea-coast (though Shakespeare thought otherwise). Acting in all good faith—as M. Bénès can be relied upon to do—the representative of such a country, surrounded as it is by foreign armies, would incline naturally to a local, rather than to our own world-wide, conception of security.

With this point in our minds, let us check carefully the view expressed by Lord Parmoor that the Protocol is strictly within the limits of the Covenant, especially of Articles X. and XVI., from which I have quoted. Does the Protocol, for instance, leave us equally free to use, or not to use, the British Navy to enforce the decrees or authority of the League Council?

Article XIII. of the Protocol reads thus:

In view of the contingent military, naval and air sanctions provided for by Article XVI. of the Covenant and by Article XI. of the present

Protocol, the Council [3] shall be entitled to receive undertakings from States determining in advance the military, naval, and air forces which they would be able to bring into action immediately to ensure the fulfilment of the obligations in regard to sanctions which result from the Covenant and the present Protocol. . . .

Article XI. of the Protocol, to which a cross-reference is given, reads thus:

As soon as the Council has called upon the signatory States to apply sanctions, as provided in the last paragraph of Article X. of the present Protocol, the obligations of the said States, in regard to the sanctions of all kinds mentioned in paragraphs 1 and 2 of Article XVI. of the Covenant, will immediately become operative in order that such sanctions may forthwith be employed against the aggressor.

Those obligations shall be interpreted as obliging each of the signatory States to co-operate loyally and effectively in support of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and in resistance to any act of aggression, in the degree which its geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow.

To complete our knowledge of this aspect of the Protocol it is necessary to add that Article X., referred to above, defines clearly what is meant by 'aggressor' and 'aggression,' and concludes thus:

The Council [3] shall call upon the signatory States to apply forthwith against the aggressor the sanctions provided by Article XI. of the present Protocol, and any signatory State thus called upon shall thereupon be entitled to exercise the rights of a belligerent.

We must also study the paper put forward by M. Bénès, *rapporteur* of the Third Committee, to explain still more clearly the obligations undertaken by States signing and ratifying the Protocol, as affecting the control of their armies, navies, and air forces:

In case sanctions have to be applied, it is highly important that there should exist some organ required to express an opinion as to the best way in which obligations connected with sanctions could be carried out by the Contracting Parties. As you are aware, this organ, according to the Covenant, is the Council. In order that the Council may effectively fulfil this duty, Article XIII. empowers it to receive undertakings on the part of States, determining *in advance* [his italics] the military, naval, and air forces which they would be able to bring into action immediately in order to ensure the fulfilment of the obligations arising, in this connection, out of the Covenant and the present Protocol. . . .

One more quotation is necessary, this time from the explanation of the Protocol by M. Politis, *rapporteur* of the First Committee:

The new system of the Protocol goes further [than the Covenant of the League of Nations]. It closes the circle drawn by the Covenant; it pro-

[3] Of the League of Nations.

hibits all wars of aggression. Henceforth no purely private war between nations will be tolerated.

I am personally unable to reconcile the above quotations with Lord Parmoor's statement that 'the Protocol was strictly within the limits of the Covenant,' but the matter is too grave for small verbal distinctions or the splitting of hairs, so I do not lay stress upon this point, our only object being to ascertain exactly what obligations we shall undertake, as affecting the use of our Navy, if we ratify the Protocol. I have, therefore, given *verbatim* the clauses which are germane to this subject, and in this connection we must here note that the word 'military' is used in its narrower sense in the articles of the Protocol from which I have quoted. It applies therein to armies only, naval and air forces being mentioned separately. The point upon which I should like again to lay all possible stress is that to promise *in advance* the use of a national navy against an aggressor entails far more serious obligations than a promise to use an army for a similar purpose. Conflicts between armies take place on land, on territory under a national flag. They can be localised. Conflicts between sea forces take place over oceans, which are the property of no nation. Such conflicts cannot be localised, they must be world-wide like the element on which they are conducted, and this fact adds tremendous force to the provision, in Article XI. of the Protocol, which limits the obligations incurred by a signatory State 'in the degree which its geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow.' Let us, therefore, study in detail the attitude adopted by the speakers in the debate on the Protocol at Geneva, bearing in mind the geographical positions and the state of the armaments of the nations which they represented. We will take them in the order in which they spoke.

Netherlands (Jonkheer Loudon): The Dutch delegation would vote for the Protocol, though perhaps with some little hesitation. . . . Its ratification might be delayed.

France: M. Briand declared on behalf of the French Delegation and in full agreement with his Government that France adhered to the Protocol and was ready to sign it.

British Empire: Lord Parmoor, in the name of the British Government, urged the unanimous adoption of the Protocol.

Italy: M. Scialoja, as the representative of Italy, wished to express his satisfaction with the Protocol.

Spain (M. Quinoñes de Leon): Delegation approved the Protocol and had already urged its Government to take into serious consideration the acceptance of this new instrument of peace.

Belgium (M. Hymans): The Belgian Delegation adhered to the proposed resolutions.

Finland (M. Enckell) : The Finnish Delegation would recommend its Government to sign and ratify the Protocol.

Japan (Viscount Ishii) : The Japanese Delegation was ready to give its entire approval of the draft resolution.

Norway (M. Lange) : Norway . . . would collaborate loyally and effectively as far as the special situation of Norway permitted.

Portugal : M. de Vasconcellos welcomed in the name of Portugal the proposals before the Assembly, with which he warmly agreed.

Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (M. Koumanoudi) : The Kingdom . . . adhered to the Protocol with the firm intention of putting it in execution.

Denmark (M. Zahle) : Delegation would vote for the Protocol, and would recommend its adoption.

British Empire : Mr. Henderson cordially supported the resolutions.

France (M. Boncour) : The new element in the Protocol was that, once the aggressor had been determined, there was brought into play a whole system of sanctions, such as the world had never known.

Sweden : M. Branting reserved the freedom of Sweden.

Persia : Prince Arfa-ed-Dowleh praised the Protocol.

Canada (Mr. Dandurand) : The Canadian Delegation would vote for the Resolution.

Brazil (M. de Mello-Franco) : Ditto.

Roumania (M. Commene) : Ditto.

Poland (M. Skrzynski) : Poland found herself alone in the east of Europe, a sentinel of democracy.

Uruguay : M. Guani was certain that his Government would be one of the first to sign the Protocol.

China : M. Tai Tch'enne Linne was ready to vote, without reservation, for the draft.

Chile : M. Villegas praised the Protocol.

British Empire (Mrs. Swanwick) : Ditto.

How, then, does the matter stand ? Representatives of forty-eight States—Albania, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, British Empire, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Greece, Guatemala, Hungary, India, Free State of Ireland, Italy, Japan, Latvia, Liberia, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, Salvador, Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, Siam, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Uruguay, and Venezuela—voted for the Protocol, only the French and British representatives committing their Governments. There were no negatives and no abstentions. Abyssinia, Argen-

tine Republic, Bolivia, Haiti, Honduras, and Peru were not represented.

Applying Mr. Amery's test, we certainly seem to find, by scrutinising the list of States, that the Protocol involves 'an obligation on our part to guarantee the integrity of European States without a corresponding effective guarantee of our security all over the world by those States.' We should presumably use our Navy to guarantee our own security under Article II. of the Protocol, which is thus explained by M. Politis :

> The right of self-defence continues, as it must, to be respected. The State attacked retains complete liberty to resist by all means in its power all acts of aggression of which it may be the victim.

In the article on 'Singapore,' to which I have already referred, I pointed out the impossibility, under certain conditions, of our resisting with success acts of aggression of which we might be the victims in the Pacific, and even in the Indian Ocean. It is now the business of the nation to see to it that we maintain a navy strong enough to protect our interests in other seas. The definite question before us is whether, after satisfying this condition, we are prepared to give to the Council of the League, *in advance*, an undertaking determining the naval force which we should be able to bring into action immediately 'to ensure the fulfilment of the obligations in regard to sanctions' which would result from our ratifying the Protocol. I have referred, in general terms, to the difference between 'military' sanctions (in the narrow sense), applied in a local theatre of war on land, and naval sanctions, applied on the high seas. I will now be more explicit.

There is no recognised code of International Law at Sea. Our own interpretation of law at sea is, and will probably always remain, fundamentally different from that of all other Powers. I can find nothing in the Protocol that covers this point. If we decide that we can maintain, over and above the Navy that we need to protect our own interests, a surplus which we would be willing to earmark in advance for enforcing the rulings of the League of Nations Council, we must, as a matter of course, stipulate that a British Navy so employed must act in accordance with law at sea, as interpreted by the British Government. Writing from memory, I believe that what we did in the war about visit and search on the high seas was done on the plea of reprisals, rather than of law, and presumably we should be inclined to carry out a similar policy in future. Even if the European Powers consented to the stipulation that we should go on our own way in these matters—which is doubtful—there remain the United States. Need I add more on that point, with the experience of 1914–16 fresh in our minds? In the explanation given

verbally to the Fifth Assembly by M. Politis, *rapporteur* of the First Committee, we find that:

> The system [of sanctions] would apply to States which had neither signed the Protocol nor were Members of the League.

I now come to a definite question, put to me by naval and other authorities, whose views I have invited in this matter of the Protocol: 'Do we get any tangible asset for giving the Council of the League the right to call upon us to use our Fleet?' I must leave that question to be answered by others. If the 'tangible asset' wished for is an addition to our security from aggressive action directed against our vital interests at sea, or against territories for the defence of which we are responsible in various quarters of the globe, I cannot find that any such asset would be gained. If, on the other hand, the tangible asset likely to be attained is the stoppage of all private war (and therefore of aggressive acts, by all and sundry, against ourselves), the theme—which covers the whole Protocol, and not only the portion with which I have dealt—must be developed by abler pens than mine. If the subject is to be treated on a higher plane, and the idea is for us to seek the advantage of other nations regardless of the consequences to ourselves, the same conditions apply. The main point is that the Protocol, and the obligations involved thereby, should be discussed thoroughly and in detail, and that ratification shall not be rushed without these obligations being understood. I do not think that any one who studies with care the Protocol itself, the explanation thereof drawn up by the League Committees, and the discussion thereon by the Fifth Assembly at Geneva, can fail to gather an impression of hurry and rush, which is undesirable in an undertaking of such far-reaching importance.

The parallel has been drawn at Geneva between the processes which have made for the attainment of domestic peace through the establishment of and obedience to national law, and similar processes applied in international affairs. Professor A. F. Pollard, in his paper on 'The Lesson of History,'[4] as applied to the League of Nations, reminds us of the effect of attention to practical matters of detail upon the establishment of British laws, and upon obedience thereto. He traces them back to the issue to possessors of land, in the twelfth century, of writs *de pace habenda* at a time when 'there was hardly a national government at all; there was no standing army at the Crown's disposal, no police, no public opinion; and the combatants were as much addicted and inured to the arbitrament of the sword as nations are to-day.' It took centuries, as he points out, for the legal reforms to bear their political fruit, and:

[4] Embodied in *The League of Nations, An Historical Argument*, A. F. Pollard (Clarendon Press).

The surest way of solving the problem before us is not to force the pace. We cannot bind nations into an international State nor deny to peoples the freedom to fashion their own future. If we go so far as to bind them not to attack their neighbours, we must do so on the ground that war and its apprehension is itself destructive of liberty, and that peace is the greater franchise.

Whatever may be the merits of the Protocol as a whole, forcing the pace is distinctly a feature of Article XIII., read in conjunction with Articles X. and XI. To the ordinary man, unskilled in legal niceties of expression; it conveys the impression that by ratification we should commit ourselves, in advance, to enforce against all nations defined as 'aggressors' by the League of Nations Council laws of war at sea which have not as yet been established. We should thereby increase our naval commitments beyond limits that can be foreseen, and our external policy, by so doing, would not (in Admiral Richmond's words) 'contribute to supplement the internal efforts to maintain supremacy at sea.' Lord Cecil has pleaded for consideration of the Protocol from the national point of view, with the help of the Dominions. It is in that sense that I have used the expressions 'we' and 'our' in this article.

GEORGE ASTON.

Note.—Lord Parmoor's letter in *The Times* of October 15 appeared after the MS. of this article was completed. Referring, presumably, to Article XIII. of the Protocol, he writes:

The Sanction Article of the Protocol does not purport to create and does not create any new sanctions. It makes operative, under the conditions specified, the sanctions mentioned in paragraphs 1 and 2 of Article XVI. of the Covenant. I do not think that the paragraph of this article which interprets the obligations, undertaken by each of the signatory States, goes beyond the provisions in the Covenant, but quite certainly it does not in any way interfere with the sovereignty of a nation as regards the use of its military, naval, or air forces This is the nature of the allegation so freely made against the action of the British Delegation, and against which I desire to enter an earnest protest.

The question whether, in interpreting our obligations to use our Navy, Article XIII. of the Protocol goes beyond the provisions of the Covenant is the one which I have endeavoured to elucidate.

G. G. A.

THE FIGHTING MAN

If ever I have the chance of serving in another war I shall ask to command a company of infantry. A commander of a company has a complete fighting unit; is more or less immune from 'paper work' and 'red tape'; and, like a captain of a battleship, is actually fighting with his men and always in touch with the enemy.

His first duty is to promote and instil a most ardent fighting spirit amongst all ranks. Peace and quiet do not win wars, or even help to. When my company relieved the French in Vermelles in the spring of 1915 I was told by the French company commander that in forty-one days there had been only five casualties. All was very quiet. But directly after dusk my patrols were out, and we straightway commanded 'No Man's Land' for the hours of darkness. My patrols reported a large mine crater about seventy-five yards from the front line, and that it was full of Germans. I called my head bomber, a real enthusiast, who threw the 'longest' bomb of the battalion, and explained the situation to him. I crawled near the crater with him and found it full of apparently somnolent Germans. We returned, and 'presently after,' as Robert Louis Stevenson would say, my bombers much surprised the nice, quiet Boches and occupied the crater. Unfortunately, when the wasps' nest was taken other wasps came up with bombs. As it is quite easy to lie in the open and 'lob' bombs into an enclosed space which soon becomes unhealthy, I called my bombers in: they were too valuable to lose. Luckily a French gunner officer had arrived in my trench and made it as clear as he could that his one aim and object in life was to help me. The French had left their ·75's behind for one night while, I suppose, our gunners were picking up ranges, etc. I invited this most amiable French officer to view the crater, again full of Germans, and suggested a shell into it now and then if it was not too near our front line. He declared it was quite safe; a shell would be dropped into it every twenty minutes throughout the night. He implored me not to disturb the Boches, and hurried back to his guns. I warned my patrols and waited for the shell. The first one was just 'over,' and we telephoned it

back; the next and all the rest went right home. So the French gunners had the fighting spirit and were not for 'letting sleeping dogs lie.'

The commander of a company has also to look after the spiritual welfare of his men, even in the front line. One day in a front line section—I forget where—I had a note from the adjutant of the usual brief description. It read to this effect: 'XYZ 64—reference enclosed letter. Please make the necessary arrangements to have the man christened!' The enclosed letter was from a good lady in a Welsh town, who was much concerned because a certain man of 'B Company of your regiment' (the letter presumably was written to my colonel) was unbaptised, and stated that it was a dreadful thought to her and to the man's friends that he might at any moment come face to face with his Maker unchristened. She begged that he might be christened as soon as possible. My company had not been in this section long, and it was not particularly quiet. The commander of the company has much to see to. He has to acquaint himself thoroughly with every crack of his line. To some people, doubtless, a trench merely suggests a long, straight, narrow ditch dug deep into the ground. They do not begin to realise its intricacies, numerous communication trenches coming up from behind, saps running out in front, mine shafts and galleries, dug-outs in all sorts of odd corners, ammunition and bomb stores, second lines and latrines, dug-out places for firing rifle grenades and using bomb catapults or spring guns, and so on. A commander must know exactly where his subalterns, his company sergeant-major, his sergeants and other ranks have their dug-outs; and he must learn by heart the particular official system of defence for his section. Every section has its defence scheme made out by the staff which lays down exactly what is to be done if that section is attacked; these defence schemes are handed on from one commander to another. When a commander involved in all these things suddenly gets a memo telling him to arrange to baptise a man he might be excused if he pushes it into his pocket to await a more favourable time, or even if he manages to mislay the troublesome missive. This is exactly what happened to me. It was some weeks later, when my company was in reserve just behind the front line, that I received a telephone message to say that the Padre was on his way up to christen 'the man of your company referred to in my XYZ 64 of 6·7·15 date.' The memo and the good lady's letter were mislaid, and all I could remember was the man's name: Private 'David.' This was not his name, but it was a name very generally found in Wales, and there were three of the name in my company. I could not see any reason for selecting any particular Private 'David' for baptism;

none of them had any particularly unchristened appearance. I therefore decided on the one I had known longest, a good 'old Bill' type, who took everything as it came, and I immediately sent for him. Before he turned up the Padre arrived full of enthusiasm, and I told him I knew what he had come for, and that the man would be here directly. A large figure loomed at the door of my dug-out, and I shouted: 'That you, David?' A salute was the answer. 'The Padre has come to christen you, David, and will take you along now.' 'Very good, sir,' another salute, and I breathed again. 'Old Bill' had not failed me. The Padre took his victim to some old building, and a subaltern told me 'water was pouring over his face' (probably quite untrue). Private 'David' soon came back, saluted, and reported he had been christened, and I told him to fall out. The wish is often 'father to the thought,' but I have a genuine feeling that my choice had fallen on the right man; no more letters arrived, and I concluded we had given consolation to a good, earnest lady.

. . . . .

My birthday is on June 6. On such a day in 1915 I did a very foolish thing. As we were in the first line at Guinchy Brick Stacks, and not too far from Bethune, I had contrived to get some champagne up to the front line and arranged quite a nice little dinner. The company headquarters' dug-out there, then known as the Guards' Club, afterwards completely destroyed by a big shell fired from some spot behind the Givenchy salient, was in reality a cellar under the biggest brick stack. It was absolutely safe from a direct hit except from behind, and, in my opinion, the safest and most comfortable spot on the whole British front. Therefore we had a nice table, chairs, white cloth, knives and forks, glasses, etc., and lived like gentlemen. At dusk that evening, everything being perfectly quiet and normal, my patrols told off, night sentries posted, listening posts at the end of the sap, listeners in the mine galleries, observers on top of the stack, I called my three subalterns into my dug-out to celebrate my birthday, leaving the front line in charge of my company sergeant-major. Half-way through the meal a white-faced boy appeared at the entrance to the dug-out and asked if the captain was there. I asked him what he wanted. Begging my pardon, he stated that the 'front line had gone.' We all looked up, and I asked him where it had gone to. He said he was sitting at the bottom of the mine shaft and, on looking up, saw a German; that he rushed out; that the trench was full of Germans; and that he had come straight to tell me. His story appeared quite incredible, but something had to be done. We all four, therefore, took out our revolvers and proceeded to advance cautiously up

the communication trench to the front line, expecting every minute to meet Germans coming down. At every traverse one of my subalterns would peer round the top while I lay on my stomach and looked round the bottom, the other two with levelled revolvers prepared to shoot at sight. At the last traverse of the communication trench we were going through a similar antic, and my company quartermaster-sergeant, coming down with a couple of empty rum jars, was nearly shot dead. It is hard to say who was the most surprised. The C.Q.M.S. had suddenly come face to face with all his company officers with levelled revolvers and his captain lying on his stomach, whereas the company officers had expected to meet a party of Germans. For a few seconds nobody spoke, and I took the opportunity of rising to my feet with as much dignity as possible. The C.Q.M.S. then put the rum jar down and saluted, and reported that he had just issued the mail. I told him to go and find out who the man was who had been posted in the mine shaft, and sent my subalterns to their platoons to see that everything was normal. They found that the men were as happy as could be. Rations and the mail had just been issued, and everybody was reading a letter. I went straight to my company telephone dug-out and found just what I had expected. The boy had spread the alarm, and my telephonist had informed battalion headquarters that B Company's front line was in the hands of the Germans. I was only just in time to stop the reserve company from coming up to counter-attack and make everybody happy and quiet again. The boy was later brought up for 'creating alarm and despondency amongst the troops' and 'got it pretty hot.' I think it is possible he may have seen a German, because they were crawling through the long grass. Only the evening before my nigger Ham—called the 'Coon,' a very trustworthy bomber—came to me with his black eyes rolling and said he had walked up a sap and looked over the top; that as he did so a big Boche stood up and looked at him and immediately dived into the grass. Ham had no rifle, but a bomb in his hand, which he threw. He also threw several bricks at the spot where he thought the Boche was, but heard no yell. To end up my birthday, I got a large, jagged piece of shell into the back of my head. It dazed me for a minute and, with a wet stream pouring down my neck, I thought the top of my head had gone. But it was only a small gash, and I found the piece of shell sticking in the band of my khaki cap; it would hardly have dented a tin helmet. Tying a handkerchief round, I finished the champagne and slept soundly till dawn.

Although there is never anything funny when death and wounds are occurring, there are occasions when a sense of humour is a great thing. Bringing my company one day back to Guinchy

from billets along the La Bassée canal, with which the railway line runs parallel, I came across an armoured train lurking behind a small copse. The line was torn up behind and in front, and the bluejackets, under Commander Samson, were singing songs while waiting for the rails to be repaired. As I brought my company from the shelter of the wood and took to the tow-path the Germans mistook us for the armoured train and began to fire on us with heavy shells. One could hear the boom of the guns, the distant roar of the shell, the close whine, the final scream, like wind through telegraph wires, and then, of course, one was quite sure they would drop on one's own personal head. Very close these shells dropped too, now a few yards short into the canal, then a few yards over into the beet field, smothering us with mud and stones. At the third or fourth shell a sergeant leading the first platoon remarked to me that 'The C.S.M.'s in the canal, sir.' I said: 'Why? blown in?' 'No, sir, jumped in for cover.' I looked down the canal and saw two or three men dragging out a forlorn-looking object in a great-coat, pack, rifle and all. The men were highly amused, but the humour of the incident was spoilt by a shell landing right up against my last platoon, mutilating two or three men and knocking others into the canal. I was told afterwards I was a d——d fool not to double back. As I had an order in my pocket to be at a certain place at a certain time, I did not feel justified in doing so, much as I should have liked to have taken to my heels and run anywhere. Nor did I feel like doubling my company forward, because I myself was in front and would be out of the danger zone first, and because one-half of my company was composed of entirely fresh men, just come up in a draft, and I did not want them to get the 'running' idea as soon as they came under shell fire. That is the sort of occasion when a company commander must do what he thinks is best: he has no one to turn to for advice.

On August 21, 1915, my company was detailed for the hottest piece of trench warfare on the whole British front. It was a section called Z2, and it lay, I fancy, between Guinchy and Vermelles. Here our front line on the left of the section was seventeen yards from the Boche line and our wire practically touched. The section was well known and much talked about, and I had a few 'comforting' words with the captain I relieved, a Captain Reade, once of the Indian Cavalry, whom I had known well in India. One of the best, he was killed earning the V.C. at Loos. We relieved his company amidst a shower of bombs, our men and the Boches shouting and cursing at one another as they threw. That night was hideous, and I patted myself on the back that I had trained many more bombers in my company than the official number, and that every single man of the company had

at least once thrown a live bomb. Now also I had the satisfaction to see that I had managed to instil a real fighting spirit amongst all ranks. My own dug-out—company headquarters—was in a second-line trench, and therefore about thirty or forty yards from the German line, and it is no exaggeration to say that I could not keep a candle alight for more than five consecutive minutes on account of bombs falling on the roof or in the doorway. The night was one continuous bombing duel, and I had to spend every minute of it 'on the bridge.' At first the Boches threw with so much vigour that one naturally suspected a rush or some sort of attack. I therefore kept one of my best and strongest platoons, fully armed and equipped and bayonets fixed, in a couple of good dug-outs in the second line, so that they were safe from bombs and could rush out and counter-attack at once if our front line was pierced. An enormous bomb, like a suit case, had demolished about thirty yards of our front-line parapet, wire and all, and this made me rather more apprehensive. As the night wore on it became obvious that this bombing duel was a nightly affair and not a prelude to an attack. After all, no one wants to rush into a maze of unknown trenches in pitch darkness with no particular object in view. We therefore gave ourselves up to bombing with the one idea of getting what the books would call 'superiority of fire', that is, by the intensity of our bombing we hoped, eventually, to outbomb the Boches and drive them to their dug-outs. I sent a party back to battalion headquarters for more bombs, and from the company store we kept feeding the throwers. It was not a pleasant job carrying boxes of highly explosive articles through an inferno of bursting bombs, but the most timorous and unexpected little men of my company did it most gallantly. Moreover, several of my best bombers were out over our own wire to get their bombs into the German second line. In spite of this really intensive bombing battle, the noise, and the casualties, everything was being done in an orderly way. Bomb carriers were coming up by one trench and going back by another; the men not throwing or carrying bombs were standing in their trench under their platoon commanders, but as much under cover as possible; a real fighting spirit throughout the whole company was manifest, and every man was pulling his weight. Long before dawn we had gained superiority, and the Boche bombing began to die down. I called in most of my expert bombers and put in their places others who were not so practised, but quite good enough for this short range work, and we gave the people over the way no peace whatever.

Next morning there came the usual lull after the storm, and we derived one benefit from being so close to our enemy: we were too close to be shelled in the front line. A wonderful variety of

bombs fell into us, but in daylight it is easy after experience to 'mark them over' quite accurately, and either stand still or step to one side round a traverse.

Between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. I had quite a nice little sleep, and my bombers slept all the morning. Awaking refreshed like a giant, I thought it was time to worry the sleeping Boches. I judged that they would be sleeping in their second line and that bombs would not reach them. I therefore took my black nigger Ham, the 'coon,' one of my most trusted men, with one or two others, to the right flank of my section, which was something like eighty to a hundred yards from the Boche line. At this flank was a cutting for the firing of rifle grenades with rests, rifles and grenades all ready. We very soon 'got going,' and after a few carefully observed ranging shots fixed our rifles so that we could fire volleys of six at a time. This is much the most effective way of firing rifle grenades, because, although it is a simple matter to spot and dodge one grenade, it is impossible to watch six at a time; once the rifles were fixed at the correct elevation, three men, at a given signal, pulled two triggers each. For nearly an hour we fired these grenades, varying direction and range. I had just told Ham it was enough and had slammed down the lid of the last empty grenade box when we heard the unique 'thuds' of several grenades being fired from the German trench. We stood and waited to mark them over. I saw three and marked them well over the trench; we could hear another coming, but could not pick it up. I asked Ham where the 'blighter' was, and he told me to stand still. Just as he spoke there was a flash at my feet, and my left arm hung limp. Two men near me fell like ninepins and bled profusely, one of them yelling in agony. I walked towards Ham and said: 'Damn it! They've got me in the arm.' He looked at me and said: 'Oh, sah! and in the leg too!' I looked down and saw a large gash in my right calf, back and front, with blood pouring out of it. Another stream of blood was coming from my left chest. I had only time to plug my leg wound with my right thumb before I fainted. This early Victorian behaviour saved my life. Apparently the piece of shell in my chest had punctured the artery and the vein which lie side by side, and as on fainting the circulation is very much diminished, instead of my bleeding to death through the hole in the artery, the blood chose to short-circuit itself back into the vein, eventually forming a clot, partially closing the two punctures. When everything went black and I began to faint I can to this day well remember thinking to myself: 'What a very easy way to die!' I was more than surprised then to open my eyes and find that Ham and a sergeant had put a compress on my chest and that I was able to struggle to my feet. I got on to good old Ham's

back, with my arms round his neck, and he carried me to my dug-out, and laid me on the straw. Nature wonderfully allows us to forget the very bad times we go through, but I know that I went through torture lying there on the floor of the dug-out. It felt as if a red-hot sword was being drawn in and out of my chest and two places in my leg. We had a splendid medical officer, and he came up to my dug-out. With the intense pain, accentuated by the bombs repeatedly dropping on the roof and making me jump, I lost all my 'guts' and could only ask to be taken away. I would have welcomed death then. At last the stretcher-bearers arrived, and I pitied them for their task of carrying me down nearly a mile of communication trenches, very deep and narrow, in white, glaring chalk, so narrow that they had to hold me at arm's length over the top. I could hear the Boches having 'pot-shots' at me, but no bullet could worry me then. I will not describe my thirty-six hours' journey from Chocques to Le Havre, lying on the seat of a French train without brakes, but can only compare it with the sufferings of a cow with a broken leg alone in a cattle truck. Things were improved later, and I believe the wounded travelled in swinging cots in English trains.

I could never have believed, when my left arm hung limp on that hot August day in 1915, that it was to be my last day of fighting; that I was to spend months in hospital, go through appalling operations, and eventually become one of the 'also rans.'

H. M. B. SALMON.

THE NOVELS OF DISRAELI

CONSERVATISM never had a sharper critic than its most brilliant defender. What Disraeli could not say in Parliament he brought out in his novels, and there it is to-day expressed in the most readable way, and at the present moment it is, as Stevenson would have said, full of 'elegant and pregnant implication.' Between the publication of *Vivian Grey* and *Henrietta Temple* Disraeli wrote much rubbish which he called novels or romances, but we should not forget, as a good many of us do forget, that he wrote four excellent ones, and that he preceded them by a brilliant little satire in the style of Swift, or rather of Voltaire, called *The Adventures of Captain Popanilla.* Of his other great works *Sybil* and *Coningsby* are political, *Tancred* and *Lothair* are religious and ideal. But this does not mean that they are divided in their background, or foreground, of serious purpose. In the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, what was meant by Church was conceived as something in close and mutually valuable relation to what was meant by State. Conservatism was not, however, in an ideal condition in the reign of William IV.; Disraeli applied to it a constructive criticism that now, after eighty years, shows he was not an opportunist, but a statesman who saw to the heart of the difficulties involved in those great twin movements, the industrial and the mechanical revolutions. In those days, the system of national control, national subsidies and national relief which the world owes to Bismarck and the Kaisers, and which is now known in India as the tradition of the die-hard official, and in England as the ideals of the Labour Party, had not yet been proposed as a remedy by people who mattered. Liberty was still an ideal; the instinct for economic fact was still dominant; the human will was still seen to be the guiding principle of system, and the individual genius to be a power. The conflict was between the Whig system and something else, something which lack of brain and enthusiasm, and the abuse of privilege, and sottishness generally had made rather vague, but which Disraeli attempted to define. England's Anglican Jew found a meaning for the State religion, and after a period of effective self-assertion applied the ideals of aristocracy to the system of

trade and production which kept Victorian England in the vanguard of power. He embalmed his philosophy in his novels.

The interests of his whole career dominate them, but a novel need not be simply a story. Ambitions and ideals are part not only of the furniture, but even of the fabric, of life. They are poor things as long as they are fancies; they must have a definite scope in an immediate present. And that a high purpose or a moral interest should unite with the diversion of a novel will not seem anomalous to those with enough knowledge of life to understand that clear conceptions of morals and religion realised in a practical application are part of the world of emotion, reason and achievement, and among the principal instruments of delight. For a novel is a presentation of life in a convenient and agreeable unity. None knew better than Stevenson what was essential to telling a story; and what were his directions to the novelist? 'Let him choose a motive, whether of character or passion; carefully construct his plot so that every incident is an illustration of the motive, and every property employed shall bear to it a near relation of congruity and contrast; avoid a sub-plot, unless, as sometimes in Shakespeare, the sub-plot be a reversion or complement of the main intrigue; suffer not his style to flag below the level of the argument; pitch the key of conversation, not with any thoughts of how men talk in parlours, but with a single eye to the degree of passion he may be called upon to express; and allow neither himself in the narrative nor any character in the course of the dialogue to utter one sentence that is not part and parcel of the business of the story or the discussion of the problem involved.'[1] This is a hard test, but Disraeli survives it. To him character and a career and a spiritual ideal were one; and given such characters as he creates, a novel is not ruined as a novel, because part of its interest is a moral purpose or a zeal for the things of the spirit. To Disraeli, as we have shown, a political character could not be but mean unless he worked for an effective interaction of Church and State. His object he defined in the Preface to *Coningsby* as being 'to scatter some suggestions that may elevate the tone of public life, ascertain the true character of political parties, and induce us for the future more carefully to distinguish between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms,' and at the conclusion of *Sybil* it was, he said, his prayer that 'we may live to see England once more possess a free monarchy and a privileged and prosperous people,' as it was his conviction that only the energy and devotion of youth can bring about that great result. 'The claims of the future are represented by suffering millions; and the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity.'

[1] *Memories and Portraits*: 'A Humble Remonstrance,' I.

Coningsby, therefore, is a call to the young generation of Conservatives; *Sybil* gives them an insight into the condition of the people.

But Disraeli made his studies into stories. *Coningsby* is the story of the grandson of Lord Monmouth modelled on Lord Hertford, whom we all know as Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. Monmouth takes Harry Coningsby from his mother and brings him up as his heir. But at Eton the boy saves the life of the son of his grandfather's enemy, a Liberal and the son of a north country manufacturer, Millbank. When visiting the Millbanks, Coningsby is surprised to find a portrait of his mother; but though he asks about it, he can hear nothing of how it came there. Coningsby afterwards falls in love with the daughter. He learns afterwards that the elder Millbank had been his mother's first love. Just after Coningsby's engagement Lord Monmouth, who had married Lucretia Colonna, a friend of Coningsby, dies. His fortune of a million pounds, all but five hundred a year, is left to the little adopted daughter of a French actor who came often to Coningsby Hall, for Monmouth was in reality her father. But she dies soon after, leaving all her money to Coningsby, who, in the meantime, had just been married to Edith. She herself received a large dowry from the elder Millbank.

And did they live happily ever afterwards? The author does not answer that question. He asks another: Will they realise the promises of their high fortune and their brilliant gifts and 'denounce to a perplexed and disheartened world the frigid theories of a generalising age that have destroyed the individuality of man,' or will they be overcome by the habits of those around them and devote the rest of their lives, as Conservatives, to the intrigues of a corrupt party?

There is then in *Coningsby* a double romance: the romance of two handsome and gifted lovers in a difficult situation and the romance of high ambitions seeking to fulfil the promises of individual character in a political career. These naturally unite. It is inevitable that the hero should discuss with the Liberal Millbank, with the great Jew, Sidonia, whom Lucretia loved, and who united the family history of the Disraelis with the dominant position of a Rothschild, with Rigby, the adroit tool,[2] who was the Tory agent of his grandfather, and with the nobler of his own young friends,[3] the problems of the country and the history of its great parties. To these Disraeli adds his own exposition of history, and it is better than the history books. Then in that formal ornate style, with its elaborately vague descriptions and

[2] Modelled on John Wilson Croker.

[3] The originals of his friends were Cochrane Baillie, George Smyth, Lord John Manners and Henry Hope.

its light ironies, its Oriental colouring and its flashes of cynicism, its warm, even current of sentiment and its eloquent developments, he gives us his political novel. It is something like the art of Scott applied to Victorian England by a contemporary protagonist. The familiar style by which, for instance, Dickens in his poetry of the poor, and Thackeray in his search amongst his equals for sincerity, moved so deeply and continuously the feelings of two generations; the convincing truth of detail; the sublime effect; the complexity of character; the penetrating view of life's mixture by the tragic comedians; the broad, delightful incongruities of truth and Nature; the tenderness and agonies of love—these Victorian ingredients of greatness in novels were not at the disposal of Disraeli. And yet he attained an elegance and eminence of expression; he had learnt (better than Lessing, from whom he learnt it) that 'grace is beauty in action'; he could produce literature. His style is a fencer's, urbane and cutting; it is 'foppish' now and then, but there is force in it. He dared to be great, and he could not help being amusing.

And what of his history? It is a Tory view of English history, and he shows that that can be a whole and steady one. He saw that Henry VIII., by the dissolution of the monasteries, had disturbed one of those agencies which keep the economic system of a country in order. For there the poor could find assistance and the unemployed help. The monasteries left common lands at the disposal of the miserable. When Henry VIII. put these properties into the hands of what were known afterwards as the great Whig families, he changed the right of the miserable into the profit of the capitalist. King Charles I. had been the champion of the people against their despoilers, and Cromwell was the enemy of aristocracy and monarchy, because the enemy of the masses in his support of profiteering merchants. The masses were, in fact, always liable to be exploited by the rise of a new power which had developed a new source of wealth. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was the lucky merchant, then the West Indian planter, then the nabob, then the money-lender for the wars; and as Disraeli was writing it was the manufacturer. Through all this, the Whigs had been, in Disraeli's eyes, a sinister power, which they had established at the accession of William of Orange, introducing a 'Venetian constitution, Dutch finance and French wars,' caring nothing for the parochial constitution which Disraeli considered more important than the national, but rather organising all the resources of the country under a constitution where all the power was in the hands, not of the monarch, or of the people, but of a few intriguing financiers, who took their toll of all the industry of the country through the National Debt.

Against the successful development of this Whig policy

Bolingbroke and the younger Pitt had stood out. They were drawn together by one of 'the suppressed characters of English history,' Lord Shelburne, and, unlike most politicians, an authority on both England and the Continent. His object was a real power in the throne, a permanent alliance with France, and commerce free from those taxes which are levied to support the National Debt and useless institutions. But the Tory Party had not been able to keep up with the promises in their greater men, and in the Duke of Wellington, who did not know his country, and who brought to politics the opportunism of a brilliant general, their ideals had once more been betrayed.

What was their position ? What was the Conservative cause ? 'The cause of our glorious institutions, under which the Crown has become a cipher, the Church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges.' So that the Conservative Party was 'the first public association of men who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle.' It was, in fact, the conclusion of Coningsby that—

as a party must have the semblance of principles, they take the name of the things they have destroyed. Thus they are devoted to the prerogatives of the Crown, although, in truth, the Crown has been stripped of every one of its prerogatives, they affect a great veneration for the Constitution in Church and State, though everyone knows that the Constitution in Church and State no longer exists, they are ready to stand or fall with the 'independence of the Upper House of Parliament,' though they are perfectly aware that, with their sanction, the 'Upper House' has abdicated its initiatory functions, and now serves only as a court of review of the legislation of the House of Commons. Whenever public opinion, which their party never attempts to form, to educate, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has passed, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical, and ultimately the inevitable, results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have consented.

Such is the account of the Conservative Party put into the mouth of the Conservative Coningsby by the Conservative Beaconsfield. Its rival was a party with the distinct and intelligible principle of universal suffrage, a party which deliberately shifted the Constitution on to an unsound basis, and, therefore, was a destructive party.

The story of *Sybil* is more touching, more absorbing, than *Coningsby*, the plot more intricate, and the development more surprising. It deals with four chief centres of interest : the new labouring class responsible for the Chartist agitation ; the leaders of responsible middle-class men with devotions to the needs of the masses ; the *parvenu* descendants of titled nabobs ; and the aristocracy, sometimes degraded, and sometimes true to the designation of its name.

Charles Egremont, a gifted brother of Lord Marney, having been once disappointed in love, devotes himself with unexpected eagerness to politics. Staying at Marney Abbey, where the hay-ricks have been burnt, he is lingering about the ruins, and enters into conversation with some visitors, among whom is heard, singing a Divine melody to the Virgin, the voice of Sybil Gerard. Her father is foreman to a Mr. Trafford. Egremont, though pressed by his brother to marry one of the Fitzwarenes, the heiress daughter of the nabob Lord de Mowbray, falls in love with Sybil, and under an assumed name he studies her labours among the poor. But it is the Gerards who are the rightful owners of the home of the Fitzwarenes, and after Gerard has held up a stampede of the Chartists, the mob burns Mowbray Castle. Egremont saves Sybil from the flames, and the mob rescues the title-deeds which show her to be the real heiress; Lord Marney dies, and while the first love of Egremont is left a widow, he himself inherits the earldom and marries Sybil.

Good as the plot is, it is not the plot that makes *Sybil* a masterpiece; a plot alone can never do that. The ardour of the political and moral purpose, the vivid contrast between the lives of the rich and of the poor, the powerful descriptions of suffering and sordidness, and the success of the writer in fusing ideals into individual personalities—these it is which give unity to the complex story and hold us through its long development.

In *Sybil*, Disraeli, through the mouth of the earnest young clergyman St. Lys, had enunciated the religious principle which was at the heart of his political philosophy. It was not simply the Catholicism which was as star and sun to his hero.ne and her family; still less was it Anglicanism. It went back to Judæa. It was the consummation of Judaism in Christianity. 'The prophets were not Romans; the apostles were not Romans; she who was blessed above all women, I never heard she was a Roman maiden.' It was through the Jews and their country, said this converted Jew, that humanity had had intercourse with the Most High.

Tancred is the story of a young peer in search of a revelation, and he goes for it to the Holy Land.

What was remarkable about *Coningsby* and *Sybil* was the high earnestness with which Disraeli impregnated his account of social and political life. Even the satire was a sermon; in each case the ambitious young man, though finally crowned by fortune, went through difficulties to find a wife, and to cleave to friends, whose thoughts were profound and whose aims were noble. But now, when Disraeli, to complete his trilogy, must turn to a religious subject, his peculiarity is his flippancy. He begins with a commission to a cook; he follows that up by a succession of innocent *amours*; and even when, finally, his devout young hero has reached

the Holy Sepulchre, to which his pilgrimage was made, he fights, and makes love, and goes through a succession of adventures with a young Syrian whose character is as shifty and whose conversation is as delightful as we could ask any author to create. They are rivalled only by the satire on a bishop in the earlier chapters. The result is that the religious novel is the gayest of Disraeli's satirical sketches and indulges the wildest of his fancies. It closes as Tancred is about to propose to a lovely young Jewess, with his ducal parents arriving to interrupt this new expression of his knightly devotion.

Well then, is it a failure? Not at all; Disraeli had always been a reader of Voltaire, and in the manner of Voltaire he had treated of the adventures of Popanilla; in the manner of Voltaire he expresses his ideality. To sermonise in a political novel might be allowable, but religion could best be insinuated through fun, and the secret of fun was incongruities. If those tickle us, let us listen to the Arabs in the desert on England, and then perhaps we can make a return to them with a sample of English talk at club or college on Palestine and Arabia. In neither *Candide* nor *A Citizen of the World* was the satirical business done more finely. And what is the conclusion? It is almost, like that of Rasselas, 'a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.' Yet not quite that; there are some principles: see what the Jews make of the Bible, honour the Jews and love them, go to Palestine, be sincere, and let as many people as possible be rich, clever and beautiful. Look out for 'claptrap' in Church and State, and admire the admirable. And tincture all this with true religion. This is a fair epitome of the brilliant and whimsical sermon of Disraeli.

When he had finished it, he was approaching the age of forty-five, and he spent the next twenty years of his life in putting it into practice. As a field for political idealism, an actual country is sown with tares; human nature is an alloy of all perfections, and the great Disraeli was human; among human Englishmen he did not outgrow his cynicism.

At the end of the 'sixties Lord Bute was an undergraduate at Christ Church, and the Duchess of Buccleuch was the mother of beautiful daughters; Manning was the Archbishop of Westminster, and Monsignor Capel the most fashionable of priests. The Duchess and the Archbishop competed for the wealthy young nobleman, and it made no little sensation when the Archbishop won the prize. This supplied the great politician with facts and personalities on which he liked to build his stories, and the Battle of Mentana suggested a complication in the plot, which Disraeli worked out with the help of a humbler example. Miss Amelia B. Edwardes, in *Half a Million of Money*, had united

the story of a young millionaire with the expeditions of Garibaldi; Disraeli makes his hero the ward of Cardinal Grandison, and has him wounded at Mentana; he is then carried into Rome, persuaded that he fought on the Pope's side, invited to attend a ceremony where a barber's wife impersonates the Madonna, and finally escapes to Italy, whence he returns to England, unconverted, to gather his rose in the gardens of the Anglican Corisande. The incidents are a little crude, and it is no wonder that, under the editorship of W. G. Ward, the *Dublin Review* of 1870 protested against Englishmen being asked to believe that they could happen, and such gross intrigues could be assisted by English nobility, who were sincere converts from the Church of England, and modelled on familiar figures in society.

But in spite of these faults, which neither artistic nor human judgment can dismiss, *Lothair* is a fascinating religious romance. The peculiar attraction which Catholicism has for certain English minds, the 'infinite convenience' with which Hawthorne credited it, the mystery and the peace of its life, the fervour and the exaltation it commands, the power and tenderness of its hold over the human heart, and the brilliant colour which it lends to the circumstances of life—these did not escape the Oriental sympathies of Disraeli; nor did he fail to observe its close relation to the stability of European society.

> All-sympathising Rome! a favoured child
> Was man when, gazing on thy heavenly smile
> With gushing heart and eye of glistening dew,
> A common parentage he fondly hailed!

So had Disraeli written in his youth, and the remainder of that enthusiasm gives warmth and splendour to many of the pages of the story of *Lothair*. And though some have thought *Lothair* was an attack on the Catholic Church, and others that it was furtively inserted patronage, one thing is clear: that all the constructive ideas with regard to religion are introduced in connection with the Vatican Council. *Tancred* and *Lothair* are less clear in their purpose than *Sybil* or *Coningsby*; Disraeli, who had been a Jew and who had studied Catholicism, accepted the Church of England; but his enthusiasm kept wandering away from it to the Mediterranean and the East. But though he does not provide us with an answer to every question, there was about his work something that leaves us with a sense of sympathy and of exhilaration. That intricate pattern of gaiety, of Christian zeal, of thoughtful patriotism and Conservative politics, was meant not only to please contemporaries: it gave a view that remains an inspiration to the present. For are the masses of England yet prosperous? Are there not among us still 'many perplexed and disheartened by the frigid theories of a generalising age which has

destroyed the individuality of men'? And do we not stumble for the want of that lamp of religious and moral conviction which, carried along the paths of nations by good women, lightens men to energy and joy when it shines clearly on decisions? Disraeli's example points through a revived Conservatism to the best hope of England; the suffrage of the thoughtless cannot cure the thoughtless of their miseries; rather, as he insisted, it increases misery; but a shrewd beneficence, which aims at the real happiness of the people by an intimate acquaintance with their economic problems, freed from the weakness of generalities, boldly stated in the clear light of moral principles, and inflamed by charity and faith, gives the people something a good deal better than State Socialism. Disraeli was not wrong in his admiration of the social system of the Mediterranean, and as we apply the animadversions of his novels to the present day the Bible and Rome, even the economic principles of Fascism as set forth in the brilliant articles of Dr. Murphy, provide clear and sane examples. The novels of the old politician invite from everyone the attention which was suggested by Mr. Baldwin when, on becoming Prime Minister, he announced that his model was Disraeli. A great question for England is whether his followers can maintain themselves at so high an eminence of capacity and zeal.

R. E. GORDON GEORGE.

MUSIC IN THE POETS

THOUGH references to music are to be found in the oldest literatures, vivid and striking descriptions of that art are comparatively recent. The Bible and the classics are alike barren ground. The pathetic psalm, *By the Waters of Babylon*, embodies in its few short verses all the sorrows of exile and captivity, but no more than the Assyrians do we hear in it the actual songs of Zion. And, even though music was held in high honour by the Greeks, and is closely associated with all classical lyrical poetry, who has ever thrilled at a description of music to be found in Greek or Roman literature in the same way that the tender-hearted respond to *Sunt lacrimae rerum*, or the lovers of Nature appreciate the picture of sunlit sea conveyed in

ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα ?

In our own literature musical description, as so much else, begins with Chaucer. Music played a great part in the life of the Middle Ages, and Chaucer was too observant to overlook any aspect of his time. Yet his writings seem to indicate that, like his own Clerk of Oxenford, he was indifferent if not hostile to music. In the *Canterbury Tales* the pardoner sings an air, to which the sompnour adds a droning harmony in the bass :

> Ful loude he song, Come hider love to me,
> This sompnour bare to him a stif burdoun,
> Was never trumpe of halfe so grete a soun.

This is, undoubtedly, clever description, if unfriendly in spirit. The epithet 'stif,' here perhaps used for the first time in this connection, admirably characterises a well-known type of bass voice, but the emphasis on the brazen volume of tone that poured from the sompnour's throat shows that the poet derived little æsthetic satisfaction from the performance. And, lest it should be thought Chaucer found the music of these singers unpleasant because their characters were detestable to him, a passage dealing with music, in which the writer is in full sympathy with his subject, may be cited. In the 'Prioresses Tale' the influence of religious music on an impressionable child is very feelingly depicted :

> This litel child his litel book lerninge,
> He Alma Redemptoris herde singe,
> As children lerned hir antiphoner,
> And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and ner
> And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
> Till he the firste verse coude by rote.

In all this the poet concerns himself exclusively with the hearer, not with the thing heard. A music-loving writer would almost certainly have tried to call up some image of the actual sound of the antiphons.

The general attitude of mediæval poets to music is somewhat puzzling. The art was much more practised than now, yet it seems seldom to have stirred any responsive chord in the heart of a writer. The music of Nature was more appreciated than that of man. The flowery meadow and the artless song of the bird are the theme of innumerable descriptions, but the human voice and the musical instrument rarely awoke the poetic rapture. Perhaps the reason is that music, despite its popularity, was still only struggling to its proper mode of expression, that it was as yet too crude and naïve to appeal strongly to the cultivated and fastidious mind. Little has survived to us of mediæval music, and that little probably represents the best of its time, the airs that the memory of man would not permit to perish. But, even so, there is nothing to set the heart aflame. The hymn tune of *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel*, with its curious draining away of emotion into long-drawn cadences suggestive of a Gregorian chant, and its comparative failure to express any passion or fervour, is, perhaps, a not unfair specimen of mediæval music. Naturally the poets were not stirred by strains of this type.

Even in the Elizabethan period this inattention to music persists. Though the madrigalists set to music the greater part of contemporary lyric poetry, hardly ever did they encounter an apt characterisation of their own art. The references are largely technical, and usually quite uninspired. However, a certain feeling for stringed instruments is shown, as when Thomas Weelkes speaks of—

> Amphion's warbling strings,
> Arion's harp distilling silv'ring sound.

And, again, in Francis Pilkington's *Fancy for the Viols*, the poet seems to have endeavoured, not without success, to carry into his verse something of the smooth sweetness of the music which he invokes.

> O softly singing lute,
> See with my tears thou time do keep.
> Yet softly, gentle strings,
> Agree with love that cannot sleep.

The great Spenser devotes himself, perhaps under the compulsion of his subject, in the main to the music of Nature. In one beautiful passage he mingles the sounds of Nature with those of art. The scene is Acrasia's bower:

> The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade
> Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet,
> Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
> To th' instruments divine respondence meet,
> The silver-sounding instruments did meet
> With the base murmur of the water's fall,
> The water's fall with difference discreet
> Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
> The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Since Spenser clothed his conception of a magic garden in words many composers have successfully embodied the same thought in music. To Shakespeare a magical or fairy element at once suggests music. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* are compact of music themselves, and continue to inspire fine compositions. Shakespeare is the first English writer who is obviously a devotee of music. It would be easy to make an anthology of his descriptions, beginning with the beautiful opening of *Twelfth Night*:

> That strain again! It had a dying fall:
> O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour.

Yet, somehow, the reflection arises that Shakespeare, much as he loved music, and beautiful as are his songs, perceived certain limitations in the art as practised in his day. It was, in the main, the age of the catch and the madrigal, a light, popular music, which no more pretended to deal with the serious matters of life than does the modern comic opera. Music in Shakespeare is relegated to the comedies. He never trusts to a musical setting words deeply charged with emotion. The light troubadour touch of *Sigh no More, Ladies*, the sylvan note of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, these are characteristic examples of his songs. Even the dirge of *Fear no More the Heat o' the Sun* is no cry torn from the heart, like the lament of David over Absalom; it is mere passing sorrow at the death of an admired acquaintance. In *Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind*, denunciation of ingratitude rises to an intensity which the poet apparently feels that he has to relieve by a sudden transition to ironical mirth:

> Heigho! sing heigho! unto the green holly:
> Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
> Then, heigho the holly!
> This life is most jolly!

It is significant that, after all, the most beautiful musical passage

in Shakespeare deals with an ideal music, that of the immensities of space:

Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

With his wonderful intuition he felt that there was a world of harmony beyond that which he knew, and was straining out towards it. May we hope that in the Elysian Fields his music-loving soul may be permitted to enjoy the wider and deeper music which the concepts of his brain have evoked from succeeding generations, may hear the sombre and magnificent strains in which Verdi has embodied the tragic situations of *Othello*, the hopeless star-crossed love of Romeo and Juliet treated with the tender sweetness of Gounod, the fairy music of Mendelssohn, the many exquisite settings of the songs, which were so dully handled by contemporary composers that few, if any, of the original settings have survived.

To Milton came the greater experience denied to Shakespeare. There can be little doubt that to him music meant all that it does to any modern. It is no adjunct to his poems, nor companion of his lighter moments. It is wrapped into the very fibre of the man, and associated with his deepest feelings. The mere thought of it arouses in Milton a rapture which communicates itself to his verse. It embodies his religion:

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through my ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

It soothes his sorrows:

Lap me in soft Lydian airs . . .
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out . . .
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony

Even from hell music is not banished, for the fallen angels move to the sound of—

Flutes and soft recorders such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old . . .

> Not wanting power to mitigate and swage
> With solemn touches troubled thoughts and chase
> Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
> From mortal and immortal minds.

Never has the curiously consolatory effect of fine music been more accurately described. Perhaps the best proof that Milton heard music as we hear it lies in the astonishing permanency of his characterisations, which frequently fit the conditions of the present as aptly as those of the past. 'Linked sweetness long drawn out.' Does not the phrase embody the chief excellence of Schubert? And never a day passes but some worshipper is dissolved into ecstasies, and finds all Heaven about his eyes under the influence of great religious music.

After Milton, reason, and its unattractive offspring, a cold, glittering ingenuity, took possession of both music and poetry, driving out feeling and imagination. The poets write smoothly, rather than sweetly, and the musicians are dexterous, but rarely stir the heart. Dryden, who began to write before the new tendency became marked, is perhaps less characteristic of the period than Pope, who seems to have had little love for music. Though Dryden wrote odes on musical subjects, he is far from the Miltonic rapture. Music never swept him off his feet and carried him away. His poem on *Alexander's Feast*, the sub-title of which is 'The Power of Music,' is full of glowing, if slightly rhetorical, descriptions, but they are not descriptions of music. Even his *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* resolves itself into a characterisation, not always just or happy, of various solo instruments:

> The soft complaining flute
>   In dying notes discovers
>   The woes of hopeless lovers,
> Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
>   Sharp violins proclaim
>   Their jealous pangs and desperation,
>   Fury, frantic indignation,
> Depth of pains and height of passion
>   For the fair disdainful dame.

The flute is now seldom used to produce a plaintive effect, modern composers preferring to make use of its contrasting tone and extreme flexibility to mark or embroider a theme. The oboe and violoncello are the chosen vehicles of pathos. Also, there is not a violinist in the world who would not feel the stigma of the epithet 'sharp' applied to his instrument. Can Dryden have been unfortunate in his musicians? Was not Stradivarius making violins in Italy in the seventeenth century? There are many adjectives which might be used to describe the violin, 'delicate,' 'flexible,' 'impetuous,' 'penetrating,' but never surely, save in a 'prentice hand, is it sharp. Contrast a modern writer, Mr. W. Headlam, dealing with the same instrument:

O straining of insistent strings
That search the very springs,
And grasp, and traverse, and explore.

There is an effect of exactly of that kind in the famous Largo, where Handel, for once, forewent his ingenuity and wrote a simple melody, which he reiterates on the strings until the poignant beauty of it reaches the dullest mind. Handel and Bach, it must be confessed, could, when they chose, write exquisitely plain and sympathetic music, free from the bewildering contrapuntal convolutions, and the endless trills, roulades and flourishes which tend to kill expression in music and convert it into mere acrobatics. But in the hands of the lesser men the art became soulless. It has been described with all the compelling force of a vivid imagination by Browning in his *Toccata of Galuppi's*. The poet commences by conjuring up the scene, the frivolous Venetian audience :

Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford,
—She to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas stately at the clavichord.

What ? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminish'd, sigh on sigh,
Told them something ? Those suspensions, those solutions.—' Must we die '
Those commiserating sevenths—' Life might last ? we can but try.'

Were you happy ?—Yes—And are still as happy—Yes. And you ?
Then, more kisses !—Did *I* stop them when a million seemed so few,
Hark ! the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to.

So an octave struck the answer. O, they praised you, I dare say !
' Brave Galuppi ! that was music ! good alike at grave and gay,
I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.'

But when Browning turns to analyse his own feelings, he finds the music lifeless and even cynical :

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burn'd,
Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned !
The soul doubtless is immortal—where a soul can be discern'd.

All this vivid particularising has sent innumerable Browning societies on a quest for the toccata which is thus unfavourably immortalised, only to receive the cold reply that Galuppi was a writer of operas, and not, it would seem, of toccatas, and, accordingly, no devotee can experience the thrill of hearing the actual music which provoked the poem. Browning was arraigning the music of a period, but his genius required a concrete instance, which he probably made up of a composite of his recollections.

As the eighteenth century progressed, literature, under Pope and Addison, trended even further towards the realm of the coldly and consciously clever. Its most successful forms were the satire,

the didactic poem, and the essay, and little appreciation of music, even the passionless music so brilliantly described by Browning, is shown. It was an age which dismissed a controversy as to the relative merits of Handel and a now obscure Italian composer with the scornful epigram :

> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt *tweedledum* and *tweedledee.*

Not until the forerunners of the romantic movement appear is the sensitive spirit once more shown. Gray pictures an open-air dance with considerable truth and liveliness :

> The rosy crowned Loves are seen
> On Cytherea's day,
> Frisking light in frolic measures,
> Now pursuing, now retreating,
> Now in circling troops they meet,
> To brisk notes in cadence beating,
> Glance their many-twinkling feet.
> Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare . . .

And Collins, in his ode on *The Passions,* as applied to music, evokes some striking images :

> With woeful measures wan Despair,
> Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled,
> A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
> 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

The description calls up the music of Eastern Europe rather than that of the West. Perhaps the poet had heard the folk-tunes of Hungary or Poland. The poem contains several pleasing, rather than brilliant, characterisations of various instruments, often contrasting markedly with Dryden's ideas on the same subject. With Collins, Melancholy pours 'through the mellow horn her pensive soul,' and the violin is consecrated, not to fury, or jealousy, but to Joy, who—

> First to the lively pipe his hand addrest :
> But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
> Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

Throughout this treatment of a similar subject to that of Dryden's, Collins, though, generally speaking, a poet inferior to the great Laureate, shows a feeling for music which seems to be more truly based on experience. He concludes on a strain which implies that he was dissatisfied with contemporary music. Apostrophising the art, and recalling its ancient triumphs, he says :

> O music, sphere-descended maid. . . .
> Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
> Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside ? . . .
> Where is thy native simple heart,
> Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
> Arise as in that elder time
> Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

These qualities were most conspicuously absent in the music then most frequently heard in England. The true soul of music was then centred in Germany, where the great classics were being composed by hard-worked Court musicians or choirmasters, and were being produced to limited audiences, who were probably quite unaware that these works, written to commission or as a matter of duty, as a Poet Laureate is supposed to write a birthday ode, were destined to be regarded as masterpieces. Music became romantic again in the less sophisticated parts of Europe, and the movement spread. Gluck brought back the direct statement of emotion to opera when he expressed the passionate lament of Orpheus for his lost love in the air *Che Faro*. The simple beauty of his art, as compared with the expressionless acrobatics of the then Italian opera, seems so surpassing that it is difficult to realise that the production of the *Orfeo* gave rise to an acrimonious controversy, and the merits of the new school were long denied. It is as though *Annie Laurie* were placed in comparison with an artificial song like *The Lass with the Delicate Air*. The common people instantly decides, and the cultivated class grudgingly and reluctantly admits that feeling in art must be allowed to outweigh mere cleverness. Burns, a poet of feeling, coming from peasant stock, and in all probability deriving his early appreciation of music from Scotch folk-song, wrote largely for music, and shows by many touches his sensitiveness to the kindred art. His description of the lovelorn wooer at the dance is an instance :

> Yest'reen when to the trembling string
> The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing—
> I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

None but a real lover of music would embody his ideal of womanly perfection in the lines :

> O my luve's like the melodie
> That's sweetly played in tune.

With the close of the eighteenth century, a poet arose capable of expressing the inner heart of music with a fidelity and fervour almost worthy of Milton. Wordsworth, like the great exemplar, to whom he devoted a fine sonnet, was a curious blend of romanticism with a deeper, more reflective strain, in the one case Puritanism, in the other a mystical Pantheism. There must be something in this union of qualities to which music strongly appeals. Wordsworth hears a girl singing in a Highland valley and depicts the thin and wistful effect of the female voice heard in the open air in the same deeply impressed and therefore impressive way as the dawn over the sleeping city or the brightness and motion of the mountain daffodils :

Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
O, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound. . . .

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
From old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

In the last couplet is expressed a whole aspect of both Scotch and Irish folk-song, the *Flowers of the Forest*, the *Londonderry Air*, the *Wearing of the Green.*

Nor is Wordsworth's appreciation confined to the more artless forms of music. An organ playing the intricate and elaborate compositions specially associated with that instrument can throw him, as it threw Milton, into a rapture. Like Milton, too, he is at the time subject to the double influence of architecture and music, each a perfect foil to the other, the one silent and changeless, the other vocal and infinite in its variety:

But from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.

But the romantics in general are somewhat disappointing. Wordsworth is, perhaps, too profound and philosophic to deserve that name. The art of music has such possibilities from the romantic point of view that more vivid descriptions are naturally expected. True, there are certain felicitous strokes, as when Keats's Madeline hears, but heeds not—

The music, yearning like a god in pain.

Keats and Beethoven were contemporaries, and the description, which is not very suitable for the period of the poem, may well have been suggested by the noble and dignified sadness of a Beethoven *adagio.* Moore wrote a quantity of rather shallow verse for musical setting, and was himself a sentimental singer of some note, but few of his descriptions are particularly striking. There is an echo song:

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes,
  Goes answering light!

Shelley's attitude to music is rather exasperating. He can erect as mystical a structure of the imagination around music as

around the song of a bird, but his verse embodies rather reflections on a musical subject than emotions directly aroused by music. He writes an ode *To a Lady with a Guitar*, and characterises the instrument thus:

The artist wrought this loved Guitar;
And taught it gently to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of hills and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells,
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas. . . .

All this is doubtless very beautiful, but it has little concern with the poet's nominal subject. These are meditations on a guitar, not impressions of any actual performance. It may be questioned whether the guitar-playing ladies of Shelley's day, pure *dilettanti* as they were, had the technical skill to thrill any one by their music regarded as music alone, apart from the inevitable attraction of their sex. One remembers that Dora Spenlow played the guitar to the enslavement of David Copperfield. There as elsewhere Shelley's imagination outstripped his subject. He was not inspired by music; his brain outsoared even that soaring and aspiring art, as it outsoared the world at large.

Turning to a poet whose feet were rarely uplifted from the level of humanity, Byron is not rich in musical description. There is one unforgettable picture:

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep.

This extract, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, is open to the comment that the poet is much more intent on the midnight sea than the music. A seventeenth century poet, Marvell, has better conveyed the idea of music at sea:

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,

From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening waves received this song.

' What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze.' . . .

—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

During the romantic period a curious sentimentality in the contemporary literary attitude to music may be noted, namely, the insistence on unessential accessories. Music was not enough in itself to be their theme. Its effects needed enhancement by moonlight or the presence of large masses of water or the mysterious duplications of an echo. Yet music on the water is rarely good music, since the unaccustomed conditions usually have the effect of debarring the executant from that whole-souled devotion which is necessary to the production of his art in its best form. And even were this not so, the attention of the auditor, which must be intent if he is to appreciate fully what is placed before him, is, in the circumstances of a moonlight sail, distracted by a thousand extraneous influences. Echo, too, is no more than a *diminuendo* of the original sound, and can convey no more music than it receives. True music is independent of such incidentals. The real devotee can, listening casually to a gramophone record in the dusty recesses of a shop, be transported to a mountain range, far away in space and time, and hear the wild screaming of Brunnhilde to her fellow Valkyries as they whirl through the air with the harvest of the stricken field across their saddle-bows. It would be a poor art that could not conjure up its own scenery.

D. A. CHART.

THE LANDSCAPE OF VIRGIL

The idea of Italian scenery as it exists in the English mind is principally formed from the paintings of the old masters and of our own Turner, filled out in some cases by a few recollections of Virgil or the famous poem of Goethe, in which, as Heine says, he has expressed for northerners the whole spirit of Italy. From illustrated Bibles and prints of Italian paintings we have learned to imagine delicate trees, clear skies, large spaces and backgrounds of distant hills as forming the essence of southern scenery, while, before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Goethe expressed in romantic form the vision of statue and marble palace, of cypress and orange trees stirred by a gentle breeze beneath a blue sky. And yet the reality is very different from that ideal scenery. Goethe has taken all the scattered elements of romantic beauty and moulded them by the music of his verse into an unforgettable vision of the promised land. The actual traveller finds them all separated; orange and lemon trees[1] grow chiefly along the Riviera coast and in the south; olive groves are rare on the north side of the Apennines; the marble palace is closed and only its façade is visible from a narrow street; the statue is unfeelingly exposed to the public gaze in a museum. But the magical spell created in our minds by history and the art of the past still abides with us in an altered but equally romantic form, predisposing us to find beauty everywhere. And that indefinable Italian atmosphere, which is the counterpart in reality of the poet's verse and the painter's colour, is always there to charm away the hours of slow travelling by the grace with which it invests a landscape, possessing in its own forms the simplicity and harmony of a work of art.

Among the great lovers and singers of Italy Virgil will always hold the place of honour:

> Hither as to their fountain other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
> And hence the morning planet gilds his horns.

And yet that part of his work which deals most intimately

[1] Introduced into Italy during the Crusades.

with Italian scenery is the most difficult for his readers to appreciate. There are few who enjoy the *Georgics* in later life without having first learned to love Italy by visiting the country and becoming penetrated with her spirit through knowledge of her art and observation of the varieties of her landscape. Interest is often blunted by the difficulties of vocabulary, by our own ignorance of agricultural life and by the consciousness that his treatment is disconnected and his practical advice long since superseded. We are finally contented to remember the *Georgics*, only by the large 'purple patches,' which emphasise superficially the unevenness of the work, and by their rather artificial brilliance prevent us from seeing the deeper revelation of the poet's mind in his interpretation of the ordinary life of the farmer. The forces of Nature, morning and evening, light and darkness, the gifts and refusals of the earth, are the same now as in Virgil's time. They are the permanent 'setting' for our life, and by showing them to us under the light of his own imagination Virgil fulfils in Shelley's language the function of the poet, for if we listen to him carefully, he purges 'from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being.'

Virgil was a lover of the country as well as a 'landscape lover,' to use Tennyson's phrase, and it is the combination of these two quite distinct qualities that gives the *Georgics* their peculiar fascination. His gift for describing idyllic scenery or historic sites is conspicuous in the *Eclogues* and *Æneid*; in the *Georgics* that gift is consecrated to more significant purposes. It is not actual or ideal scenery that Virgil describes in these poems, but the processes of Nature, and above all else the process of life as men carry it on, sometimes apparently in conflict with Nature, at other times with her help. The landscape is never out of relation to man. It is little more than a background, shown in the briefest manner, and strictly relevant to the action of the subject, yet always suggesting, like the backgrounds in the work of the Central Italian painters, the infinite space in which the incidents of life occur, the overhanging sky, the intense heat of summer, the sweep of clouds or wind over the fields, the serenity of cloudless evenings, the influences of sunlight and moonlight.

The greater part of the *Georgics* is occupied with discussions of the nature of certain animals, trees and crops, on which the farmer's prosperity depends, and with those simple processes of agriculture which we have watched again and again with varying degrees of interest. At first sight it is not an easy poetical theme, and, as though he were conscious of this difficulty, Virgil has not hesitated to let himself be drawn into digressions. These digressions are the 'purple passages' of the *Georgics*, in which the superficial reader may find the chief beauty of the poem. Beauty,

indeed, they most certainly have, but it is the beauty of an untroubled Eden, of an idyllic Arcadian life forgetful of the burden of the world. The passages describing the glory and fertility of Italy, the blessings of the farmer's life, the Tarentine garden, appear slightly unreal when read with the main body of a work which is so occupied with the simple and eternal things of the earth and man's tragic struggle for existence. Even those shorter passages of only a few lines with which Virgil variegates and seeks to relieve the severity of his theme, though they may have been welcome to the citizen of Rome, seem rhetorical to an age that looks on Nature with a direct gaze. The saffron of Tmolus, the ivory of India, the incense of Sabæa, sound remote and artificial in our ears beside the fields of beans with rattling pods, the crops of slender veitch, the brittle stalks and rustling undergrowth of the 'sour lupin.' We prefer to feel the strong oxen turning up the rich soil, to feel the full heat of the midsummer sun baking the clods into dust, conscious that such things are the enduring substance of life surviving all temporary modifications or extravagances. And this consciousness of the importance and permanence of these simple things comes to us not from any explicit reference, but principally by means of the dignity of Virgil's hexameters. There is everywhere implicit in the *Georgics* that spirit to which Thomas Hardy has given full expression in his poem *The Breaking of Nations*:

> Only a man harrowing clods,
> In a slow silent walk,
> With an old horse that stumbles and nods,
> Half asleep as they stalk.
>
> Only thin smoke without flame
> From the heaps of couch grass :
> Yet this will go onward the same
> Though Dynasties pass.
>
> Yonder a maid and her wight
> Come whispering by :
> War's annals will cloud into night
> Ere their story die.

And the solemn utterance of his verse is assisted by another gift, the peculiar possession of great poets, that power of 'synoptic vision,' which Plato considers to be the distinguishing mark of the philosophic mind. Though Virgil's eye may be turned for the moment upon some particular need of soil, or seed or tree, practical details are always pervaded by the other influences of Nature. The sun and moon, the stars and the air of heaven give the occasions for ploughing and sowing and reaping. The south-west wind has its secret purpose ; the soil is sensitive to heat and frost, and man himself does not understand all the secret forces

that work in it.[2] The poor bean and Egyptian lentil depend upon the setting of Bootes. Lucerne and millet must be thought of when the 'sun with Taurus rides.' The vine, the giver of joy and life, must not face towards the setting sun.

An admirable instance of Virgil's power to infuse into the single occurrence the greatness of the whole and to unite all things together in poetic vision is the passage about spring in the second *Georgic*. The idea of spring, even in Virgil's time, had become a somewhat hackneyed theme for poets; yet even in the most conventional part of his description he touches our sensibilities anew by his delicate attribution of human feeling to the swelling seeds and buds, and by the fine image of the fields baring their bosoms to the wooing of the mild west wind:

> Zephyrique tepentibus auris
> Laxant arva sinus.
> The fields
> Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds.[3]

But this picture of spring's annual beauty is quickly lost in the sublime imagination of that great creative spring, when 'God first dawned on Chaos' and the earth for the first time was clothed with grass and flowers. The few lines that describe this vision have all the vastness and majesty of Milton's inspiration, and at the close he achieves a sublime brevity that Milton never accomplished, throwing the creation of the first three days into one line:

> Inmissæque feræ silvis et sidera cœlo.
> And wild beasts thronged the woods, and stars the heaven

There is in such utterance the same power that we feel in the Divine command, 'Let there be Light,' so that even Milton's splendid line:

> And sowed the heavens with stars thick as a field,

does not give the same thrill of power.

By this sudden reference to its mysterious beginning the wonder of the earth here and now is brought close to us, and we are sharply awoken to the deeper significance of each 'revolving spring,' when the hardness of existence is for a brief space mitigated, and the spirit of life has a chance to develop. For here, too, as in many other places in Virgil and in his predecessor Lucretius, the pathos of existence, as an unequal struggle in a world whose vital forces are failing, is revealed. We become, strangely enough, most conscious of the fragility of human things, of the uncertainty of the earth's assistance by this aspect of spring as the moment when the plants and seeds, upon which

[2] *Georgics*, i, 89. *Cæca spiramenta.*
[3] The translations are from the version by James Rhoades.

man's life depends, have a brief remission from their struggle for existence and can grow in confidence. Man must increase his efforts to assist the failing power of the earth, so as to produce that from which her children live.

> These have I seen degenerate, did not man
> Put forth his hand with power, and year by year
> Choose out the largest. So, by fate impelled,
> Speed all things to the worse and backward borne
> Glide from us.[4]

This life of toil, though, ideally, man imagines his happiness to rest in remission from it, is really that in which such happiness as is possible for him is to be won. He must learn to wait upon the seasons, to acquiesce in the wider laws of the natural world. If at any moment he pauses, thinking he has achieved a happiness that can be enjoyed apart from the process of life, the imagined treasure dissolves into thin air within his arms. His fate is symbolised in the parting of Eurydice and Orpheus :

> Immemor heu ! victusque animi respexit ; ibi omnis
> Effusus labor.
>
> But even with the look,
> Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
> Of that fell tyrant . . .

Everywhere in the *Georgics*, except in the digressions, the Italian country is for Virgil the scene of labour. The nobler animals, the horse and the ox, seem consciously to assist man, and in one place, at least, Virgil remonstrates with the earth—*iustissima tellus*—for showing no consideration of their simple and toilsome lives. This presumed sensibility gives a wonderful pathos to those lines in which he meditates on the death of the ploughing ox :

> What now
> Besteads him toil or service ? To have turned
> The heavy sod with ploughshare ? And yet these
> Ne'er knew the Massic wine god's baneful boon,
> Nor twice replenished banquets : but on leaves
> They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups
> The crystal springs and streams with running tired,
> Their healthful slumbers never broke by care.[5]

Exercita cursu flumina ; the very streams share in the labours of man and beast.

[4] *Georgics*, i., 197.

[5] *Georgics*, iii., 525.

> Quia labor aut benefacta iuvant ? quid vomere terras
> Invertisse graves ? atqui non Massica Bacchi
> Munera, non illis epulæ nocuere repostæ. . . . .
> Frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ,
> Pocula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita cursu
> Flumina, nec somnos abrumpit cura salubris.

It is as a setting for the life of toil that we become familiar with the various aspects of the landscape which Virgil loved. The countryside of the *Georgics* is not exclusively taken from the Lombardy plain, and the view is gaining ground that Virgil freely mingled features from the life of South Italy both in the *Georgics* and the *Eclogues*. When he is writing most intimately of the country, he becomes most universal and timeless, dwelling on details which seem common to all lands. Of course, he can also describe the distinctive features of the southern landscape, but through the greater part of the *Georgics* we feel that his countryside, like the backgrounds in Perugino's or Raphael's pictures, is almost northern in its subdued and tranquil beauty. In the course of the farmer's year we learn to feel the full significance of many aspects of Nature, which we can all appreciate; the shortening days and mellow heat of autumn; the chill rain and driven clouds of late autumn; the snow and ice of winter, when the farmer is kept indoors and lamps are lit early; the appearance of heavy storm clouds; the sea birds blown inland before rough weather; the forests bending beneath the north wind; the varying brightness of the moon and stars; the sodden wretchedness of the fields after great rain; the last leaves fluttering to the ground in the wood or vineyard after an autumn frost.

And within these larger and universal forms of landscape he places those brief descriptions, often only a line or two, in which recollection and reality are woven together into the perfect harmony of rhythmical utterance. This gift of the 'lonely word' or line is the quality which has made Virgil peculiarly dear to lovers of Italy, who find in him the ideal interpreter of scenery, which has a definite spiritual quality for their eyes. The real felicity of such lines can only be realised by those who have enjoyed in a detached mood the scenes that he evokes. The lines seem to carry in themselves not only the fullness of actual life, but something more, a mysterious over-value, too deep for words, by means of which this single incident possesses the whole joy and burden of life. Who that has once seen in Italy the oxen slowly dragging the plough through the spaces between the rows of vines can fail to recognise the perfect adequacy of his line:

Flectere luctantes inter vineta iuvencos,

Ply up and down
Your labouring bullocks through the vineyard's midst,

while at the same time the rhythm and alliteration raise it far above the plane of simple description. And the same thing takes place in that other picture of the harvesting, when the laden waggons roll slowly homewards from the fields:

Nulloque ex aequore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra iuvencis,
From no field
More wains thou'lt see wend home with plodding steers,

and the season of the vintage when :

Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis,
On sunny rocks the mellowing vintage bakes,

where in each case the sound of the line carries us out from the particular occasion into the serenity of artistic experience. And who has ever expressed more perfectly the slow progress of a day of perfect weather among the flocks in summer ; the coolness of dawn, the cropping of the grass, the gathering heat, the delight of deep shadow ; and at sunset the freshening influence of the dew, the rising of the moon, and the evening song of the birds heard where the cliffs break down to the sea ? [6]

Virgil's variety is infinite,[7] and even in his feeling towards landscape we must distinguish different modes of self-expression. Most apparent in the *Georgics* is that serious and significant interpretation of the earth, not only as the scene of man's effort, but as an element of that life, inseparably connected with his misery or happiness. The earth is a necessary part in the design of life. In the *Eclogues*, on the other hand, and in one famous passage in the second *Georgic*—the eulogy of the farmer's life—Virgil strikes the frankly idyllic and artificial note of Arcadian existence. In these places we feel that he is describing a country life not as it actually is, but as it might appeal to the imagination of a tired and confined city dweller. The toil and anxiety and disappointment of the farmer are hidden from view, and he is seen in the midst of a happy family, in fair summer weather, enjoying the fruits of his land, while in the *Eclogues* the loveliness of Nature and the delight of spring weather beside clear streams is the setting for the lover's suit. His models in this manner of writing were the Greek Bucolic poets, but the Roman language even in Virgil's hands was incapable of reproducing the lightness and swiftness of the Greek thought and rhythm, which makes us pass over the artificiality of much of Theocritus' best work in virtue of the complete harmony of form and content. The heavier cadence of the Latin hexameter could never maintain the buoyancy and varied grace of the famous 'Harvesting' in Cos,[8] which may almost disguise for us the fact that it is, after all, an experience of

[6] *Georgics*, iii., 322. Exactly the same feeling pervades Giorgione's *Fête Champêtre*.

[7] *Cf.*, for instance, the romantic solemnity of the scene, A. i., 162 *sqq.*, with the low tones and luminous space of A. vii., 30 *sqq.*

[8] Theocritus, VII.

townsmen, to whom the real joy and significance of the country are denied. The deeper emotion of the *Georgics* is far beyond the compass of Theocritus' nature, while Virgil does not convince us of the careless happiness of his Arcadia. The landscape in which he places the shepherds of the *Eclogues* is charming and idyllic; the sun is always shining; the clear streams murmur gently between green banks; the cool cave, or the fresh grass beneath the poplar invite song or sleep.

> Here glows the Spring, here Earth
> Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers;
> Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
> And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert · come,
> Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore [*]

But there always remains something of the *décor de théâtre* about these scenes Think, for instance, in the eulogy of the farmer's life (*Georgics*, ii, 458 *sqq*), of the contrast between the idyllic picture of the happy family for whom

> The year o'erflows with fruit,
> Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,
> With crops the furrow loads, and burst the barns,

and the serious effort of the line with which that description commences

> Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro
>
> The husbandman
> With hooked ploughshare turns the soil

This line is pregnant with the ceaseless struggle against opposing forces, with the dignity of the toiling life so much more real than the 'broad-acred ease'—*latis otia fundis*—of the 'gentleman farmer,' which Virgil dwells on at such length And the same air of artificiality hangs over his prayer to be transported to

> Spercheius and Taygete,
> By Spartan maids o'er revelled! Oh, for one
> Would set me in deep dells of Hæmus cool

For the moment the serious things of life are forgotten and the poet's fancy plays with the thought of a blissful Arcadian existence, though in the depth of his heart—and most of the *Georgics* and *Æneid* bears witness to it—he knew that the highest value of life was to be found in something very different.

[*] *Eclogues*, ix, 41

> Hic ver perpetuum, varios hic flumina circum
> Fundit humus flores, hic candida populus antro
> Imminet et lentæ texunt umbracula vites,
> Huc ades, insani feriant sine litora fluctus

Cf i., 51, 74, v., 45, x, 42

Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.

Round on the labourer spins the wheel of toil,
As on its own track rolls the circling year.

And then there are the directly descriptive lines or passages where the poet dwells for a moment on some part of Italy or on some historic spot within the Roman Empire. This is the poetry of reminiscence, effective principally for those who have visited the place, or know its nature from literary tradition, and like to have the spirit as well as the predominant physical appearance of the place given to them in precise poetical form.

Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
Mœnia magnanimum quondam generator equorum.

Thence towering Acragas displays afar
Her mighty walls, once breeder of braver steeds.

In the southern landscape, which is so devoid of superfluities, a single epithet has a much higher value than in more confused scenery. The visitor to Girgenti who has walked along that line of ruined temples, built on a ridge high above the sea, will not want more local colour than the 'lonely' adjective *arduus* gives in those two lines. But Virgil knew also that the significance of places for human beings is not exhausted by topographical detail. He weaves into his descriptions a sentiment of the life of places, of the sadness of mortality that invests not only the magnificence of the past, but the strength of the present. He suggests the glory of Girgenti and the beauty of its ruins by the memory of the horses who had often won prizes at the games in Greece for their princely masters :

Magnanimum quondam generator equorum.

And in the same manner his praise of Italy in the second *Georgic* is appreciated most profoundly by those who know the country. It was only after visiting Lake Garda that Goethe, and Tennyson after him, realised the fullness of Virgil's

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino ;

and the reader, who is unfamiliar with the hill towns of Umbria and in the valley of the Tiber, can never experience all the magic of those two lines :

Tot congesta manu præruptos oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

Town on town
Up rugged precipices heaved and reared
And rivers undergliding ancient walls.

The great catalogue of Italian places in the second half of the seventh *Æneid* shows a patriotic love of his country no less than

an appreciation of its landscape. For himself and the Romans of that period the passage must also have been full of pathos, for many of those towns whose beauty and warlike spirit are celebrated had become deserted or fallen from their high estate to be humble villages; their temples and the old-fashioned worship of their gods were no longer maintained. Yet if the works of man have wasted away, the Divine presences, of whom the legends tell, still linger in the countryside; the fertility of the earth still remains; the bond of sympathy which exists between a land and its children still subsists as in the old days when

> Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda
> Te liquidi flevere lacus.
>
> Wept for thee
> Angitia's grove, for thee the glassy wave
> Of Fucinus, the crystal pools for thee.

This part of the *Æneid* gives a wider and truer picture of Italy than the panegyric in the second *Georgic*; it is the Italy that corresponds to the vision of it in the mind of the northern visitor. Mountains and rocky peaks, clear lakes, hills covered with the vine or the olive tree, winding rivers, thick woods, and gorges and upland pastures,

> et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenas.
>
> The lake
> and hill of Ciminus and Capena's groves.

And just as all the places were sanctified for Virgil by patriotic tradition, so the modern traveller does not simply see the actual scene of the moment. The most prosaic and unhistorical tourist cannot help seeing it through a thin veil of romance, while others, more immersed in the art or the history of Rome and Italy, yield themselves willingly to the influences of imagination and Nature, and become absorbed in the mysterious significance of the past. And actually for many travellers the enchantment of Italy lies in its power to secure forgetfulness of the present by a landscape in which the past lives on victoriously with the present. The power of the Eternal City is spread over all Italy.

G. M. SARGEAUNT.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

THAT those who seek to entertain the public take their financial lives in the hands is a truism which needs no elaboration. At no time has the truth of this been more amply demonstrated than during the past year. Play after play, revue after revue, has appeared and rapidly disappeared, unwept and unhonoured, into the limbo of things which are best forgotten.

Many explanations have been given for this state of affairs by those principally concerned. Usually these are wrong, partly because it often happens that the inventors of these explanations know neither their business nor their public, and partly because of the considerable truth in the old adage about not being able to see the wood for the trees. The primary causes of theatrical failures are various. Among the most fruitful sources of disaster are the forcing upon the public of quite incompetent artists who have some financial or other interest in the production; and the too prevalent practice of allowing dancers to sing and singers to dance. Nobody would suggest that Mr. George Robey should play Julius Cæsar in the 'legitimate' manner; yet he would probably do this far better than many dancers sing and some singers dance.

Another principal cause of failure is the appalling lack of judgment manifested by some of those whose concern it is to select matter for production. One of this year's most successful plays was refused by no less than ten managers; but I do not suppose that any of these managers would admit that this is an indication that they do not understand their business.

I will not attempt to examine all the reasons which have been submitted to explain the poverty of theatrical business. They include the entertainments tax, daylight saving, broadcasting, Wembley, and the universal money stringency. Yet, in spite of all these causes, which operate against every theatre with equal force, the recent Gilbert and Sullivan season drew packed houses from start to finish.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. These operas are, generally speaking, artistically perfect. The artists are selected only because they are suitable for the parts they have to play.

The production is contrived so that the play, and no individual performer, is exalted. The result is an entertainment which appeals not to one section, but to practically every section, of the public. These operas have thus a vast public upon which to draw, as compared with those other entertainments which by their nature limit their circle of support. There are plays for the lovers of sensation; there are spectacular productions for those who are impressed by display; there are intimate revues for those whose minds are attuned to current subtlety; there are clever plays for those who nourish their intellects, sometimes at the expense of their intelligence; there are 'whimsical' plays for those whose vanity it is to affect comprehension of the incomprehensible; and there are fierce, primitive plays, and farces and tragedies and operas, all of which have their supporters.

In the work of Gilbert and Sullivan, however, will be found most of the ingredients which make for success in all of these. There may be little of the sensational, yet interest is always sustained; there is a precision of production which is almost spectacular; there is an unexcelled wealth of subtlety and wit; and there is an originality, both in stagecraft and conception, that has already earned a meed of immortality. 'A Gilbertian situation' will remain an idiom of the English language for as long as Messrs. Micawber and Pickwick, adjectivalised, remain to assist our labouring definitions of character.

It has been said that the music of these works is the vehicle upon which they will advance down the unending corridor of the years; and he would be rash who would contest this. The originality of Gilbert is only equalled—and, perhaps, even excelled—by the amazing versatility of Sullivan. An imaginative playwright has the universe from which to draw the elements of his play. Having made his selection, he places them in the crucible of his art, and in due season precipitates the compound upon the stage He is limited, in fact, only by the resources of production and the skill of stage carpenters and electricians. A composer, on the other hand, is limited far more severely. Compass is, perhaps, one of his greatest handicaps. It is of no avail to give a song a remarkable melody, if no one can sing it. Further, in writing music to a lyric, a composer is again restricted by a multitude of considerations. Yet Sullivan, whilst always remaining characteristically and unmistakably Sullivan, is never guilty of unintentional redundance. If the 'atmosphere' of two lyrics is similar, the 'atmosphere' of the music is also similar. For example, the judge's song in *Trial by Jury* is in much the same vein as that of the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, and the music, being sympathetic to both, is therefore similar in character without being in the least identical. In the first case,

the judge is explaining how he reached the Bench (and incidentally delivering the useful phrase:

> She'd very well pass for forty-three
> In the dusk with the light behind her);

in the second, the Lord Chancellor is explaining how he went to the Bar. Both songs have a common 'atmosphere' lyrically which is perfectly admitted musically.

Adverting now to the season just concluded, criticism is not easy, because the critical faculty is lulled into inactivity by the general excellence of the works themselves, which immediately compensates any faults that one might find. It is manifestly no good to state which opera is the best, nor even which was the best performed, because opinions differ violently, and in matters of artistic perception argument is productive of nothing more valuable than a headache. It is noticeable, however, that one school of opinion much prefers the more lively *Mikado* and *Gondoliers*, while another school considers that *Patience* is unequalled. And, of course, every amateur society, for some reason, performs the *Pirates of Penzance*, whether it attempts any of the others or not. Why this is so I cannot fathom. The first act is almost the least interesting first act in any of the operas, though it is redeemed by the song of the Pirate King and by Sullivan's Gilbertian burlesque of Italian opera, which is usually unrecognised and, therefore, inadequately appreciated; while the success of the second act depends greatly, first, upon the proper rendering of the duet between Mabel and Frederic, and, secondly, upon the ability with which the policemen do their work. The duet could hardly be better sung than it was by Miss Elsie Griffin and Mr. Charles Goulding, nor do I wish to see a better sergeant of police than Mr. Leo Sheffield; and how any amateur society—except those singularly fortunate ones that have really first-class talent to draw upon—can venture to emulate these performances I do not know.

Ruddigore is not one of the great favourites, but it contains one or two items which call for comment. One is Miss Eileen Sharp's performance of Mad Margaret. There have been other Mad Margarets, some very excellent, but I hardly think any have excelled her interpretation, particularly in the peculiarly mad and wildly inconsequent song, 'Cheerily Carols the Lark.' Often it is that lunacy is at once tragic and comic, and really in this scene one is apt to doubt Miss Sharp's sanity, though never her ability. In the second act there are two items, either one of which is sufficient of itself to justify the whole work. The first is the magnificent song, 'The Ghost's High Noon,' which seems exactly to suit Mr. Darrell Fancourt, while the chorus is rendered as

superbly as it is written. The second is the duet between Mr. Fancourt and Miss Bertha Lewis, which is perfect and could not have been better sung.

The only thing to which one could take exception in the recent presentation of the *Sorcerer* was Mr. Goulding's moustache. I gather that a moustache is necessary, because until not very long ago Army officers were forbidden to shave the upper lip; but so far as I know, there were never any regulation designs for moustaches, and Mr. Goulding would merit congratulation if he could in some way rebuild his moustache. It is essentially a non-commissioned moustache, and a source of mild exasperation in an otherwise excellent production. Mr. Sheffield's Dr. Daly is so natural that one has difficulty in believing that he has not taken Holy Orders, and Mr. Lytton's John Wellington Wells makes that incredible person very nearly credible. This opera contains, perhaps, the most exquisite quintette of all the operas, and a very pleasing gavotte which gives Miss Bertha Lewis further scope for her especially graceful curtseys, which filled me with keen admiration here just as they did in the *Gondoliers*, where her dignified Duchess of Plaza-Toro contrasted delightfully with Mr. Lytton's playful Duke.

I should think that Mr. Fancourt would make a wonderful ogre at a children's party. Nobody who did not enjoy it could possibly bear to look as terrifying as his Mikado, while he plays that bloodthirsty part with every evidence of sincerity. Mr. Darnton's Nanki-Poo was played with a considerable amount of dash, though with perhaps less dignity than befits a royal, albeit incognito, personage, while his excellent voice did full justice to the 'Wandering Minstrel' song. I personally am of the *Patience* school, and do not give the *Mikado* first place, as do many. I detest the three little maids, and their inevitable giggle. They are true to type, perhaps; but what a wretched type. Miss Winifred Lawson is one of the best sopranos in the country, but, unfortunately, she has only one song in the *Mikado*, and has to wear a black wig. This song, 'The Moon and I,' undoubtedly one of the most beautiful Sullivan ever wrote, was perfectly rendered, and helped to make amends for the black wig and the giggles.

As Casilda in the *Gondoliers* Miss Lawson has not a great deal to do, which is a pity, because one does not often hear a voice like hers; and the audience was prevented, by the furious speed at which it was sung, from properly enjoying the duet between her and Mr. Millidge (Luiz), which takes place as soon as they are left 'alone together.' The circumstances indicate a measure of *agitato*; possibly *allegro agitato*. But certainly *presto* is undesirable, and the rate at which this duet was taken seemed only to be

limited by the mobility of the features of the artists and the flexibility of the conductor's right arm. Of the two gondoliers, Mr. Sydney Granville has a most charming stage personality, and Mr. Pointer's 'Sparkling Eyes' encore, on what I can only describe as his muted larynx, was very pleasing. Mr. Sheffield's Don Alhambra was so benign that one felt that invitations to his inquisitions would be as keenly sought as cards for a Buckingham Palace garden party. His performance is always delightful, and his Don Alhambra is no exception; but it would be interesting to see whether Mr. Fancourt would be as benevolent a Grand Inquisitor. I think not. Mr. Fancourt gets so thoroughly inside a part that the mere title of Grand Inquisitor would almost certainly make him horrible. His performance of Dick Deadeye in *Pinafore* is an example of how horrible he can appear. It is a wonderful performance in a wonderful, if sickening, make-up.

Very few people have countenances which are equally well suited to a naval captain, a judge, a sergeant of police, and a vicar. Mr. Sheffield is an exception, and his Captain Corcoran in *Pinafore* is excellent from beginning to end. The end is rather unfortunate, because he becomes a mere sailor (where he looks all wrong) when Ralph Rackstraw turns out to be the Captain (where *he* looks all wrong). Mr. Lytton is, needless to say, perfect, albeit in a none too sympathetic part; for Sir Joseph Porter is really rather an unpleasant person, and it is entirely impossible to dislike Mr. Lytton at any time. Miss Griffin sings delightfully, and Miss Sharp, whose great ability is given little scope in this opera, looks particularly pretty as Sir Joseph's neice. *Pinafore* is deservedly popular. To audiences in crowded inland cities it brings the real atmosphere of the sea, while I have no doubt that audiences in naval ports will always be peculiarly entertained by the amusingly inaccurate portrayal of life aboard one of His Majesty's ships. *Trial by Jury*, followed by *Pinafore*, indeed makes an almost ideal evening's entertainment. The former is as fantastic as any of the operas, and Mr. Granville's usher this season was played with real genius. Mr. Sheffield usually sings in a quiet and rather confidential manner; but in one of his songs, as the judge, he brings out a note of extraordinary power, which dominates chorus, orchestra, and audience alike. It is a truly fine note, and, so far as I can recollect, was only heard in this opera.

The other short opera, *Cox and Box*, was interesting and well performed, and, on one occasion, afforded further evidence of the astonishing degree of intensity with which Mr. Fancourt becomes the part he has to play. So carried away was he by being called Bouncer, that in making a quick exit he bounced into the doorpost, and must have caused some momentary consternation among the stage staff.

Princess Ida has recently been warmly welcomed, but it always seems to me to leave something to be desired, when compared with ie other operas. Interest here is less thoroughly sustained; the umour is less remarkable; and the matter and action are less ntertaining. There are, of course, charming items, notably 'Oh,)ainty Triolet'; but I must confess that the incident I most njoyed occurred when Miss Lewis, as the Lady Blanche, was issed by one of the invading men. She neither screamed nor ıoved, but gazing straight to her front, emitted a loud cry protest, all on one very sustained and musical note, proucing an effect which was at once surprising and most amusing. 'ne missed Mr. Lytton, for as King Gama he had very little to o; and again he had to be a 'disagreeable man,' even more efinitely than in *Pinafore*. The dresses were, on the whole, very ɔod, particularly those of Miss Lawson in the name part; but did not like the armour of the sons of Gama (which seemed to ıy inexpert eye likely to fall off, in sections, at any moment), and lthough Mr. Goulding's costume as Hilarion suited him, Florian ıd Cyril were not helped by theirs. It is not only important, in ressing a play, that the costumes should all belong to one period; is even more important that they should suit the wearers. And ıould it ever be that of these two considerations one must ɜrforce be sacrificed, then it should be the former, so long as the fference in period is not glaring. Very few people are period cperts, and, in any case, there is no better way of pleasing one ıan by letting him or her find a small fault in a costume; but ιe mass of people, who do *not* notice whether a costume has been ıte- or post-dated a few decades, *do* notice when a costume is not ıitable. In the case under review the work of the designers is mplified by the fact that they are not rigidly tied to any partiılar period, and so it should be easy to give Florian and Cyril stumes which would suit them better.

To many people *Iolanthe* is the favourite opera, and with some ason. This year the production was very good, with one or two nall exceptions. The peculiar colour of Phyllis's dress seemed suggest that it must have been selected by daylight; while ere was surely an error in allowing Iolanthe to make her first ıtrance in an obviously dry condition, when she is supposed to ıve just emerged from the depths of a pool—unless one is to esume that even discredited fairies are able to dry themselves stantaneously by just wishing. The dresses of the peers and iries were excellent, however, and the chorus work throughout t nothing to be desired. The power and accuracy of the chorus one of the most striking features of these productions, and after course of Gilbert and Sullivan one finds an astonishing slovenliss in the work of choruses over whose drilling less care

and trouble has been taken. The difference is remarkable, and proves over and over again that time spent upon training and improving a chorus is time very wisely invested.

There is no lack of brilliant items in *Iolanthe*. The lovely duet, 'None shall part us from each other,' was exquisitely rendered by Mr. Granville and Miss Lawson, who always work well together; and the many wonderful numbers in the second act were admirably handled. Mr. Lytton's remarkably clear enunciation is, perhaps, nowhere better demonstrated than in the 'patter' song descriptive of a nightmare, nor is his agility ever more severely tried than in 'Nothing venture, nothing win,' when his various and varied exits with Tolloller and Mountararat were always rewarded with tumultuous applause. The perfection of Miss Lawson's voice added greatly to the success of the concerted numbers in which she took part; Miss Lewis, as Queen of the Fairies, was exactly right; and Miss Sharp was very appealing in the name part. Gilbert's sarcasm at the expense of the House of Lords has not by any means grown out of date, and was always enormously appreciated; but I wonder how many of the younger generation in the audience knew who was the now immortal Captain Shaw invoked by the Fairy Queen?

For violent and stimulating contrasts not one of the operas can compare with *Patience*. First of all, the super-æsthetic maidens (of whom I counted more than twenty), and then the incursion of the very material Dragoons. First, drowsy and æsthetic music; then music as scarlet as the tunics of the singers. After that, the contrast between the robust common-sense of Patience and the perverted intellectuality of the Lady Angela. Bunthorne is himself a paradox, feigning an æstheticism which he does not feel, yet lacking the vigorous masculinity of the soldiers. Finally, the ultimate Grosvenor—'the threepenny 'bus young man'—as compared with the original Grosvenor, the exquisite effeminate. The play itself abounds with sudden changes. Towards the end of the first act all seems more or less well. The soldiers have their *fiancées* once again; only Patience is sacrificed to duty and to Bunthorne. And then the whole situation is revolutionised by the entrance of Grosvenor, and a second act becomes a necessity.

What a second act it is! It is both a necessity and a luxury. What could be more amusing than the Lady Jane and her quite irrelevant 'cello, or her subsequent pursuit and final instantaneous abandonment of poor Bunthorne? What more popular than 'The Silver Churn'? What more charmingly diverse from this than 'Love is a Plaintive Song'? Here we have the great charm of Mr. Granville, the never-failing versatility of Miss Lewis, the fascination of Miss Lawson, and the genius of Mr. Lytton at their maximum.

Present-day audiences seem to prefer 'The Silver Churn' to any other number ever written by Gilbert and Sullivan. On one occasion during the past season so sustained was the applause, and so many were the encores, that, when the chorus had finally withdrawn and the clamour had subsided, Mr. Granville's next words, 'At last they are gone,' were so much to the point that they were greeted with a tempest of laughter and applause. It is difficult to assign a reason for the immense popularity of this song, except that its melody is simple without being commonplace, and easily memorable. And it was very well sung by a deservedly very popular artist.

I never expect to hear a song better sung than 'Love is a Plaintive Song,' as performed by Miss Lawson. Her singing is always effortless—or apparently so—and as pure and clear as the note of a bird. Never does her voice 'wobble'; it is always under perfect control, and its quality remains unchanged, whether the volume is increased or diminished, throughout its whole compass.

I have reserved until last the *Yeomen of the Guard*, because it is unique in several respects. There is, for one thing, an element of real tragedy, which is absent from all the others, of tragedy, moreover, which is still unrelieved at the fall of the final curtain. Another unique feature is the presence of a really human character, the only one, perhaps, that Gilbert ever drew. Jack Point is credible; and the veracity of the character is, if anything, heightened by the tragic conclusion, for it is, unfortunately, only upon the stage that one can usually rely upon a conventional happy ending. In no sense is the ending of this opera either happy or conventional. Nearly every one, indeed, is unhappy. Sergeant Meryll is to marry Dame Carruthers, as a result not of love but of blackmail; and Phœbe Meryll is condemned to wed the dreadful Wilfred. It is to be presumed that Dame Carruthers and Wilfred, at all events, are well satisfied, and the former has reason to be, since her mastery of Sergeant Meryll is obviously complete. But I hardly think that Wilfred's lot would prove any happier than the policeman's, for it is plain that Phœbe would torment and tease him without respite or pity. Elsie Maynard and Colonel Fairfax alone are conventionally provided for. It is a peculiar ending for a stage piece, but quite a reasonable one in life. How many Merylls are married to Carruthers, and how many Wilfreds to Phœbes? Far too many. And, moreover, how many Elsies are married to Fairfaxes? There was a time, not many years ago, when it was quite a commonplace for the titled and landed gentry to take brides from the ranks of the players—not strolling players, perhaps, but nevertheless players. The example of some of these unions does not justify one in assuming, neces-

sarily, that Elsie Fairfax would be 'happy ever after.' In fact, the end of this opera teems with *mésalliances* in remarkable profusion, and were it not that Jack Point is incontestably dead, one might have had an entertaining sequel, sorting out the characters more suitably.

As to the manner in which this opera was performed, the outstanding feature was Mr. Lytton's Jack Point. Here one saw that great artist at his best. His performances throughout the season were always a joy to the beholder, for never does he lose an opportunity, and never is he at fault. But for artistry his Jack Point is surely unexcelled. The poor jester must be everything by turns: he must be 'properly quaint and amusing,' serious, careless, jocular, solemn. It is a difficult part, and the success of the piece depends upon its proper playing. It is necessary that Point should grow *gradually* more and more sad, more and more heavy-hearted; not by fits and starts, not suddenly or capriciously, but by slow degrees in just the measure of his growing fear of losing Elsie. This Mr. Lytton does admirably, conveying in natural and human manner his increasing concern, and the result is a moving performance which would place him in the front rank of contemporary players had he not achieved that eminence long since. Mr. Lytton has in his time indeed played many parts, and to all of them he has brought a distinction and an artistry that is too rare in these days; and it is to be hoped that his retirement will be long delayed.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lytton as Jack Point was so much more attractive a personality than Colonel Fairfax that one could only attribute Elsie's defection to the lowest pecuniary motives. The presumed purse and social standing of Fairfax were the only advantages which he possessed over Jack Point. He declared his love for Elsie in the words provided for him; but he wooed her in so unimpassioned and unconvincing a manner that one felt he realised that, after all, it was only a play, and that, of course, every one knew he was bound to get Elsie eventually. In order to make Elsie anything but a designing minx it is essential that Fairfax should be at least as attractive as Point, and that he should manifest at least an equal regard for her. But this was not the case this season, and the effect was entirely foreign to the intention of the author, who certainly never meant that Elsie's character should be so represented.

I am afraid that I found fault with Colonel Fairfax in more respects than one. Surely Fairfax should be debonair, rather than melodramatic? Yet the part was played in quite the opposite way, and in the few lines preceding 'Is life a boon?' one was reminded vaguely of a Lyceum drama. I should like to see this part played by Mr. Goulding, who would certainly

give an interpretation far more nearly approximating to what one is bound to assume was Gilbert's intention. Mr. Derek Oldham's Fairfax would very well serve as a convenient and recent model of how the part should be played.

Phœbe Meryll is a part which suits Miss Sharp perfectly. Always pleasing in all her characters, she is undoubtedly at her best in the more mischievous parts, and Phœbe is one which affords her ample scope. Her scenes with Mr. Sheffield as Wilfred were most entertaining, for the latter's invariable excellence was most effectively supported. Miss Sharp looks far too young to have had a great deal of stage experience, but her acting would enhance the reputation of many very experienced and well-known artists, and her voice, too, is very appealing.

Miss Lawson had an exceedingly difficult task as Elsie, for she was playing Gilbert's conception of the part against an unsympathetic Fairfax. The result was that one was altogether bewildered at her final choice, for she could not help appearing even more inconsistent and fickle than women are alleged to be. Her voice was, of course, unaffected by this, and her singing was, as usual, beyond criticism. Her bridal dress, however, was very much open to criticism, for it was twentieth century, and suburban at that, and it was in spite of and not because of it that she succeeded in looking as charming as ever. Some singers lose their good looks when they sing, but Miss Lawson is not one of these; and while on the subject of looks and singing, one must not fail to render homage to Miss Lewis for the unique manner in which she can convey almost any emotion, while singing, by altering slightly her facial expression. She can be sorrowful, masterful, and sometimes positively venomous, and her voice faithfully follows the lead of her features. One is never dull while she is on the stage, for she always is worth watching, even when not actually speaking or singing, and in their scenes together she and Mr. Lytton afford an entertainment which can hardly be surpassed.

This article would be incomplete without some reference to Mr. Toye's orchestra and to the audiences. The orchestra is inspiringly magnificent, alike in quantity and quality, and it is fortunate in having such exquisitely orchestrated works to perform. Sullivan was not only a master of melody: he was also a master of the science—for it is a science—of orchestration, and it is rarely indeed that one encounters such perfect orchestral balance and such entire sympathy between the instruments and the action proceeding upon the stage. The orchestration succeeds in being, in a sense, onomatopœic, without becoming ridiculous. The only complaint I have about the music as given this season is that at times items were taken too fast; but whether this is

the fault of orchestra or artists I do not know, and am far too timorous to suggest.

The audiences, like the operas, are unique. For one thing, they are almost exclusively British, and, for another, they are drawn from every class, and all are pleased in the same degree. Their reverence for the operas is so great that any who venture to continue conversation after the overture has commenced are very speedily reprimanded by loud, angry hisses from all parts of the theatre. One of our leading humorous writers told me that a Gilbert and Sullivan 'house' resembled a congregation rather than an audience; and it certainly resents any interference, or lack of due reverence, as fiercely as any sect of religious devotees.

It is pleasing to see those who knew and loved these operas when they were first produced come again and bring their children and their children's children. The tradition is now surely established, and it is well that it should be. In these days of clamour, when, in the pursuit of sensation and of novelty, we are often apt to forget the restraints and overstep the bounds of discretion, and sometimes of decency as well, this appreciation of entertainment which, though innocuous, is never tedious, is a welcome sign. It is, unfortunately, very often true that the more worthy and less harmful things are not attractive; that respectability wears a cloak of hypocrisy, and masks a dullness which is stifling to the progressive mind. These operas, however, combine an entire absence of anything even remotely objectionable with a variety and charm which greatly exceeds that of almost all recent works. Many of the allusions are already 'out of date,' more will become so. Yet the operas will go on until the 'out of date' of the present becomes the historical of the future.

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM: ITS MATERIAL NEEDS

THE growth of the British Museum, as expressed in the extension of its buildings, has been a series of spasms, provoked by extreme congestion, recurring almost immediately after each temporary alleviation. In each case the expansion has only been taken in hand when the congestion was already acute, and by the time it was completed the needs of the Museum had usually overtaken the new provision afforded by it, and a fresh period of congestion began at once to set in. The latest extension was the new wing at Bloomsbury, undertaken in 1900, and only completed in 1914. A new stage of congestion is approaching both at Bloomsbury and in the Natural History Departments at South Kensington, and in some branches is already reached. It is therefore not inopportune to undertake a survey of the present position and prospective needs of the whole institution.

The expansion of the Museum has been a matter of about a century. For the first fifty years after its foundation in 1753 the accommodation provided by Montagu House was sufficient for its needs, and little more than 10,000*l*. was spent on additions to the collections. But the successive acquisition of the Hamilton collection of Greek vases and Roman antiquities, the spoils of war (including the Rosetta Stone) obtained when the French Army in Egypt surrendered in 1801, and the Townley Marbles (purchased in 1805) which form the greater part of the Græco-Roman statuary now in the Museum, led to the first period of extreme congestion. To accommodate the 'memorable trophies of national policy' secured in Egypt (the Rosetta Stone still bears its ancient inscription, 'Captured by the British Army'), a new building was erected in the gardens of Montagu House; but before this was completed the Townley Marbles arrived and demanded more space, and in 1816 a crisis was produced by the acquisition of the Elgin Marbles. Even this was only met by the erection of a 'temporary building,' but, like other temporary expedients, this had to serve for a long time, and it was not until 1831, when its condition had become a scandal, that Parliament

made provision for a permanent gallery, which was completed within the next three years.

Before this, however, congestion had much more than overtaken provision through the acquisition in 1823, by arrangement with His Majesty King George IV., of the library formed by his predecessor during his long reign, which had been almost coeval with the Museum itself. This splendid accession led the Government of the day, in spite of the prevailing economic difficulties, to take a large view of the future of the Museum, and Sir Robert Smirke was authorised to design the gallery intended for the reception of the King's Library as part of a scheme for the complete rebuilding of the Museum. This scheme involved the replacement of Montagu House and its gardens by a great quadrangle, with wings for the accommodation of the resident officials, very much as (apart from the new King Edward VII. Galleries) it stands to-day.

The foundations of the King's Library were laid in the autumn of 1823, and it was ready for the reception of the books in 1828; but the larger scheme was in progress over a period of nearly thirty years, and it was not until 1852 that the process was completed by the opening of the new gates in the railings which enclose the Museum front quadrangle on the side of Great Russell Street. In connection with this frontage it may be recorded that a proposal to erect a high wall, in order to give greater privacy to the official residences in the two wings, gave rise to a lively outburst of indignation in the Press at this pampering of the '*parvenu* would-be aristocrats' who would inhabit the buildings in question. Many people still living will remember that on the street side of the low wall and railings which now form the Museum front on Great Russell Street there originally ran a low rail surmounted by the small but admirable lions designed by Alfred Stevens. These were removed, in order to widen the space available for pedestrians, in 1894, when some of the lions were placed inside the Museum, while others guard the sculptor's monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's.

By 1852, then, the Museum had gained the immense extension represented by the substitution of the main quadrangle, with the Elgin Room and certain smaller additions, for old Montagu House. But meanwhile the growth of the collections had not failed to keep pace with the growth of the buildings. The Assyrian discoveries of Layard and the Lycian sculptures brought home by Fellows made large demands for additional space. Those were the happy days when Turkish Governments gave free leave for the excavation and removal of antiquities from the lands under their sway; and the trophies of Layard and Fellows were soon followed by those of Rawlinson from Assyria and of Newton

from Asia Minor. So little had even Smirke's spacious designs sufficed to meet the growth of the collections that the sculptures from Halicarnassus, which to-day would make the fortune of a new museum, were for ten years housed in the basement and under the portico in front of the Museum.

At the same time the Library had been attaining the position which it now holds as probably the greatest collection of books (printed and manuscript) in the world. The strict enforcement of the Copyright Act, which began with Panizzi's appointment to the Keepership of Printed Books in 1837, brought in a constant and increasing stream of new English books, while Italian and other foreign literature was naturally not neglected by him. It was by him that the policy was initiated, which has been realised by his successors, that the British Museum should have the fullest and finest collection of the literature of any country next to that of the national library of that country. A splendid and most valuable accession also came through the bequest in 1847 of the unequalled library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, himself a warm supporter and friend of Panizzi.

In response to this growth of the Library, the number of readers resorting to it rapidly increased; and the two rooms in the north wing of the quadrangle allotted as reading rooms in 1838, which were then described as 'almost too spacious for quiet study and literary repose,' had by 1851 become so obviously inadequate that application was in that year made to the Treasury for a further extension. This ultimately led to the erection in the centre of the quadrangle of the great Reading Room on a design suggested by Panizzi, which was completed in 1857. A final effort to provide decent accommodation for the Departments of Antiquities by an extension of the Elgin Room took shape in 1868, and thereafter the Treasury had rest for five years.

It may be taken, then, that in 1868 the provision of space had, for the first time since 1801, got in advance of the demands for accommodation. This happy state of things, however, did not last long. It was already evident that the natural growth of the collections would before long necessitate further extensions, and in particular that better provision must be made for the Natural History Departments. Already during the 'fifties proposals had been made for the acquisition of additional land adjoining the Museum, and since these were not accepted by the Treasury, the alternative suggestion was put forward that the natural history collections should be removed to a new building in South Kensington. This suggestion was approved by the Trustees in 1860, and by the Government of the day in 1861; but the idea was not at first welcomed by the representatives of science, and a Bill authorising the removal (and also that of the ethnographical

collections) was rejected by Parliament in 1862. The scheme was, however, revived, and in 1873 the building of the new Museum in Cromwell Road was begun, though it was not until 1878 that the Bill authorising the removal of the natural history collections was passed. This was carried into effect during the years 1880-85, to the immense benefit of those collections and the relief of the strain at Bloomsbury.

So far all extensions of the Museum buildings had been effected by public funds provided by Parliament, but now a new source of assistance came into play. The collections in the British Museum have always owed very much to private generosity, more perhaps in total value than to the purchase grants provided by the nation; and in 1879 this generosity was extended to its buildings by the receipt under the will of Mr. William White of a sum of about 72,000*l.* for the increase of accommodation. With this money the Museum obtained the present Mausoleum Room, and a new wing, known as the White Wing, on the south-eastern corner of Smirke's building, in which space was found for the Department of Prints and Drawings (now growing into great importance) and the Department of Manuscripts.

This relief sufficed for nearly fifteen years, the longest cessation of building operations since 1804; but in 1894, on the inspiration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt (himself a Trustee), the Government, as in 1823, took a long view of the needs of the National Museum, and (with the liberal co-operation of the Duke of Bedford, the owner of the property in question) acquired for 200,000*l.* the land and houses adjoining the Museum on the north, east, and west. For the utilisation, however, of the site thus obtained, the Museum was once more indebted to the stimulus of private generosity. In 1899 the excellent precedent set by Mr. White was followed by Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, who bequeathed a sum of 50,000*l.* for the improvement and extension of the Library and Reading Room. The Government responded to this invitation, and in 1903 provided 150,000*l.* to be utilised in conjunction with Mr. Lean's bequest for the general improvement of the accommodation at Bloomsbury; and with this sum the new wing on the north side of the Museum, now known as King Edward VII.'s Galleries, together with the North Library, which links it to the main quadrangle, was erected from the designs of Sir John Burnet, and was opened by King George V. and Queen Mary in May 1914, less than three months before the outbreak of the Great War.

One further addition to the resources of the Museum must be mentioned. In 1902, after the wise rejection by Parliament of a proposal to allow the Trustees to 'weed out' the collections, a building was erected at Hendon to receive provincial newspapers

and other printed matter rarely required for public use. This building has now for some years been quite full; but the site contains ample space for an extension, which is much needed.

The foregoing survey makes plain the present position of the Museum in regard to the possibilities of future extension. Alike at Bloomsbury, at Hendon, and at South Kensington, the Trustees possess land available for buildings to a considerable extent. For how long this space may be expected to suffice depends on the policy to be adopted by the Museum in the future, which it is the object of this article to consider.

Two suggestions are sometimes made with a view to minimising the need for future extensions of the Museum: first, that the Museum is already large enough, and that no great increase of the collections is either to be expected or desired; and secondly, that the Museum contains large quantities of objects which are not needed, and which could be profitably distributed to other institutions. Both statements are, in my opinion, unfounded, and indeed dangerous.

With regard to the growth of the collections, such a suggestion as has been mentioned would not be endorsed by any scholar or student interested in any of the branches of knowledge represented by the Museum. The mere operation of the Copyright Act and the purchases of foreign books, which are essential if the Museum is to maintain its position as a great depository of knowledge and magazine of thought, bring in a constant stream of books for which provision must be made, the extent of which may be represented by about one mile of additional shelving in every year. Masses of documents, the materials of future history, such as the unofficial correspondence of public men, are still in private hands, for which the Manuscript Department is the proper eventual home. For the eighteenth and earlier centuries these are already to a large extent in the Museum; but the much more voluminous papers of the nineteenth century are only now beginning to flow in. The Liverpool, Peel, Layard, and Campbell-Bannerman Papers are recent examples. The Departments of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts and of Prints and Drawings make lesser demands on space for accommodation, but are still constantly and rightly growing. The ethnographical collections, already grossly congested, admit of almost indefinite expansion for their proper appreciation and study; and the progressive extinction of native races and the corruption of primitive customs through contact with more advanced civilisations make it imperative to secure the material before it is irretrievably lost. It would be madness to say that future accessions are neither to be expected nor desired in the Departments of Antiquities. From Babylonia, from Egypt, from Palestine, from the Hittite Empire,

from Asia Minor, masses of new materials for the history of mankind are still to be obtained, which, unless checked by unenlightened policy on the part of the rulers of those lands, will enrich alike the national museums of the countries of origin and also will supply the collections of the civilised world in general, to the advancement of knowledge and to the benefit of the countries in which the researches are made. *Troy, Mycenæ, Crete,* are examples of the new vistas that may be opened up by scientific investigation; and there are other sources yet untapped or undeveloped. No one would wish the British Museum to fall behind in respect of these departments of knowledge, or to cease to be what it has been made by the zeal and generosity of past generations, the most general and best equipped depository of the materials for the history of mankind in the world.

Not less, and in some respects even greater, are the needs and prospects of expansion in the sphere of natural history. Apart from the abstract needs of scientific research, the full bearing of which can only be appreciated after long years of study and the accumulation of materials, it has of late been increasingly made evident that the welfare of mankind is in many ways dependent on a fuller acquaintance with the world of Nature, of which man is only a part. Entomology, in particular, is now recognised as being a study essential for the science of health and disease, and for the economic utilisation of many of the resources of Nature. A whole department of economic entomology has grown up within the last few years, and still needs immeasurable increase alike in materials and in students. Government departments are more and more acquiring the habit of referring to the Natural History Museum for information and advice in which the welfare and development of the Empire are involved. In order to meet all these demands, a constant accumulation of materials is essential, and likewise a great increase of the trained and specialist staff, with adequate time for their work, in order to deal with these materials and place them at the service of the public.

The other suggestion is more plausible at first sight, but is in fact no less unfounded and impracticable. It is no doubt true that the Museum contains many more objects than it is either possible or desirable to exhibit; but exhibition is only one of the purposes of the Museum, and not the most important. The Museum is a great magazine of research, a power-house for the advancement of knowledge; and for the purposes of study far greater accumulations of material are needed than for exhibition to the general public. A student, say, of Greek vases, or the prints of a certain artist or period, or the customs of primitive peoples, or the developments of pottery, or the civilisations of ancient

peoples, or the structure of plants or animals, needs to examine a great mass of material, second-rate as well as first-rate. It is here that the collections of a great museum differ from those of a private owner. The private owner, if he acquires a specimen of the first quality in a particular class, is often content to part with a less good specimen; the student often needs both, and expects to find them in a museum. To dissipate the material over the whole country is to hamper research and diminish the value of its results.

Nor is there any reason to fear that Museum officials will, out of mere lust of acquisition, accumulate objects which are not really needed. The grants for purchases are not so lavish that a Keeper is tempted to squander them on things that do not fill a real gap in the collections; and all the economy of the Trustees is needed to enable them to keep in hand a reserve which will give them a chance of acquiring first-rate specimens when they come into the market. So long as the Museum is administered on these principles, there will be little surplus which could rightly be allowed to leave its walls, even temporarily. Actual duplicates may, in many instances, be profitably disposed of by sale, gift, or loan; but as a general rule a student expects, and has a right to expect, to find in the Museum all the objects belonging to the Museum. The Act which recently passed through Parliament places on a legal footing the practice, previously in operation on a basis of doubtful legality, of the loan of duplicates, which has been welcomed by many provincial galleries, and it makes it possible to include with them objects very little likely to be needed by students, but it expresses no desire on the part of the Trustees to embark on a new policy of extensive lending, and it is not at all to be expected that it will lead to any material alteration in the practice of previous years.

From neither of these suggestions, then, is any noteworthy alleviation of the congestion of the Museum to be obtained. The strength of the British Museum lies not less in the quantity than in the quality of its collections, and these collections must continue to grow, if the Museum is to maintain the high position which, by general assent, it has attained. What, then, is the policy to be pursued which will most economise space while providing most efficiently for the needs alike of the general public and of specialist students?

The answer, which embodies the policy approved by the Trustees, is no new one. The principles on which it rests were stated more than a generation ago in a well-known essay by Sir William Flower, then Director of the Natural History Departments. They have always been in practice in the Departments of Printed Books, of Manuscripts, of Prints and Drawings, and in the Natural History Departments. They are well known to

all who are interested in Museum administration, but few museums have been so built as to allow them to be put into full operation.

Briefly, the solution is that the Museum should exhibit less and store more. But this summary statement needs amplification. The objects exhibited may be fewer, but they must be so exhibited as to be more instructive and attractive to the occasional visitor; and the objects stored must be more, but they must be so stored as to be readily accessible to the student. For the general public the exhibition galleries of the Museum are already large enough, and most (though not all) of the departments have sufficient space for a first-rate representation of the subjects with which they deal. The danger is rather lest the imperfectly informed visitor should be wearied by the quantities of objects presented to his eyes, having neither the time nor the knowledge which would enable him to select what most deserves his attention. This is eminently a case in which the half is more than the whole.

The term 'the general public' is not used in any disparaging sense, but merely in distinction from the specialist or advanced student. Of the two great functions of the Museum it is difficult to say which is the more important. Certainly it has a duty to the general public which is of the highest educational value, and it is satisfactory to know that the service which it thus offers to the nation is being more and more widely recognised. The exhibition galleries cater alike for the intellectual refreshment and pleasure of those who already have the taste and knowledge to appreciate them, and for the cultivation of knowledge and the sense of beauty in those who as yet have them not. For this purpose carefully selected exhibitions are needed, in which objects of real artistic value or historical or scientific interest are presented to the eyes of the visitor without overwhelming him with a mass of objects of secondary or less comprehensible merit. And therewith should be given all possible guidance in the way of labels, guide-books, and lectures. All this the Trustees have done, and are doing, within the limits set by the existing buildings.

But for the student, except in the departments already named, the provision of accommodation is much less adequate. The Museum was not designed with an eye to the provision of study collections in the Departments of Antiquities. Its main need now, in the matter of buildings, is more storage space and more students' rooms. At Bloomsbury the Departments of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, of Greek and Roman Antiquities, of British Antiquities, of Prehistoric and Mediæval Antiquities, of Ceramics, of Ethnography, would all gain if they could show fewer objects in their exhibition galleries, and have much more space for the

storage of the bulk of their collections, so arranged as to be readily accessible to students.

Only in one department at Bloomsbury is any considerable addition of exhibition space required. The ethnographical collections are now grossly overcrowded. Very much is stored away in basements, and what is shown is so crowded that the superficial visitor gets no idea of the several localities or civilisations which are there represented. There is enough material to furnish a whole Ethnographical Museum, if either the State or a private benefactor would provide the funds for its erection, equipment and endowment. Failing that, the exhibition space should be at least doubled, in order that the collections from each country or group of countries could be set out separately, each with its own proper equipment of photographs or pictures, to enable the visitor to acquire the necessary atmosphere for the appreciation of the exhibits and the comprehension of the type of civilisation represented. Even then an ample provision of storage space would still be required to meet the needs of students.

There is ample space at Bloomsbury for the programme I have indicated. Only money is needed. If a millionaire would provide the funds, two great wings could be erected on land already held by the Trustees and now occupied by houses in Bedford Square, Bloomsbury Street, and Montague Street. On the first floor in the Montague Street wing a second Ethnographical Gallery could be placed, parallel with the present gallery, and connected with it by cross galleries at intervals. Elsewhere on the site one of the prime needs of the Museum could be met by the provision of a lecture theatre. It might even be possible to provide members of the public with what they have often asked for: a decent and adequate refreshment room. But otherwise practically the whole of the space could be devoted to storage—storage to which students would have access with proper provision for their comfort and supervision. And by the term 'students' is meant not only a small body of specialists, but all who, for whatever reason, required a more extensive view of the materials bearing on a particular subject than could be provided in the exhibition galleries. The provision would be analogous to that which already exists in the Print Room.

At South Kensington a considerable building extension is much overdue. Except a portion of a store for specimens preserved in spirit, practically nothing has been added to the original building, completed forty-five years ago, while the collections, as indicated above, have increased enormously. Additional wings (for which rough plans were in existence before the war) are needed both on the east and on the west. About fourteen years ago a somewhat acute controversy as to the rights to the hinterland

to the north of the Museum led to an amicable concordat with the Science Museum, in which was foreshadowed the erection of such wings with collections so disposed as to combine harmoniously with those of the Science Museum and a transplanted Geological Museum and Survey. There is reason to hope that part at least of this scheme may be taken in hand in the near future.

One cannot expect a heavily taxed nation to embark all at once on large extensions at Bloomsbury, at South Kensington, and at Hendon. In my opinion (though my prejudices might be expected to point in the other direction) the immediate need of the Natural History Museum is the most urgent, and has the strongest possible claim on public funds. But an extension at Hendon would involve only straightforward and relatively cheap building, and would provide profitable occupation for the unemployed. Meanwhile at Bloomsbury, great as is the need, it may be possible to make shift for a time with such temporary relief as can be afforded by an extension skywards of the book-stacks surrounding the outside of the Reading Room and the utilisation for storage of the residences hitherto occupied by some of the heads of departments. These are, however, only palliatives, and the imminent necessity of the larger scheme must be faced. Will not some private benefactor, anxious to devote his wealth to the better intellectual equipment of the country, follow the example of Mr. White and Mr. Lean, and so stimulate Parliament and the Government to responsive liberality? The Treasury has from time to time shown itself not unwilling to contribute half a crown in the expectation of five shillings' worth of value received; and Governments in the past have not always been unappreciative of the credit acquired by the nation in the eyes of the world from the status of the British Museum.

In this article I have spoken only of the material needs of the Museum as expressed in its buildings. Of the human side, as embodied in its Trustees and its staff, it would be more difficult, and perhaps improper, for me to speak, but I am confident that, if public and private liberality will provide the necessary means, the administration of the Museum in all its branches will not be found unworthy of the trust reposed in them.

FREDERIC G. KENYON.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

During the campaign for the adoption of the American Constitution it was brought out that the Convention was perplexed with no principle so much as with the mode of choosing the President of the United States. This section, wrote Alexander Hamilton, 'is almost the only part of the system of any consequence which has escaped without some censure, or which has received the slightest mark of approbation from its opponents.' Nevertheless, when Burns sang that

> The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley,

he accurately described the fate meted out to these articles so patiently elaborated and so universally acclaimed. After a century of practice under the Constitution it may be said that no other provisions of the Constitution have so completely failed to fulfil the intentions of the Fathers. Unrepealed, except in so far as slightly amended in 1804, they have been brushed aside in effect, and tradition has created an unwritten Constitution which now regulates how the President shall be selected.

It was not the intendment of the Constitution that the President should be chosen by the direct vote of the people. The Fathers had confidence in the judgment of the masses, but they also believed in safety valves and shock absorbers. It was, therefore, enacted that the immediate election should be made by a small body of men most capable of analysing the qualities adapted to the Presidency. It was provided that this select body should act in 'circumstances favourable to deliberation and to a judicious combination of all the reasons and inducements which were proper to govern their choice.' It was not sought to create a deliberative assembly which should foregather and discuss the merits of the candidates. On the contrary, it was ordained that the electors, chosen in each State, should assemble in the State in which they were chosen.

These principles thus established, the next thing to claim the attention of the framers of the Constitution was the method of choosing the electors. Here, again, the desire to assure that 'detached and divided situation,' so dear to the heart of the

Convention was emphasised by the fact that the text ordains that 'each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress.' There were thirteen original States. There are now forty-eight. This latitude accorded to the different Commonwealths was thought to be a guarantee against uniformity.

Notwithstanding this tendency, it was provided that 'the Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which they shall give their vote; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.' The Tuesday next after the first Monday in November of every fourth year after 1844 has been fixed by an Act of 1845 as the date on which presidential electors are now chosen.

The Constitution, as originally adopted, required that each elector vote for two persons without specifying whom he chose for President and who was his choice for Vice-President. It was soon discovered that this would not do, and that the electors should be required specifically to designate their selection for each post.

The procedure as it now stands is as follows:

> The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the persons voted for as President, and, in distinct ballots, the persons voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each; which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such a majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President the vote shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote (*omissis*). A majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President.

The rule for the choice of the Vice-President follows the same principle, except that the Senate is charged with this trust, and there the vote is not taken by States.

The first election was held on the first Wednesday of January 1789, and the electors so chosen met in their respective States on the first Wednesday in February. There was no formal nomination, and no agreement among the electors that Washington

would be chosen President. It was simply regarded as the obvious and proper course to make him the first Chief Executive. He received all of the sixty-nine votes cast. Public opinion concentrated upon the New Englander for Vice-President, and John Adams stood out so prominently in that section that he was elected.

The second election passed off more or less in the same way. All the electors expressed a preference for Washington, and Adams received seventy-seven out of the 132 votes cast. While there was considerable opposition to him, it does not appear that there was any caucus or meeting, public or private, to attempt to bring about his defeat.

While the elaborate political machinery of to-day was not known in America in 1796, the third election did not take place without an attempt being made to interfere with the placid calm of the electors. Printer's ink was liberally used. The French Minister, Monsieur Adet, forced himself into the discussion. He accused the outgoing administration with having violated its treaties with France. He also announced that he was directed by his Government to suspend his diplomatic duties. The interruption of relations, however, he hastened to add, was not to be interpreted 'as a rupture between France and the United States, but as a mark of just discontent, which was to last until the Government of the United States returned to sentiments and to measures more conformable to the interests of the alliance, and to the sworn friendship between the two nations.'

The first organised movement to give concrete expression to the will of the people took place February 25, 1804. It assumed the form of a caucus of the Republican [1] members of Congress. A call was issued to all Senators and Representatives who were affiliated with that party. They met and unanimously nominated Thomas Jefferson for re-election. George Clinton was chosen for Vice-President 'by a very large majority.' The meeting was really called in order to select a Vice-President. Sentiment was unmistakably in favour of a second term for Jefferson and against a similar honour for Aaron Burr. Opinion, however, differed as to the nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

The other parties saw the salutary effect of this spirit of party discipline and followed the example thus given. In time, however, the caucus system fell into disrepute and disappeared after the campaign of 1824.

There was a short interregnum, and then the National Convention, which substantially was as it is to-day, entered the lists for the election of 1832. The system was inaugurated by the Anti-Masons, who, in September 1830, held a Convention at Philadelphia

[1] The Republican party of to-day did not come into existence until 1856. The Republicans of 1804 are the Democrats of 1924.

which was attended by delegates from ten States. It voted to hold a second National Convention at Baltimore for the purpose of making nominations for the offices of President and Vice-President. The call for the meeting set forth that each State was entitled to as many votes as it had Representatives in both Houses of Congress, and that the delegates were to be chosen 'by the people opposed to secret societies.' The Convention issued a long and diffuse address to the people. The other parties felt a similar need to convene a National Convention of their partisans. The National Republicans [2] adopted resolutions containing declarations of principles which constitute the prototype of the 'platform' of the present-day American political parties.

The 'platform' of a party embodies its articles of faith. It is its creed. The National Convention is a conclave of the party which sets forth the doctrines to which the faithful must subscribe and the heresies against which they must combat. There are certain principles which are adamant and constitute the traditions of the party. There are others which are only defined from time to time and which grow out of the development of new issues. Membership in a party not only entails acceptance of its traditional tenets, but also implies approval of its policy in regard to the problems of the hour. No one may properly style himself a member of a party unless he subscribes to both of these tests of lealty. Merely to 'vote a party ticket' is not evidence of orthodoxy.

These political gatherings may have been deliberative assemblies when they were first called into being. To-day, however, there is a growing tendency to have the spectators, the gallery it is called, play an important part in choosing the standard bearers of the party. The voting strength of the Convention numbers just over a thousand. Slightly modifying the precedent set by the Anti-Masons in 1831, each State is now entitled to twice as many votes as it has Representatives in both Houses of Congress. This means, for example, that New York and Pennsylvania, which have each two Senators and forty-three and thirty-six Congressmen respectively, are entitled to ninety votes in the one case and to seventy-six in the other. Nevada and Delaware have each but two Senators and one Congressman.[3] They have each accordingly but six votes.

It has already been explained that the President is selected by the electoral vote of the several States. Although all the States now choose their electors by popular vote, it has happened quite

[2] The National Republicans subsequently became the Whig Party. They are not the Republicans of to-day.

[3] The Senators represent the sovereignty of the several States, and, therefore, New York, with a population of 10,385,227, and Nevada, with 77,407, have each but two Senators. Representation in the Lower House, however, is based upon population.

often that the successful candidate has failed to receive a majority at the ballot box. The elections of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, and of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, are cases in point; 4,682,069 votes were cast in 1860, of which Lincoln received but 1,866,452; 180 electoral votes, however, were given to him out of 303. The results obtained in 1884 were equally significative from another point of view. Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, was successful because he received the thirty-six electoral votes of New York. He carried that State by a plurality, not a majority, of 1149 in a total vote of nearly 1,200,000.

It would, nevertheless, be unwise to attach undue importance to these differences between the popular and the electoral vote. The Constitution left all matters affecting suffrage within the exclusive control of the States. The first departure from this principle was introduced shortly after the Civil War, when a constitutional amendment was adopted making it illegal to deprive a man of the right to vote 'on account of race, colour or previous condition of servitude.' Later a further amendment conferred the ballot upon women. With these restrictions, each State still enjoys the right of regulating the exercise of the franchise. As the forty-eight laws vary quite substantially, it would require the most complicated analysis and special knowledge of collateral facts to grasp the true inwardness of the popular vote. An example will illustrate the meaning which it is sought to convey. Pennsylvania is a safely Republican State; Texas is unalterably Democratic. Unless there are local contests the vote in these States is apt to be very light, because the result is discounted. Should, therefore, there be, say, three or four Republican States of some size where there are burning State issues, and, on the other hand, complete calm in the Democratic strongholds, the result could easily be a loss of several hundreds of thousands of votes to the Democrats.[4]

The constitutional provision has already been quoted which sets forth that if no candidate receives a majority of the electoral vote the President shall be chosen by the House of Representatives, where the 'votes shall be taken by States, the representations from each State having one vote.' This has happened but twice. Once in 1800, and again in 1824.

In 1800 the Organic Law provided that the electors shall vote for two persons, without differentiating between their choice for President and Vice-President. When the votes were counted it was found that Jefferson and Burr had each seventy-three out of 138. Neither having a majority, the House was called upon to

[4] This contingency is, in no sense, a remote one. The Democratic strongholds are the Southern States. In order to eliminate the negro vote, Democratic white primaries are held some little time before the General Election. There the real contests occur. The election thus becomes a mere formality.

decide. It was clear to every one that the electors really intended that Jefferson should be President and Burr Vice-President. The party in opposition, the Federalists, however, cordially disliked Jefferson, and accordingly voted for Burr. During the first thirty-five ballots the result was: Jefferson eight, Burr six, divided two, and, therefore, a stalemate. Finally, Alexander Hamilton came to the rescue. Jefferson and he were implacable political enemies, but Hamilton believed in the sincerity of the author of the Declaration of Independence, and profoundly distrusted Burr. Hamilton placed his country before his party and his own feelings, and thus begot an enmity for which he eventually sacrificed his life in a duel with Burr.

In 1824 party lines were not drawn. The Democrats, or the Republicans as they were then called, had the field all to themselves. The presidential electoral vote was divided among four candidates, although John C. Calhoun was chosen Vice-President. The House elected John Quincy Adams, excluding Andrew Jackson, who polled considerably more votes than the successful candidate.

The election of 1876 was for other reasons an outstanding event. The total electoral vote was 369. On the morrow of the election the Democrats claimed 203 for their candidate, Tilden, and the Republicans 185 for their nominee, Hayes. In other words, both parties claimed the votes of Oregon, South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana.

> This was the situation at the beginning of a most serious dispute which [says Senator Fess in his *History of Party Organisation*] [5] was a severe test of Republican institutions. The four months intervening between the election and the inauguration of Hayes were fraught with the gravest dangers. Double returns were made and sent in from all four States in dispute. In all these States the disputes took on the bitterest partisan character.

A complicated legal question overshadowed the factional controversy, but finally a compromise was reached in an agreement to submit the issue to a Joint Electoral Commission, to be composed of fifteen members, five from the Senate, five from the House, and five from the Supreme Court of the United States. This body, by a partisan vote of eight to seven, gave all the contested votes to the Republican candidate. The Democrats acquiesced, and the capacity of English-speaking people for self-government was again demonstrated.

This year there are, at least, five candidates for the Presidency. Of these but three, Coolidge, Davis and La Follette, have any reasonable chance of securing electoral votes. It is generally conceded that Coolidge, the Republican nominee, and Davis, the Democratic, will lead in the Electoral College, and, therefore, it

[5] Fess, *The History of Political Theory and Party Organisation in the United States* (World's Events Publishing Company), p. 584.

is of interest to inquire into the differences which separate the two major parties.

The *Baltimore Sun* recently offered a prize to the person who could best answer this question. Several thousand replies were received, and the award was given to Mrs. Esther M. Hollander, who wrote that :

> A Republican is a person who thinks a Democratic administration is bad for business. A Democrat is a person who thinks that a Republican administration is bad for business. Both are wrong.

Such a cynical reply overlooks the salient fact that experience has shown that whatever labels political parties may carry they, like men, are divided temperamentally into two main groups, the one Conservative and the other Liberal. There may be, and there are, shades, shadows, and scintillations of these two main branches, but the dominant line of cleavage is into these two essential segments.

The Democratic Party goes back to the early days of the Republic. Its founder was Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence. He impressed upon his party the Liberalism which was the dominant trait of his character. As in those days the national Government had nought to do with domestic questions, the issues which divided the parties did not develop along English lines, but were concerned with an attempt, on the one hand, to increase the power of the Federal Government, and, on the other, to buttress the prerogatives of the States. Hamilton became the chief of the Federalists, the party which believed in strengthening the attributes of Congress. In the course of time the pendulum swung with considerable regularity in favour of the Democrats. They met ' their manifest destiny ' with equanimity, and helped the country to expand by the annexation of the Louisiana territory, the purchase of Florida, the absorption of Texas, the occupation of Oregon, and the prosecution of the Mexican War with the consequent accession of the great South-West. While all this was going on the Federalists disappeared and the Whigs became the opponents of the Democrats. The slavery issue in the meantime worked itself to the fore. The Democrats, who, as Liberals, had first stood for States Rights, still adhered to this doctrine when the foresight and courage of their leaders were widening the frontiers of the nation. Their devotion to this traditional principle, however, as the years rolled by, changed their colours from the bright hue of Liberalism to the sober shade of Conservatism, for, in 1850, States Rights became the sheet anchor of the slave-holding aristocracy of the South.

In 1856 a new national party entered the lists. It styled itself the Republican Party, and opposed the extension of slavery into free territory. Its policy was essentially Liberal in the generic sense of the term, and the commanding personality of its great leader, Abraham Lincoln, served to emphasise its primary

mission. Brought into power in 1860 by a minority of the American people, the Republicans remained in office without interruption until defeated in 1884. During the succeeding forty years they have been in control of the Presidency for twenty-four. This long tenure of authority, coupled with the fact that (*a*) the slavery issue is dead, (*b*) the Republican Party is in favour of a high protective tariff, and (*c*) office tends to beget Conservatism and to chill the spirit of Liberalism, has brought about an evolution, and made of the Republicans the Conservatives of 1924. Once the flag of slavery had been removed from its masthead, the party of Jefferson logically drifted back to its old moorings. Its long stay in Coventry has, perhaps, facilitated the influence of atavism.

Opposed to both of these parties are the Progressives, or Radicals, lead by La Follette.

It is not within the purview of this article to touch upon the possible outcome of the pending campaign. It may be said, however, that since 1860, third party movements, except that which Roosevelt led in 1912, have captured but few electoral votes. Should the result be close this year, and here a mere hypothesis is dealt with, the effect could be to throw the election of the President into the House and that of the Vice-President into the Senate. It is, therefore, of interest to note the political complexion of these two bodies.

The House is composed of 226 Republicans, 205 Democrats, one Farm-Labour, one Independent, and one Socialist. There is one vacancy. It is, however, the representation by States which is of vital importance. Twenty-four States show a Republican majority, nineteen a Democratic, and five are equally divided, and may, therefore, be excluded. Practically all of La Follette's followers are registered as Republicans. Should the election be thrown into the House they would support the third party candidate, and it is claimed that this Republican defection may reduce the figure of that party to such an extent as to make the election of a Republican by the House a contingency of speculative interest.

In the Senate there are fifty-one Republicans, forty-three Democrats, and two Farm-Labour, but Senator La Follette himself is classed as a Republican, and here again comes up the same question as that which lent interest to an examination of the party affiliations of the House.

With lines drawn as they now are, one thing is certain, the Electoral College no longer fulfils the original intendment of the Fathers. The American Constitution is 'the greatest work ever penned at a given time by the brain and purpose of man,' but, to-day, the conduct of American Presidential Elections is not regulated by that great charter, but by traditions which crystallise the unwritten organic law of the land.

PIERRE CRABITÈS.

INDIAN REFORM

LD like to share the sturdy optimism of a recent writer[1] colour problem who finds the solution of that vexed ques- a world community permeated by the spirit of Christ. es not question the correctness of the solution or the desir- of setting it before oneself as an ideal, but it is per-e to consider, in the light of actual facts, the processes by which it is to be reached, and to doubt whether they are either so easy or so rapid as he assumes them to be. His hopes are based on the appearance, in the less advanced races of mankind, of bright particular stars, men whose attainments and ideals would entitle them to respect in any society, and would qualify them for the management and control of their own communities, could we but be assured that these would accept their ideals and follow in their footsteps. Mr. Mathews seems to have little doubt on this point, and he finds his assurance in the success with which lads of various races are taught, in certain institutions, to play such team games as cricket and football in the proper spirit of self-repression, and to devote their leisure hours to social service. He assumes too readily that the lessons of school life will guide in every environment the man released from the bonds of school discipline; and he underestimates the time required for his little leaven to leaven the whole lump.

The limits of an article do not admit of a general discussion of the race problem, for which Mr. Mathews's 170 pages were all too short, and I propose to confine my remarks to India, where large concessions have already been made to democratic professions, and where we are constantly being urged to hasten the advent of the time when we shall no more be 'conquerors, gradually giving self-government—in instalments at our own discretion,' but guests, sharing it with the peoples of India at their invitation.

It would be ungenerous to condemn, on the ground of inadequacy, the treatment of so complicated a subject in so small a book, but it is not unjust to deprecate the needless importation

[1] *The Clash of Colour: a Study in the Problem of Race*, by Basil Mathews (London: United Council for Missionary Education, 1924).

of the colour question into its discussion. It should be left to the demagogue to represent the case as one of a handful of European bureaucrats denying to 320 millions the blessing of self-government for no better reason than that their skins are brown. The student whose knowledge has been gained from sources other than political pamphlets should know that the question is how far the destinies of these millions may safely be entrusted to an infinitesimal minority of politicians eager for office and all that office may bring, but in imperfect sympathy with the voiceless majority of their fellow-countrymen.

It is not the experience of those who have lived long in India that the various castes and races of the country have much in common, or desire to have much in common, one with another.

This lack of sympathy displays itself in various directions. I have observed it in temporary officials employed in times of famine to assist in the direction of measures of relief, among whom neither pity nor the closest and most constant supervision will always avail to prevent the misappropriation of funds and supplies destined to the relief of the distressed. During the severe famine of 1899-1900 the relief of distress in the Hyderabad State was inaugurated and administered by a British famine commissioner,[2] who prepared for a vast area a complete and exhaustive programme of relief works, kitchens, and poor-houses, and maintained these institutions in a high state of efficiency wherever they were within reach of his personal influence; but communications were difficult, the commissioner could not be everywhere at once, and in remote areas not at all times within his reach the administration of famine relief broke down, not from the difficulty of carrying out his arrangements, which were admirably simple, but from the incompetence and apathy of local officials, both permanent and temporary.

Instances of callous disregard of privation might easily be multiplied. Few will deny that it exists. Some, while admitting it, may assert that it will be corrected as closer intercourse leads to fuller understanding; but this is to ignore what lies at the root of all alienation between classes and communities in India. Mr. Mathews touches this point in discussing the antipathy of some Indians to Europeans, which he describes as due partly to 'a caste tradition which bars out the white man as a defiling outcaste.' But the white man is not the only defiling

[2] The late Mr. A. J. Dunlop, C.I.E. I regret that in a former article (' The Berar Question Again ') I should have done an injustice to Mr. Dunlop's memory by stating, on p. 596 of the April issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, that hardly anything was done in the Nizam's dominions to relieve the sufferings of the people. Much was done, but my remark referred to districts temporarily beyond Mr. Dunlop's reach. I am glad to have this opportunity of correcting a statement which, I admit, was far too sweeping.

outcaste: there are the 'Untouchables.' What is an 'Untouchable'? Why should any human being be untouchable? Is not a washed Mahar as clean as an unwashed Brahman? No; he is not, and never can be. I remember inspecting a school in India. I had examined the boys in the small schoolhouse, and asked that others, apparently a separate class sitting in the verandah, might be called in for examination. 'But they are the Mahars,' I was told; 'they cannot come in.' A district official, whose large staff of clerks consisted almost exclusively of Brahmans, filled a vacancy by appointing an educated Mahar. The new clerk's papers were constantly being mislaid and lost, and he was daily reported as being in arrears with his work. At length the official who had appointed him called up the head clerk and told him that the next time that any paper required from the Mahar was not forthcoming a Brahman clerk would be dismissed, and from that day complaints ceased. Is it surprising that the 'Untouchable' does not regard with equanimity the prospect of being at the mercy of a Government in which Brahman influence would be predominant, or at least powerful?

He is not alone. There are associations of members of respectable Hindu castes, far above the despised Untouchables, having for their object the exclusion of Brahmans, as far as possible, from representative bodies. Why should this be so? They profess the same religion; they are of the same colour; they will probably admit, at least in theory, that the Brahman is worthy of respect; why would they exclude him from participation in the direction of public affairs? It is because they know the Brahman, his intolerance, and his insufferable attitude of superiority.

This attitude is not based on superior piety, virtue, or learning. It is based on birth alone. The dirtiest, most ignorant, most vicious Brahman is innately superior to the most pious, virtuous, learned, and cleanly man of another caste. In the codes drawn up by Brahmans the slaying of a Brahman, for any cause whatever, was the most heinous of all crimes, and the Brahman was exempt from the punishment of death for any crime that he might commit. In Macaulay's account of the horror of the multitude at the execution of the Brahman Nuncomar—an account which, like much else in that great author's historical writings, is purely imaginary—we have a true picture, not of what happened, but of the Brahman's view of justice. There is no reason whatever to believe that any person in the crowd other than a Brahman was struck with horror, and there is every probability that the prevailing sentiment was joy that a power had arisen strong enough to set at nought the intolerable pretensions of the priestly caste.

It is not Brahmans alone, some may say, who desire political freedom. Why then condemn the Brahmans only? It is true that the Brahmans are not alone in clamouring for self-government, but they have been, and are, the protagonists of the parties which profess to desire it, and their numbers and importance in these bodies are out of all proportion to their numbers and importance in what they are pleased to call the Indian nation. How many 'Untouchables' have demanded this boon, and what share are they likely to have in it?

Mr. Mathews finds a remedy for this state of affairs in the railway:

> The railways all day and every day are breaking down caste and making India more conscious of her unity.

Is this true? Can anybody assert that the Brahman no longer believes in his intrinsic superiority to other men? It is true that we meet on the railway—

> men of every conceivable caste, language, class, and race, from a Prince Ranjitsinhji to an ash-smeared fakir, from a portly Parsi millionaire to a Rabindranath Tagore, from the squat, quaint, friendly, fighting Gurkha and the burly, bearded Sikh to the lank, languid, intellectual Bengali—agitators and officials, Brahmans and outcastes, policemen and professors,

but can we believe that the Brahman, driven by circumstances too strong for him into this society, enjoys the association? Has he so purged out the old leaven of malice and wickedness as to meet the company as brothers, or does he, after unwillingly rubbing shoulders with men perhaps cleaner than himself, purge himself of the defilement by less seemly lustrations? Old-fashioned Anglo-Indians were wont to prophesy that railways would kill caste, but the *rel-gari* has been running for considerably more than half a century, and caste survives. Any decline of its vigour that may be observed is due to an influence higher than the railway, the only influence that will ever kill it.

If this apparently ineradicable antagonism can exist between communities which nominally accept the same religious system, what are we to expect of those whose religious systems are in themselves antagonistic? In the course of a recent agitation originating in an unfortunate misconception of the views and intentions of His Majesty's Government on the part of the Muslims of India, numbers of that traditionally loyal community denounced the Government, ostentatiously abjured their allegiance, and committed other extravagances which they have since had good reason to regret. They were welcomed with open arms by associations of disaffected Hindus, and we heard of a union of hearts which should never be dissolved, of the complete elimination of the age-long antipathy of the monotheist to the polytheist, of the pure Brahman to the impure Mlechchha. The Moplah

rebellion, with its massacres and its forcible conversions of Hindus to Islam, rang the curtain down on this farce. More recently devastating riots in various towns, and particularly in the capital of India, where they have been attended by outrage, massacres, and the desecration of temples and destruction of images, and at Gulbarga, in the largest Muhammadan State in India, where a superintendent of police and some rioters were shot, mosques desecrated, and several Hindu temples looted and destroyed, have probably convinced even ascetic visionaries preaching peace and fomenting sedition that the union of these two peoples has never existed but in their dreams.

Yet the country which theorists would have us believe is capable of governing itself is made up of ten major communities and countless minor ones, among whom bitterness is every bit as acute as between the Hindu and the Muhammadan.

For the great concessions already made to democratic pretensions in India we have received no thanks. The weaker communities may be pardoned for regarding them as a betrayal of their interests. Those who pretend to speak for the nations of India demand further concessions. Is it not time to cry a halt, and to consider whether we may not have gone too far already? We have admittedly sacrificed efficiency to sentiment, and there is good reason to doubt the genuineness of the sentiment. Let it be remembered that the Muslims do not amount to a quarter of the population of India; that the 'Untouchables,' though strong in numbers, are weak in all other respects; that the relatively small Christian and Parsi communities, the former of which contains many of our own blood, are entitled to protection; and that there are other communities among the peoples of India whose fate is in jeopardy. Of such communities we are the trustees. Can we afford to abandon our trust?

I have no wish to exaggerate the antagonism between the peoples of India, but its existence has been proved, for those who required proof, by recent events. It is our duty to eliminate it; but we shall not perform this task by ignoring it as a factor in politics, or by making any further attempts to divest ourselves of our responsibility. Mr. Mathews has set our goal before us. His world team will eventually, one hopes and believes, be formed; but he is mistaken if he supposes that it will form itself, and it is idle to pretend that its formation is within measurable distance. We have no reason to believe that it is the ideal of those who are clamouring for further concessions, or that these concessions, if we are weak enough to make them, will do anything but increase the power of small, selfish, and incompetent oligarchies. It may be doubted whether the pursuit of the ideal expressed in such parrot-phrases as 'government of the people, for the people, and

by the people,' 'Good government is no substitute for self-government,' etc., has made Britain any richer, happier, or more virtuous than she was, but the ideal, such as it is, is Western, and is not understood in India. The infinitesimal minority which professes to seek it is seeking something widely different, and the political ideal of the masses, so far as they are conscious of possessing one, is far simpler. They are content to leave their destiny in the hands of those who will govern them honestly, justly, impartially, and as economically as possible, and who will not bother them with political nostrums. Let us hope that it may yet be found possible to comply with their very reasonable wishes.

WOLSELEY HAIG.

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE: THE FREE TRADERS' OBJECTIONS

THE death of Viscount Long of Wraxall is a great loss to those who opposed him in political affairs, as it is to those who followed him. He was always an honourable and straightforward opponent. For many years he was one of the most formidable of the controversialists and leaders amongst the Tariff Reformers. Last August *The Nineteenth Century* published an article by him on Imperial Preference. My article, nearly finished before he died, is some attempt to reply to the arguments he then advanced.

Imperial Preference is, for the time being at any rate, the most important of the subjects round which the Free Trade argument ranges In the kindly reference which Lord Long made to me he stated that 'he [myself] quite ignores the fact that since then [1903], owing to the experience and fresh knowledge which we have acquired, it has been repeatedly stated that there is no intention whatever of taxing foodstuffs.' Let me ask in reply three questions: (1) What are the experience and fresh knowledge which affect the argument? (2) Who are the people who have abandoned the intention of taxing foodstuffs? And (3) What are the articles upon which we are to give preferences if foodstuffs are excluded?

Before I say anything on these three questions there are a few preliminary observations which must be made. Tariff Reformers and Free Traders are alike anxious to weld together the various parts of the British Empire. We rejoice in every opportunity that is given us of celebrating our common heritage and of propagating our common ideals. We Free Traders are anxious, as far as possible, to meet Dominion views of the future development of the great commonwealth of nations which we term the British Empire. We lag behind no one in our anxiety to unite with them in every attempt for the welfare of mankind. To those who feel like this Imperial Preference has a specious appearance which may well deceive the unwary. We are all proud of the British Empire, and it seems an easy method of knitting together the far-flung portions of the Empire. On the practical objections to such a policy I will say something later. For the moment it will be

enough to ask whether the nations of the world who have seen the aggrandisement of the British Empire without any great uneasiness, knowing that where we added territories we excluded no traders, would have viewed with equal unanimity the addition of large markets to which they themselves would only have access under difficulties. During the last half of last century, while we added many thousand square miles to the British Empire, it was the knowledge that their goods entered these lands on equal terms with our own which prevented our commercial competitors from protesting against these great additions. A different policy on our part would change the attitude of the other nations of the world. Where we now meet with sympathy we should, in the new circumstances, expect hostility. This was a point on which Lord Cromer used to lay great stress. Here is a quotation from a speech which he made in 1907, with reference to the Soudan:

> Foreign Governments, had they been so minded, might perhaps have taken exception to the creation of a hybrid political status hitherto wholly unknown to international jurists. But not a murmur was heard. Why was this? It was because a special clause was inserted in the Convention regulating the future of the Soudan to the effect that no preference should be given to the trade of any one nation. That clause silenced the objectors. They were perfectly satisfied—the Germans, the French and the Italians—when they knew that they would be able to compete on equal terms with British traders. And who was responsible for the Convention, hall-marked as it was with the Free Trade imprimatur? The Minister who sanctioned and warmly approved this arrangement was one whose sound Imperialism cannot, I conceive, be called in question. It was the late Lord Salisbury. Let me add that, so far as can be at present gathered, British trade has in no degree suffered by the absence of any right to preferential treatment in the Soudan. It has held its own well.

Again, there are many Free Traders whose attitude towards Imperial Preference would be more sympathetic if they could believe that it is a self-contained policy. But they are obliged to think of it, as it has been conceived by so many avowed Protectionists, as merely the initial step towards a full system of Tariff Reform. Those who speak most loudly about Preference are just those who are the most prominent Protectionists, and we find it impossible to dissociate the two ideas. We believe that every step towards Preference would be regarded as a fresh step in the direction of Protection. The nation would not be permitted to stop at Preference on existing revenue duties, but would find itself committed to the full policy. Would Mr. Baldwin himself be satisfied with the one and abstain from promoting the other? If he would, there are certainly many members of his party who would not be satisfied, but would rather incline to the views which Mr. Richard Jebb expressed in the *Outlook* on July 19 last, where he wrote:

Preference belongs to Protection and not to Free Trade. They [Free Traders] regard it as the thin edge of the Protectionist wedge, as of course it is. . . . There is no way except the Dominion way and Mr. Chamberlain's way of getting an adequate and secure system of Preference.

Again, we should all be careful nowadays not to mistake the opinion of a section as the opinion of the whole. Twelve months ago people would have spoken of France and England as holding certain views on the various public questions of the day. In both countries general elections have proved that the Governments of that time did not represent the considered judgment of the people. Very differently now would publicists regard French and English opinion. And in Australia there is a very large and powerful party which repudiates altogether the fiscal opinions of Mr. Bruce. In Canada there is a strong movement away from Protection, and, especially amongst the farmers, who would like to see the cost of their agricultural implements reduced. How unfortunate it would be if we in Great Britain were to become involved in a complicated system of tariffs and preferential agreements just as Free Trade opinion is increasing in our Dominions.

Let me turn now to the three questions I have asked, and consider first, What are the experience and fresh knowledge which affect the argument?

Our commercial position is singularly like that of 1903. The foreign trade figures are larger, but the directions are very much the same. The figures of our export trade have greatly increased; but, in spite of the grant of preferences to us and the growth of the Empire in recent years, the direction of our trade remains practically unaltered. In 1903 38·1 per cent. of our exports went to the various parts of the Empire abroad. In 1913, the year before the war, this figure stood at 37·2 per cent., and the proportion last year was practically the same. Our 'fresh knowledge' of the course of export trade does not suggest any startling benefit from Imperial Preference during the last twenty years. Our Empire markets have expanded only in the same proportion as our foreign markets, and this tendency has existed for far longer than twenty years.

One thing we have learnt. Mr. Chamberlain, it will be remembered, included a schedule of 'forbidden industries' in his policy. Indeed, it was more than a mere feature. While we were to give preference to Imperial products, the Dominions were to abstain from the manufacture of certain goods of ours, which presumably were to have free access to their markets. In any case the duties on them would not be protective in their intentions. Experience and knowledge have taught us how vain was this hope. Nowhere in any part of the Empire did this idea receive the slightest encouragement, and the proposal has been

entirely abandoned. The advantages which our manufacturers were to receive from it have entirely disappeared. There remains only the price we are asked to pay for something which we are not to receive.

Secondly, who are the people who have abandoned the intention of taxing our foodstuffs? The Premier of Australia is certainly not one of them. Only last October, at the Imperial Conference, Mr. Bruce said:

> Britain should be prepared to assist in some way in the marketing of Dominion foodstuffs and agricultural raw materials. I particularly mention foodstuffs and agricultural raw materials for this reason, that these things are what the Dominions produce; and it is their production which will bring about the development of the Dominions. It is no good our passing pious resolutions in favour of better preference to the Dominions and ever dodging the great issue. The issue is there, and it is not the slightest use our trying to avoid it.

And he proceeded to put forward five proposals, the first of which, and the one for which he said he must give his 'first choice,' was a tariff on our imports of foreign foodstuffs and raw materials, with a preference to Empire produce. Mr. Bruce was regarded as the mouthpiece of the Dominion representatives at the Conference, and no objection appears to have been raised by any of them to his proposals.

If there remains no intention whatever of taxing foodstuffs, can anyone explain why last June the Conservative Opposition officially brought forward in the House of Commons a series of resolutions which, if passed, would have laid taxes on dried fruits, apples, honey, fruit juices, and canned salmon and shell-fish, all of which are now imported duty free? And why has Mr. Neville Chamberlain given notice to the effect that—

> the moment we come back to office . . . we hold ourselves free to bring into operation at once those proposals for Imperial Preference which were so disastrously rejected by the present Government?

At the last General Election the Conservatives definitely asked for power to tax these and other imported foodstuffs. True, they excluded bread and meat at that time, and they apparently do so still. But Mr. Bruce's views do not easily harmonise with this temporary—as I believe it to be—policy of the Conservative Party. Speaking at the Conference, he used these words:

> The British Government, through the voice of the Prime Minister, has said there is to be no tax upon meat or upon wheat, although the whole of the statement made to-day seemed to indicate that the tariff was infinitely preferable to any other method; and if we are going to shut the door on other methods, and not go forward and try to find whether there not some other way of giving effect to what we want outside the tariff,

then we have to recognise that we have closed the door to a great extent to any real stride forward in Empire development at this moment.

It is clear, therefore, that the demand to tax bread and meat will still continue to be made on us by, at any rate, some sections in the self-governing Dominions. The present pledge to exclude these taxes is based on mere expediency, and not on policy. It may not last for more than a few months.

Let me turn now to the last of my three questions: What are the articles upon which we are to give preference if foodstuffs are excluded? Of course, if we were to tax foreign imports of raw materials, including cotton, wool, hides, and non-ferrous metals, we could give a very considerable preference to our Empire abroad. In 1922, out of our total imports of 298,000,000*l.* of raw materials, 136,000,000*l.* came from the Empire abroad. But of these no less than 43,000,000*l.* were re-exported by us—a fact not generally appreciated—leaving our net imports for our own consumption at 93,000,000*l.* on which it would be possible to grant a preference. I do not, however, think that many of even our most enthusiastic Preferentialists would endorse any such proposal.

There remains the case of imported Empire manufactures. It will be found, when we analyse the classes of goods included under this heading in our Board of Trade returns, that a very small proportion consists of wholly manufactured goods, the rest being really the raw materials of our industry.

In 1922 only 22,664,000*l.* out of 229,750,000*l.* of our manufactured imports came from the Empire. Let us see what these include:

	£
Non-ferrous metals	6,167,000
Woollen and worsted manufactures	970,000
Textiles (mainly jute goods)	2,804,000
Chemicals, dyestuffs, drugs, etc.	1,203,000
Oils, fats, etc.	2,658,000
Leather and manufactures	3,072,000
Paper and cardboard	1,886,000
Vehicles (mainly motor cars)	1,498,000
Other manufactures	2,406,000
Total	£22,664,000

Small as this total is, no less than 5,168,000*l.* of these imported Empire goods were re-exported by us, leaving only 17,496,000*l.* worth as our net imports.

Now let us glance at these Empire 'manufactures' which in 1922 we retained for home consumption, and ascertain the sources from which we received them:

	£
From INDIA (mainly jute and leather goods and dyestuffs)	5,144,000
From STRAITS SETTLEMENTS (mainly tin): .	1,876,000
From AUSTRALIA (mainly copper, lead, tin and leather)	2,526,000
From CANADA (mainly motor cars, paper, leather and metals)	4,374,000
From NEWFOUNDLAND (mainly paper) . .	1,406,000
From BRITISH EAST INDIES (dyestuffs, etc.) .	891,000
Total	£16,217,000

I have here accounted for nearly 16,250,000*l*. out of the 17,500,000*l*. worth of manufactured goods imported from the Empire and retained for home consumption in 1922. It is obvious that by far the greater proportion of them are raw materials for our industries. As regards the others, it would be impossible to give India a preference on jute manufactures, because she is practically our sole supplier. We could, of course, give Newfoundland and Canada preference by taxing competing paper imports, but this would hardly be popular with a great part of our Press and other paper users.

We come to the bald fact that practically the only Empire manufacture on which we could give any useful preference, as things are at present, is on motor cars; and this advantage would solely accrue to Canada, from which we imported about 1,250,000*l*. worth in 1923. These, of course, had a preference under the McKenna duties, now happily, in my view, abolished.

It seems to me, then, that, when we come to analyse the nature of our Empire imports, there is no possible escape from Mr. Chamberlain's conclusion that it is impossible to give anything like a real preference to the Colonies unless we tax food and raw materials. I fail to see what 'recent events' have occurred to impair the truth of his contention, which, to my mind, remains axiomatic in its accuracy and simplicity.

We must remember that this is no new topic. 'Differential duties,' as preferential duties were then called, were in operation before 1840. Mr. Brunker reminded us at the late International Free Trade Conference of the valuable Report made by the Hume Committee appointed in that year to inquire into the incidence of our then import duties, which contains the following passage:

> Whilst the tariff has been made subordinate to many small producing interests at home by the sacrifice of revenue in order to support these interests, the same principle of Preference is largely applied, by the various discriminatory duties, to the produce of our colonies, by which exclusive advantages are given to the colonial interests at the expense of the Mother Country. Your Committee recommend that as speedily as possible the

whole system of differential duties and of all restrictions should be reconsidered, and that a change therein be effected in such a manner that existing interests may suffer as little as possible in the transition to a more liberal and equitable state of things.

The experience of the past, then, should open our eyes to the dangers of Preference.

Let me now utter a warning against a policy which must lead to bargaining between the self-governing Dominions and ourselves. Already there are ominous signs that many of our exporting manufacturers are dissatisfied with the nature of the preferences which their goods receive in several Dominion markets. It is perhaps wiser not to quote. If there is impatience now in our relations with the colonies, whose goods have always had access to our shores on the same basis as those of other countries, and who receive, besides, many other advantages from us not shared by foreign countries, what will be the result if we tax ourselves to benefit them and do not receive what may be regarded as an adequate return ? Who is to decide whether any given rebate is fair ? I can imagine no controversy which is more likely to lead to argument, friction, and disputes between our Dominions and ourselves ; and it is against so likely a source of disunion that we Free Traders protest.

I conclude this article with a quotation from a speech made by Mr. Winston Churchill in the course of the debate on a Colonial Preference amendment to the Address in the House of Commons on February 19, 1907, with which I remain in entire agreement :

The amendment which has been placed on the paper affirms, in the most distinct and precise manner, the principle of Colonial Preference. Now what does that mean ? Sir, it does not mean tinkering with existing customs duties I challenge the hon. gentleman who has just spoken (Mr. Bonar Law) to rise in his place and say that all he means by Imperial Preference is a mere differentiation of the duties on cocoa, wine, tobacco, and dried fruits It does not mean merely welcoming the preferences which the colonies have freely, and without request for a return, accorded to us in the last few years. It does not mean that we should welcome them and do nothing in return Nor does it mean that we should simply fold our arms and allow the process of reciprocal treaties to proceed between the different Protectionist colonies, which, after all, is a very small matter, which only involves in tariff States mere revisions of the existing schedules, and which constitute steady approximations to Free Trade and to a reduction of duties. It does not mean that. It means—and I am sure the hon. gentleman is much too candid and courageous an opponent to deny it—that we should bind ourselves, if we accepted the motion which is put forward, to erect a tariff wall around this country.

Mr. Bonar Law : I should be perfectly satisfied—and I think I am as extreme as most men—if the Government would undertake to use even the existing taxes as a first beginning.

Mr. Churchill : The hon. gentleman says he would be content if we would use the existing taxes as a first beginning of this tariff wall which is

to be erected round the country and differentiate in favour of the colonies. Yes, but we are not dealing only with first beginnings. We are dealing with the principle of a great change in our fiscal policy, and I say that it is not possible to give a preference to the colonies unless you erect duties round this country which do not at present exist. And what sort of duties? Why, it is not so long since I heard in this House the right hon. member for West Birmingham on a memorable afternoon use that oft-quoted sentence—'If you would give a preference to the colonies you must put a tax on food.' Yes, sir, the principle which is affirmed by this amendment, *if it is to mean* anything but mere opportunities for political partisanship, if it is to mean anything but a mere academic assertion in support of which no real effort is to be made, is that those who vote for it are prepared, if they are given the power, to impose duties differentiating in favour of the colonies upon bread and meat and dairy produce.

BEAUCHAMP.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

I REMEMBER years ago hearing Mr. Balfour denounce, with unwonted acerbity, the Conservative gentlemen who sit at ease in their armchairs and ' damn the Conservative Party.' I have far too much sympathy with those who do the hard work of keeping in existence the machine which is so important for social defence to join the growlers who expect so much and perform so little. What the party needs most at the present time is a spirit of confidence and unity, a real belief in its own mission, a restatement of its historic traditions that shall meet the peculiar needs and dangers of to-day, and a determination to attract within its orbit all who are opposed to reckless social experiments and doctrinaire dealings with the resources and responsibilities of the Empire. Many Conservatives have been lulled into a sense of security by the enforced moderation and hypnotising ' gestures ' of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and a kind of peaceful dulness has descended on the political arena. Yet the election will be of crucial importance. The Socialists talk of a record majority within three years, and it is certain that if they do obtain real power they will hurry on the full Socialist programme : capital levy, nationalisation, and all the other ' idealistic ' schemes which, if they were applied suddenly to our complicated system of credit and international trade, would dry up in a moment the sources of our national income. It is urgently necessary that all the defensive forces, all the best critical intelligence, of the nation should be rallied against the upheavalists who, if they have their way, will ruin the earth in the attempt to create a new heaven.

The Conservative Party must therefore be comprehensive and willing to co-operate with all who will join in the work of steadying and moderating the processes of social change and of fighting the follies of revolution. There is a danger of small sections within the party arrogating to themselves the right of saying, ' We will not have this man ' or ' this scheme.' This is a line of action which, if persisted in, would reduce the party to an ineffective sterility like that of the Polish Diet, in which each individual member had the *liberum veto*, the right of defeating any motion by his single vote. Fortunately this tendency has been less in evidence of late,

and while no one wants to experiment in further 'coalitions,' there is a general recognition of the fairly obvious fact that in a country of universal suffrage the Conservatives must welcome all the honest help they can obtain. A striking instance of this is the return of Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill has made mistakes in the course of his agitated career, but they have never been the mistakes of a fool, and every man who has worked with him or under him pays tribute to the brain, the energy and capacity which make him one of the few striking personalities on the political stage to-day. Courage and fighting gifts, the ability to make real argumentative speeches, and the willingness to labour at their preparation, are qualities of high value, and I, for one, think that Mr. Churchill's recognition that the Conservative Party must be the real instrument of social defence is a good augury for the campaign. The Socialists have always paid him the compliment of singling him out as a man to be fought above all others, and it is certain that he is spoiling for a fight with them. There should be some pretty sparring in the Epping Division, and the Conservatives will always gain if they show the boxing spirit which forty years ago led Lord Randolph and Burnaby to challenge the caucus in its Aston stronghold.

The last election taught the Conservatives some salutary lessons. A very big change in policy was suddenly brought before the country without preparation, and not unnaturally the criticism of the policy swayed the minds of the electors more easily than the argument in support of it. The electioneering 'experts' of the party advised the gamble, and their advice proved disastrous. Mr. Baldwin's sincerity impressed the country notwithstanding his defeat, but a leader's reputation suffers if he accepts bad advice, and one of our present uncertainties is whether Mr. Baldwin has yet overcome the effects of his mistake. The Conservative leader strikes the observer as precisely the type of man who should allow himself plenty of time in his efforts to influence opinion. Sudden dramatic strokes hardly seem to be within his range or consonant with his character, but, on the other hand, he has great powers of persuasion, and, since the loss of office, has shown qualities which may win the confidence of the majority. It is no small thing that he is the most constant in his attendance in the House of any leader since the days when Disraeli sat motionless and impassive hour after hour, thinking no man knows what. A witty critic has said that Mr. Baldwin offers his followers an open and an absent mind, but this is quite untrue. What he offers is the 'Centre Party' mind, and nearly always in our history the 'Centre Party' mind has directed the final solution in our great controversies. Evidently he is a typical Englishman with a natural liking for tradition, a sense of the continuity of life in England, a

belief that we shall reach practicable conclusions if we are fair to one another, and a very serious and genuine desire to do what is right for the nation he is called upon to serve. These are high qualities and rare enough in politicians. They are not perhaps spectacular, but in the 'long run' Mr. Baldwin's characteristics will win for him a wider and wider respect. In any case there he is, the duly appointed leader, with all the responsibilities of leadership and no rival in the Commons whose claims can be seriously advocated. Nothing but harm can be done by peddling criticism with no political aims lofty enough to be avowed. We do not want a series of amateur king-makers in the Conservative Party or the Conservative Press. At Newcastle the National Unionist Conference showed unabated confidence in Mr. Baldwin, and he is entitled to the loyal support of all who really desire to see Conservative principles prevail.

In matters of organisation the party has in some respects been improved, but much remains to be done before it can be regarded as possessing the best possible means of appeal to the public at large. One of the wisest measures in recent years was the foundation by Sir Philip Stott of the college for training speakers and agents. The students have an opportunity of learning something about economics and history and political theories, and are able to approach difficult problems with some real knowledge. Undoubtedly the Socialists have gained many supporters by the eloquence of the young men and women who have acquired dogmatic assurance and absolute faith by the intensive study of the works, or more probably an epitome of the works, of Marx. The gospel of Marx is preached at every street corner with all the ardour that the devotees of a new religion can show ; in order to combat it more carefully trained speakers are required, and the college is certainly turning out men of a higher type. Another branch of organisation that deserves special praise is the Junior Imperial League. In this Lord Eustace Percy and others preach a thoughtful and reasoned Conservatism, and uphold a sane Imperialism which strongly appeals to a league of youth which has branches all over the country and many thousands of members. Politics and amusement and good fellowship are combined in a manner reminiscent of the Primrose League, which in old days did such excellent pioneer work and is still strong in many districts. The National Union was given a new 'constitution' at Newcastle, the laudable object being to make it more representative of all parts and classes of the country, and particularly to give a definite place to 'wage-earners' in the conferences of the party.

It is interesting to notice how wide a welcome has been given to the proposal to run more men and women candidates belonging to the wage-earning classes. If the party can offer a career open

to talent to all ranks of society, it will immensely widen its appeal. If it cannot give a reasonable chance of political power to able and ambitious young men and women of Conservative traditions, the party cannot hope much for the future. We have far too many candidates who have made their career in other ways, generally in successful commerce, and whose knowledge of political questions is extraordinarily slight. Now the personality of the candidate is becoming more and more influential in elections, because in the enormous electorate of to-day there is always a mass of uncommitted voters, whose opinions largely depend on what they hear at the actual election. This is particularly the case with women voters, and it has become a tradition already that the candidates shall appear on the same platform to address a big representative meeting of women in the constituency. These meetings are quite different from ordinary party demonstrations, and votes are actually determined by the impressions made by the candidates. If a man has taken up politics late in life and has no special knowledge or enthusiasm, he is at a grave disadvantage in such an assembly, and his party suffers accordingly. Party organisers and local associations always have thought far too much of wealth and social standing in selecting candidates. Political intelligence and genuine interest in social problems are more important than these things, and membership of the House ought no longer to be regarded as an addendum to success in other spheres, but as a paramount concern and occupation. We do not want to see the House given up to professional politicians, but no party can survive in these strenuous times unless its rank and file show a high average of political ability. The one outstanding bye-election success, in Glasgow, was largely won because the Conservative candidate was a man of conspicuous political powers.

Of all the Marxian dogmas the most dangerous and embittering is the doctrine of class consciousness, which teaches the proletarian that he is in duty bound to hate all his neighbours of the non-proletarian classes. This doctrine has not been warmly welcomed in England, and the composition of the first Labour Government was a comic comment on its absurdity. Where is the orthodox class hatred of Lord Parmoor and Lord Chelmsford, not to mention Lord Haldane, whose comprehensive consciousness is more likely to absorb the universe than to confine itself to a single class? We are not as a people good at 'hates,' but it would be an error to underrate the dangers which the constant street corner preaching of Marx's doctrine involves. It is indeed the special duty of the Conservatives to combat this doctrine by proving that they are a truly national party and not merely a combination to defend 'big business' or other vested interests. If suitable and representative men and women from the working classes can be chosen for the

right districts and treated in all respects on an equality with other candidates, it will be good evidence that the party is a national one. It has always been a puzzle to 'high-brow' Liberals that such a being as the Conservative working man can possibly exist. Yet those sections of the Socialist Party which belong to the working classes know their fellows better, and understand perfectly well that Conservatism is a very real element amongst labouring men. Only the other day Mr. Bevin complained that Conservatism is almost as great a difficulty in the trade unions as in politics. To trace the origins of this widespread Conservatism would be an interesting study in social psychology. It is a fortunate fact, which has given stability and moderation to English politics, and has justified the belief of Disraeli that the extension of the suffrage in 1867 could be made without danger: 'I think England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her; that she is safe in something more precious than her accumulated capital—her accumulated experience; she is safe in her national character, in her fame, in the traditions of a thousand years.' That was the spirit of the Tory leader who laid the foundations of Toryism in the new democracy of England.

At the last election the Conservatives lost many seats in what have often been the strongholds of their power—in London, Lancashire, and the southern counties—and it is in these districts that they must hope for gains in the next contest. If gains are made, they will be at the expense of the Socialists in London and Lancashire and of the Liberals in the county divisions. As regards the latter, the agricultural policy of the party must be more clearly defined, and this was recognised at Newcastle, though the Conference, while demanding a policy from the leaders, gave no indication of what that policy should be. 'The agricultural labourer,' said Lord Selborne, 'is a very skilled man, and he is paid a wholly inadequate wage, because the land does not produce a profit that will enable him to be paid a higher wage.' He advocated a subsidy that would make corn-growing pay and enable the labourer to be paid a decent wage. This is very like the guinea an acre policy of the last election, which certainly did not prove attractive to the agricultural labourers or to the women in the villages, who generally regard the farmers as wealthy men and were told that they were to be taxed to pay the farmer's guinea. Here again the party policy was crudely presented without adequate preparation, and it is to be hoped that, if the subsidising of corn-growing is adopted, the policy will be better explained. The Socialist policy of nationalising the land and making the State the only buyer and seller of foreign corn should be subjected to detailed criticism, or the Conservatives will find the Socialists promising all the advantages of Protection without any of its evils.

The other matter of high policy on which the party demands a definite statement from its leaders is the reform of the Second Chamber or the re-establishment of some effective check on hasty legislation. Parts, at any rate, of the Parliament Act have, I think, been accepted by the nation as permanent changes, on which it will not go back, and no one is likely to modify the financial supremacy of the Commons or their ultimate predominance in Parliament. But on all grounds of political reason there ought to be some means of checking the predominant single Chamber, or at least of referring its proposals to the electorate before they become law. In a democratic State such a referring and checking power cannot be effectively exercised by a purely hereditary body, and Lord Cecil is prepared to accept 'some considerable democratising of the Second Chamber' if it will provide a real safeguard against revolution. Why does not the party boldly accept the Referendum, and couple with its proposal of a new Second Chamber a provision that in the event of disagreement between the two Houses the specific issue shall be referred to the electorate for decision? The Referendum is the only safe guard defensible in our present political conditions, and the experience of other nations shows that it is a very real one.

Yet clearly the main issue of the next election will not be the positive programme of the Conservatives, but the far-reaching plans of the Socialists. Conservatives will have to defend the natural evolution and organic development of society against the purely rational construction of the theoretically perfect State, as Burke defended the orderly progress of England against the Rationalists of France. They will have to defend individual independence and free enterprise against bureaucratic control, and to show that private ownership is not only compatible with the public good, but the necessary foundation of the national income, by which all social reforms must be financed. Propertied classes in this country can enter this contest with a clear conscience, as there is no country in the world where the rich man pays so much in taxation and where the poor man receives so much in State benefit. This fact ought to be emphasised and illustrated far more than it is by the party speakers. Large fortunes are at least a convenience to the Budget-maker. If a man has 30,000*l.* a year, he pays nearly 15,000*l.* in income and super-tax, but if 100 men have 300*l.* a year each, no Chancellor could extract 150*l.* from each of them in direct taxation. At present the 100 men pay about 500*l.* between them. What will become of all the pensions and doles and free education if the national income is suddenly diminished, as it was in Russia, by reckless schemes of reconstruction? It is well that the poorer citizen should receive benefits from the State, but if the security of the State is threatened, State

benefits will quickly disappear. The defence of property is the defence of the national income.

It is not enough to label the Socialists as Reds and Communists. The main articles of their programme should be submitted to detailed and reasoned criticism. This campaign of criticism should be carefully organised by the Conservative leaders, and the whole debating resources of the party should be employed in serious argument and in setting forth the Conservative conception of social progress as against the 'catastrophic' schemes of the upheavalists. In these questions of economic and social change, which interest the electors more than any others, the motto of the party should be 'Evolution accepted, Utopias surveyed and valued, catastrophes barred.' If they can save us from 'catastrophic' legislation, the Conservatives will once more fulfil their primary function. But still more important is the task of preserving all that is best in the old world for the new world that is jerking and jazzing itself into existence, all that is best in the aristocratic spirit and tradition of public service, in the belief in empire, in the sturdy independence and energy of many Englishmen and of Scots galore who are ready to work at their jobs and carve out a career for themselves without being aided by the State or directed by a Government department. There is plenty of Conservative feeling in all ranks ready to be evoked. After all, the one unit known to natural or political history in which no trace of Conservatism existed was the group of Gadarene swine.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

Postscript.—This article was written before the Dissolution, and it seemed wiser to leave it unaltered.

W. D. G.

THE REFORM BILL FOR FARMERS

The annual 'push,' or rush, to the Scottish Highlands which we have just witnessed, together with the recent widespread scare about grain crops and the rapidly weakening stakes of our British agriculture in its entirety, may justly prove adequate as an excuse for a swift survey of an undeniably threatening situation affecting the homeland which has a phase decidedly patriotic as well as an aspect uncomfortably economic.

Even if the annual *battue* in the north did not act as a special reminder, a selfish national prudence will dictate that I should devote a preliminary paragraph or two to the conditions in the Highlands. From the national defence point of view, we cannot forget that some eighty years ago, at Aberfeldy, 2000 men were recruited within two days from an area about forty miles round; and still vivid to ourselves to-day must be the manner in which our famous mountaineer breed rallied and fought gloriously in the war which we had entered over a decade ago. The economic picture presented in contrast to this devoted and inalienable patriotism is unmistakably ugly, but, for our safety's sake, it must be hung, unshielded, in the centre of 'the line.' In an era in which it is more vitally urgent than ever that our people, the people who were naturally destined to carry on our traditions throughout the century, should by preference, being food-producers, live their lives in the country of their birth, if this be at all possible, in the best conditions tending to good physical health and cheerfulness of mind, what do we see? Do we not see them driven from the Highlands, first to make place for sheep and then for deer, then away from their native glens and straths to lose the strength and hardiness which so well became them, and, when lack of employment in the new occupations in which they could engage ccmpels them to abandon their later 'homes' in the slums of the town, finally flying, wailing, to fates kind or unkind across the Atlantic? These broad facts are not unmixed with other facts almost equal in importance but the drive by the deer is the cardinal fact. What, every Scotsman must be compelled to ask, what is the British Government going to do about this pivotal factor?

I can lay claim to a sound right to be heard upon the topic I have thus introduced. It is true that my days are no longer spent in farming in the Highlands, being immersed in commercial business in England, and that I reside in London, as becomes a member of Parliament for a London constituency ; but I was brought up on a Perthshire farm, am to-day a partner in such a farm, and I despatch this contribution while I am performing an annual duty by auditing the accounts thereof. In this way I am in a position to testify that the wave of unrest long running among the farmers of the Highlands, and in fact the farmers of Scotland at large, has in no degree declined, and that luridity continues to distinguish the language in which at the Market Hotel on market-day the farmers discuss the weather, foreign competition, rents, rates and taxes, the edicts of landlords, wage boards, etc. It is in every way profitable to the country that these causes should be canvassed with all frankness.

In the first place, it can be confidently affirmed that, though under deer, much of the land in the Highlands low in elevation can be cultivated. Deer, it may be explained, have come down below the 1000 feet above sea-level, and there are many places still where they can come. The sites from which the peasant farmers are driven are ordinarily put under sheep first, but this is simply an economic artifice : during their grazing the old farm is overrun with bracken, whins, broom, etc., and these creating splendid cover the way is clear for the introduction of game. Potatoes, turnips and, indeed, cereals, have been grown on these sites so seized by deer, and their non-cultivation means not only no small loss in food production, but an ultimate aggravation of the state of unemployment in the towns to which the former producers are often compelled to betake themselves. But the absence of cultivation, quaintly enough, implies a happier condition of affairs from the view of the owner of the land. It is not merely that his assessment for governing expenses is lower : in many instances he actually obtains a good return by letting acres for shooting purposes to, say, an English brewer or a Chicago pork butcher. The village tradesmen, too, may vote for the deer ; but they might not do so did the shooting parties order all the requirements for their stay from a big store in London or Glasgow. In a monetary sense, of course, it may be argued that the country benefits ; but does not the permanent disappearance of so bold and noble a peasantry, particularly in view of grave national perils which may well lie ahead of us, involve a much heavier loss, even considered solely from the economic angle ? These fine peasants leave the glens of their families, it is obvious, with keen regret ; and though they take overseas the names of their native places, their songs

and their customs, their hearts never cease to yearn for the Highlands. But can it be affirmed that the average landlord is rendered in any degree penitent by knowledge of those feelings of the folk who have grown up beside him, equally entitled to the respect and protection of humanity at large? Are these landlords to be the victors eternally? Must gold rule even amid the mountains of the land of a great and glorious people? This supersession of man by animal must end, even if we think only of our own safety, and wherever possible there must be a genuine restoration of the people to the land.

The State must offer these fine Highlanders greater facilities for making their arduous task more profitable. The provisions of the Agricultural Credits Act of 1923 are not suitable to the conditions in the Highlands, where the population being small, the farms meagre, transport a serious difficulty still and money the reverse of plentiful, it is next to impossible for an agricultural co-operative society to put up sufficient capital to secure a loan from the Board of Agriculture that would make the successful working of the enterprise profitable. The areas will have to be made wide and the societies devised so as to embrace the big farmers in the straths along with the small-holders, crofters, etc., up in the glens. The members of Parliament for Scotland must stick like burrs to the cry 'Justice for the tillers of the soil, whatever befall the slaughterers of the game!'

Now I will turn from the small-holders and landlords of the Highlands to the settled farmers of Scotland, including many far distant from deer-line. Caledonia, our people at large must comprehend, is far from being altogether a 'land of mountain and of flood,' of bogs and heather. Rather are there some wonderfully fertile lands away north 'ayont the Tweed'; for illustration, the Carse of Gowrie grows wheat which for both straw and head cannot be surpassed. Whether we cite the Howe of Stirling, the Howe of Strathmore, the Mearns, the Lothians and Kyle and Carrick, or the Border Country, and the Valley of the Tay, or the great rolling lands up the east coast through the 'Kingdom of Fife' and Kincardineshire, we can point to glowing proofs that the hardy Scots race has made prairie-land to 'bloom and blossom like the rose.' Yet these mentions would not exhaust the admirable examples of their capacity, their industry, their enterprise. Where is the country-bred Scotsman who does not think proudly of 'the cattle upon a thousand hills,' with a special place for the polled Angus cattle, the great breed of black-faced sheep, the Clydesdale horses? And who that knows him doubts that his memory lingers longest, perhaps, over the oats which make the glorious dish of porridge, supped with the creamy milk, the essence of pastures none can surpass, but unmistakably most

lovingly over the barley which, distilled in 'mountain dew,' casts a generous halo over 'the land of brown heath and shaggy wood'?

These superb gifts of Nature, unhappily, are to a considerable degree marred and dwarfed by the remains of the human nature of the Scot. The farmers of Scotland, but most notably those on the northern heights, are beyond question open to substantial criticism, alike as to farming and to marketing, in these intensely competitive days. Happily, they are now gradually allowing their rapidly developing native intelligence and their constantly advancing knowledge of facts to dynamite their habits of mind and custom, and should it please the Legislature to turn a more sympathetic side to them, a much greater prosperity may yet be their fortune, for their faults are not faults of personal design, but faults of hereditary deposits and national training.

In reviewing British farming generally at any time we are always confronted with the fact that, though the population of this island presents an enormous market for agricultural produce, much of what is consumed therein comes across the seas. The Scottish farmer could certainly have a much bigger share if he liked, for in parts, as I have noted, the soil of Scotland grows more bushels to the acre than that of Canada. Why does he fail to obtain it? Primarily because he retains in certain directions, we insist, the narrow instincts of the unenlightened man, and further because he has been taught over the years, falsely, that the competition of outsiders is injurious both to himself and to the country. Despite the parliamentary fights which have been waged in his midst, he has never thoroughly grasped the great advantages which flow directly and indirectly from freedom of trade the world over, and so he has hitherto hoped unceasingly for the passage of a measure devised to protect him from foreign competition. A direct consequence of this lamentable fact is that there has not been cultivated in him that alertness to the possibility of quicker and cheaper ways of doing things—even in securing protection against the consequences of bad weather—which is, perhaps, the secret of that monetary success that is so undeniably attending the exertions of other countries no better favoured than either Scotland or England. Luckily, as I have noted, the facts are 'coming home' at last to the farmers of our country. The importation of cereals, bacon and eggs, and dairy produce, even when from the Britains overseas, may for a number of years yet continue to be described as 'foreign competition'; but the farmer's wife now knows that foreign butter, eggs and cheese will always confront hers in the market, while the farmer himself is at last scuttling the idea that he can hope to keep out foreign oats

and barley under the cloak of Protection. It is piquant at the moment, by the way, to note that, while the farmers have been striving to induce the Government to put hindrances in the way of imports of the surpluses of other countries, the Scottish fishermen have been urging it to re-establish the herring market with Russia. In fact, it is far from inconceivable that on a comparatively early day the British farmer, following the example in study, in enterprise, in persistent work, and in care set him by the farmers of countries as wide apart as Denmark and South America, Canada and New Zealand, will be found combining to produce in big array standardised articles specially devised to meet British tastes. And therefore more efficient farming generally may flow, particularly in the Highlands.

The kernel of the obstacles to more effective farming and more profitable marketing may be unveiled at this point if I now devote a short paragraph to the characteristics of the Scottish farmer, the Highland type in particular. He is a strong individualist, but ordinarily without the courage of a strong individualist as such is known in business enterprises in England. An outstanding idiosyncrasy is a pronounced dash of suspicion that those with whom he is in contact need to be closely watched, lest they should have a design to damage his interests. He is, besides, in many instances, an iron-clad conservative; it is not simply that he has so great an awe of a landlord as to yield easily to his dictation as to the rotation of crops and to his wishes as to the preservation of game, but that he is, particularly when his selfishness is assailed, like a log, insensitive to suggestion and stolid in nature, floating down a river. So dominated, he is afraid to embark upon any venture in a sphere to which he is a stranger, preferring to chance luck according him a bad crop, in which case he can always, of course, put the blame upon the weather. Big-minded farmers go to Denmark, and, getting ideas, come home to become bigger; but small men go no further afield than their local market and remain small. These seem to be without any sense of responsibility to the country; certainly they appear to be seldom troubled with the consideration of the serious question as to the best use of the soil. At any rate, there are large numbers of farmers who do not make the most use of their lands, but merely persist in an automatic alternation of crops, just as their grandfathers did, according to the language of their lease. The cardinal remedy, of course, is to be discerned in a better education of the prospective farmer in soil culture. It is a big job trying to change the primary features of the nature of the farmer; still there are signs here and there that if the younger men, who through the facilities offered in these days obtain more intimate contact with the pulse of forward-looking authorities, were to obtain a convic-

tion of security of tenure in following their own conceptions as to the right type of culture and line of crops to produce after making themselves acquainted with the soil of their fields, there would soon come into evidence proofs of gratifying changes in the character, quality, and weight of the products. An enormous improvement in dairying since the opening of a dairy school in Kilmarnock justifies this view. Unfortunately, partial successes gained in this way frequently remain partial successes ; a good living having been assured, there is no further departure from the old-fashioned way. We must not overlook either the possibility that a further departure might involve an expenditure that the farmers would be unable to meet or fill them with fear of difficulty with their landlord. Summarily, it can be affirmed that a stronger stimulus is needed to induce the young men seriously and persistently to ' put their backs ' into the business of farming, at least in the measure and with the success attained in other countries. The law or the Government must offer more powerful incentives to experiment, either by providing really attractive machinery for the purchase of farms, or granting a wider liberty to farm free from the conditions of present-day leases, or tendering short loans on moderate terms to facilitate trial of new methods. If farmers of Scotland in a mass uncomfortably large go on much longer having to acknowledge that they are incapable of accomplishing what worse-situated farmers in other countries accomplish, they will deliberately cast a deep slur upon a famous nation.

This risk of the casting of a permanent slur upon the honour of the farmers of Scotland is a challenge to a good Scotsman to sketch briefly his remedies for an unsatisfactory situation. The Reform Bill of the writer would start outside of the farmer. The farmer's fear of losing his farm, it is important to remember, is a great factor in the outlook ; it is this fear which induces him to support the landlord's candidate at an election, and, where the landlord is keen on sport, to encourage game rather than the production of food for human beings. The Reform Bill would impose upon the landlord the obligation to offer to sell the farm or to grant fixity of tenure. It would in addition establish courts for the fixing of rents, and shift the burden of rates and taxes. Land value only would be taxed, and improvements would be relieved from rates. There could also be, as already suggested, short loans in moderate sums to give an impetus to enterprise ; the machinery for these ought to be a Land Bank, which, indeed, is a vital necessity. Next in order would stand provisions for the education of the farmer. The average farmer learns too late the facts which constitute the science of farming ; a farmer ought to possess early in his career at least a knowledge of the ingredients of soils and it should be within his power to get the best

possible results out of all the kinds of land which it may fall to him to farm. Mere book-learning, in which, fortunately, the farmer is at present being liberally instructed, is far from enough, however. A more profitable form of education ultimately will be to scatter over the country experimental farms under the Board of Agriculture. Such farms, even though they were small, could scarcely fail to be of immense value. These facilities offered, it would not be unreasonable to set up a standard of efficiency for the farmer, determined in the main by the nature of the soil, capital invested in the farm, and labour employed; and failure to attain the standard would entail ejection from the farm, even where he owned it. It is not improbable, however, that the earliest and speediest step in the way of reform will be the general adoption of various types of co-operation. For this might easily prove to be the grand avenue to the general enlightenment from which more efficient and profitable farming must flow.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that out of the present intermixture of success and failure in most phases of agriculture there will soon emerge a determined movement for concentration upon co-operation as the activity best calculated to lead to a great improvement in all directions. It is being abundantly shown in farming in other countries that combined efforts bring about successes which no amount of individual effort can accomplish. Certainly, the restricted individual action so prevalent over so many years is responsible for a huge waste of time and money, and if Scotland, at any rate, is to justify the reputation it enjoys among the nations as the country of a people distinguished for their capacity and industry, this waste must speedily come to an end.

Take the old fashion of the little farmer accompanying his three or four beasts, his score of sheep, and his couple of pigs to market every Friday, and his 'guid' wife going along with him with her week's making of butter and her basket of eggs; are we not bound to confess that these 'institutions' are seeing the end of their day and must soon cease to be? Considering how the meagre business the most of them have to do could easily be transacted by a general representative, why should we see Perth market crowded with a thousand farmers on a Friday morning? Are they not there solely for profitless pleasure? Could they not be more patriotically employed elsewhere? Why should not all the stock and produce of an area be collected by and entrusted for sale to the officials of an association in the efficiency and profit of which everyone has an interest? Why should farmers decide that such a co-operation would mean the loss of their individuality? Do they lose their individuality when they so come together to help each other, to co-operate, in happily pulling through

hay-cutting or corn-harvesting, when conditions impel to acts of neighbourliness? Is it not the fact that the smaller farmers, in so making on market-day a holiday which they cannot afford, are foolishly imitating the big farmers who can afford it? It is, let it be freely acknowledged, difficult to adopt the ways farmers in other countries find so easy in a country such as ours, where the individual farmer has been accustomed to exercise his freedom, at any rate in the marketing of his produce, for generations, and where, taking one year with another, he has made a tolerably good living. But the day has arrived when the form of individualism which finds expression in the spirit of selfishness that seeks to get the better of neighbours will produce national ruin if maintained in the sphere of marketing.

Let our farmers face the plain truth : if farming is to remain the chief national industry of this ancient and historic isle that it is to-day, this antediluvian method of carrying it on has got to cease. The ever-present and ever-growing threat of the organised trading of the Britains overseas and of foreign countries in competition with ourselves at our own doorsteps imperatively demands that an end should be put to the peril involved in it.

Let us glance next at the actual operations of farming in the case of small farms. Incidentally, let it be noted with satisfaction—for the reform is long overdue—that the younger men are now learning the art of book-keeping ; this may save them from falling into debt in ways which may place them under obligations to middlemen like, say, the seed merchant, and so compel them to accept the seeds they have in stock, without regard to suitability or vitality, or their supersession by a seed giving, say, a wheat like the rustless wheat of America. At any rate, it is highly probable that the co-operative buying of seed would save thousands of pounds to the farmer. The waste over tools, implements and machinery provides a strong ground for persistent reflection ; when the use of these is confined to one farmer alone, they must prove very costly indeed for the work performed. Why should not small farms be generally conducted on the basis of a joint use of tools and motive power? There might be an arrangement, for instance, by which so many binders, potato-diggers, and the like, even horses, could be provided at a convenient centre for a given number of acres. Really the stories of the spirit in which our competitors seek to overcome their handicaps in the ways of weather and transport ought to shame us : they combine to meet bad weather conditions, and their very combination helps them out of their transport difficulties. Take in the prospect from the view of transport. If certain types of motor vehicles could thus be used co-operatively by ourselves, even those farmers who resolutely refuse to improve their farm roads would gain

thereby, for they would only need to cart their potatoes to an appointed place by the side of the main road, where they would be collected by the co-operative motor lorries. How railway stations would then cease to appear distant; how the conveyance of 10 tons of potatoes would no longer be the costly job the employment of horses and carts makes it. It is not improbable that a certain type of farmer will answer: 'If I should thus manage to do in three days what has hitherto taken twelve days, to what job, tell me, am I to put the men and horses on the saved days?' Then look how the increased facilities for employing more powerful equipment might affect even small farms, provided that we are prepared to see the picturesque aspects of our country suffer through the disappearance of hedges, etc. What a considerable economic gain would accrue if tractor ploughs could work over bigger areas. Altogether, though it may be at the cost of a slight inconvenience and some degree of pride, a substantial saving would probably follow for everyone if motors, machinery and men could be introduced by the officers of a co-operative association. It is conceivable that these gentlemen, having a closer acquaintance with the practical offers of scientific discovery, might soon show our farmers how even the cost of manures would cease to appear as a bugbear to them. For we cannot refrain from casting a thought to the great gain which will accrue when inventions like the Wolk windmill or ventimotor come into use. The force of the winds will be so captured, converted into electricity, and conserved for regulated use, that it will be set, not only to light and heat the houses and cottages on the farm, but to drive lorries and direct ploughs; ways more wonderful still will draw nitrogen from the atmosphere, and, in addition, both electrify and dry crops. The farmer who refuses to spend 'saxpence' upon the machinery of combination with his neighbours, though it will help him to such gifts as these, must surely be catalogued as proud as Lucifer.

Now we will glance at the future from the stock-raising and selling standpoint. Can it be maintained that our farmers give to the selection of farms the serious consideration the job demands, whether it be as to grazing potentialities or as to the ratio between sheep and cattle? Do they enter in as they ought, or allow themselves to be guided, as to the treatment of the soil to be adopted or the seeds to be sown to produce the best meat and milk? Do they even study as they might the bettering of the animals they rear? We come again to the great waste of time and money over the sale of the cattle and the sheep. The average farmer, we know, likes to see his beasts in the ring, and some farmers can always command a good price for their produce, but do not dozens of farmers go unnecessarily to the market of their area every

Friday with an average of three beasts apiece, only to be hurt in most instances by wily butchers and dealers, often organised as a conspiratorial ring, gathered from a circuit of sixty miles or more? At present multitudes of farmers put themselves at the mercy of the butchers and dealers by rushing in 150 beasts where only 100 are on demand, whereas sale through a co-operative association would, as a rule, be managed with a skill and judgment which would bring the farmers gain rather than loss, the butchers being supplied at a standard price.

Once more: apply the co-operative idea to bacon-curing and selling, butter and cheese-making and marketing, milk selling and egg-laying and marketing. With the incoming of methods for automatically feeding and even rationing pigs, there is now much more room for enterprise in pig-keeping. Every district could have its own brands of bacon. Wiltshire bacon is a high standard, and so is Danish, of course. Why not Caledonian brands? Why should the breeders put themselves at the mercy of the pork butchers in the sale ring when they could be protected by the officers of their own association? There could be likewise standards for butter; some brands could not be surpassed in any country. We have certainly made great progress in recent years in dairying, but many farmers' wives yet remain to be 'drilled' in this sphere, where so much money could be earned which now goes elsewhere. If you seek proof of this, read about the yields of milk by particular cows lately published. Now as to the distribution and sale of milk. Farmers have still to do much in the way of improvement. For illustration, milk churns should only be conveyed to the end of the farm road by the farmer, motor transport being responsible for its removal thence to the creamery. Surely in these days, when we have seen the men who deliver the milk from door to door in London demanding and getting 4*l*. per week, the eyes of our farmers, even those belonging to the most Noah-like type, must see the wisdom of delivering themselves over to the guidance and control of a co-operative association? There is not room to say another word in the way of persuasion upon this particular point. Then the opportunity for development in the egg business cannot be exaggerated. Contrast the millions of eggs coming thousands of miles on trains and steamboats from Russia with the few dozens the British farmer's wife either carries to market or despatches by rail once or twice a week. Is it not inevitable that big gains would follow were our farmers to give greater care to the keeping of fowls, differentiating between good layers and promising table birds? Then study the attention given to the egg in Denmark compared with the indifference with which it is regarded in this country. The egg which comes from Denmark does not possess a special flavour by being packed in

musty straw. Sending a bad egg in to a Danish co-operative society means a fine, a second offence a very heavy fine, and a third practical exclusion from the trade, the defaulting farmer's eggs not being accepted at all. The Danish egg farmers being paid for eggs by weight 100 per cent., big eggs are a consequence. Ought we not to be ashamed of ourselves for being so much behind the Danes, who lack a number of the endowments enjoyed by the Scotch and English farmers ?

Finally, note the gain which would result from transport in bulk by a co-operative association. The steel trade can secure a flat rate per ton on the railways, the woollen trade a half-rate ; but in this sphere of national transport our oldest and greatest industry has let itself be left utterly behind, out of all reckoning. Are our farmers going to be content to remain in so ignominious a position ?

All the evils and defects herein noted must be drastically dealt with if we are to hold up our heads manfully in sight of the generous gifts of Nature, the co-operation of science, and the ingenuity and energy of the farmers of other countries. Every post, as it were, brings us evidence that we can do this in ways and degrees which will correspond with our national repute in other spheres if we will only consent to organise ourselves in the co-operative fashion. If our farmers will set up trading companies in fairly wide areas, they can contribute their share of the capital in kind. It will be foolish not to acknowledge that certain recent experiments among us in this style have not been satisfactory in their outcome. But the reason for the ill-luck is not to be discovered in the principle of co-operation, but in ourselves : in our hereditary individuality, in our pride, in our ignorance, in our lethargy. We are simply at the moment in the apprenticeship stage of co-operation. Where the areas of these societies are inadequate to ensure their financial success the areas must be enlarged and where the management is unsatisfactory the type of manager must be changed. The conditions emphatically demand that the people employed at headquarters or centre must be not decayed gentlemen or broken farmers, but thoroughly trained business men. The associations must put themselves into the hands of men of the type who now 'run' our big stores and multiple shops—alert men, men of imagination, men of previous experience in such business, who know where and how to turn in emergencies. Grant this form of organisation, grant this style of manager, grant that we behave like men of an enlightened age and not like fossils belonging to a far-gone geological era, and grant that we get ourselves taxed on the land value alone and our buildings and improvements set free altogether from taxation ; soon the farmer will find himself much better off than he is to-day, and finally

blessing the pioneers whom he is at the moment mainly intent upon criticising.

What blocks the way? The fact that we find it against the grain of feeling and habit to cut our links with the past. We love the sense of contact with the powerful, even if we pay dearly for it. But if we are to continue to live, the chain of old associations and methods must be severed. But, let us not forget, we have got half-way on the way; we have long accepted what modernity can give us in the way of pianos, motor cars, telephones and broadcasting. When we thus succumb to luxury, why should we not surrender also to the practical business spirit which gives us these things?

T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON.

EDUCATION AND ECONOMY

It is pitiful to think of our dreams of a better world and of the world as it is to-day, and still more pitiful to see how strong is the return to the glamour of materialism which affected us so deeply during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The British temperament lends itself so readily to materialism. During the war, temporarily at any rate, we were out of conceit with it, we realised that 'where there is no vision the people perisheth,' and resolved to set our house in order and aim at higher things. On the crest of the wave which was flowing in favour of spirituality the National Church started the Mission of Hope and Repentance, and the educationalists had beautiful visions of the betterment of life through the extension of the educational horizon. The tides of human thought flowed strongly in favour of the things of the Spirit, and we take up some of our popular daily papers to-day and find the constant, insistent, almost furious cry for economy in education. What is to help civilisation, which shows signs of tottering, if it is not education, if men are not only to think out ideals and adapt them to the circumstances of the time, but to make them understood by and acceptable to the democracy as a whole? And all the more is it the first necessity of our time because with the continuous development of scientific appliances we are gradually losing our power of thought with our freedom and becoming just parts of a machine with an allotted task. Life is becoming so specialised and organised that individual freedom is growing less, and the comprehensive grasp of the mutual dependence of class upon class, of nation upon nation, is being absorbed in self-interest. The artisan has become the factory hand, the workman a pawn in a union, the politician a member of a clique. Thinkers and education are more necessary to-day than ever in past history, for only by them will progress and stability be achieved.

If we analyse the reason for this cry for economy it is impossible not to feel that there is a return in full strength to a more material standard. We look for immediate and concrete results from the great sum which is being spent, and forget that only in the future, not this year, nor next, nor the year after, will the seed

which is being sown to-day bear its fruit. Education works slowly, but it is the most momentous function in the national organism, and fraught with consequences which no words can exaggerate; these consequences are only seen in later generations. If it is to make for the advancement of civilisation, great principles and spiritual ideals must be its foundation stones; the need for spiritual activity in man grows greater in proportion to the magnitude of the victories which he achieves over the forces of Nature. The price of these victories has always to be paid. During the war we saw how success in bringing the resources of science to our aid worked in the direction of barbarism. And if education is not to make for moral disaster while it makes for progress in knowledge, in intellect, and in science, it must also much more readily make for progress in character, in ideals, in heart and soul. We conjecture of the worker by the work. There may be strength enough, intelligence enough, but if there is not more, he is, as Browning says,

> An isoscele deficient in the base.

In the latter part of last century we embarked, and deliberately embarked, upon a system of national education in the hope and belief that it would make for the betterment of democracy; we cannot go back upon our experiment, nor substitute the second best for the best. It behoves us to be very critical of the cry for economy in matters which are so vital to human welfare.

It is worth while, however, for a moment to turn aside from the consideration of the main function of education, the teaching of the necessity of living a true life, the dignity of work and the responsibility of power—for, according to Bishop Butler, the imparting of information is the least part of education—to point out to the economists that on the material side alone education has over and over again paid for itself. There is no need to labour the point. It is only necessary to recall such facts as these: the existence and perfection of the telegraph are due to the mathematical investigations of such men as Ampère and Lord Kelvin; wireless telegraphy is the result of researches into the meaning of the so-called imaginary quantities which every schoolboy very soon comes across in his study of Algebra, indeed, there is hardly any problem in applied electricity and in electrical transmission generally which does not depend directly or indirectly upon them; the stability and safety of ships, which have added immensely to the number of travellers, and so to the enlargement of the mental horizon of thousands of people, is due to the mathematician. And, to go farther back, the science of navigation itself is the strange emanation from speculative inquiries of forgotten men who solved problems on the properties of curves

and planes 2000 years ago in the lecture rooms of Alexandria University. Many such results, which have contributed so largely to the amenities of human life, have arisen from abstract and apparently useless investigations, that is, from education. But what we are more immediately concerned with is the fact that the education of the past fifty or sixty years has so uplifted the average standard of intelligence as to make it possible for tens of thousands of the not highly educated to learn how to control and to use with safety the great forces of Nature which gifted men of science have first discovered.

With the enormous development of machinery for the requirements of modern life—trains, trams, electric light, gas, motors, wireless, aviation, etc.—requiring, as it does, the close contact with and safe handling of forces of incredible power, mechanics in great numbers have become necessary who have acquired a feeling for accuracy and a sense of the importance of minute details and measurements which would have been quite unintelligible to their grandparents, for the duration and good performance of machinery, even its life itself, depend upon the correcting of every imperfection in its parts as soon as it appears, and this imperfection may be so microscopical as to be measured by the thousandth part of an inch. But there are examples of the higher standard of intelligence in every house. The hot water system, the care of the light, and now the broadcasting apparatus, frequently home-made, would not be possible but for the better education of the ' masses.' And if the elevation of the taste of a community is a commercial asset there can be no doubt that it exists in a high degree. The demand for picture-galleries, libraries, museums, the good concerts provided by some municipal corporations at the public expense, by others at a very trifling cost to the crowds which flock to them, all bear evidence of the improved standard of taste which exists among us as compared with that of past generations.

There can be no doubt education has over and over again paid for itself in greater comfort and in the increase of material wealth, but herein lies the danger, for if it commends itself purely on these commercial grounds, it will be withdrawn when it ceases to be commercially profitable. We have to impress upon the economists that education means something much more beneficial to democracy and of more enduring value than mere commercialism. History in the future will have striking opportunities for testing the sincerity of our beliefs. We felt in 1914 we were fighting for honour, for freedom, for justice, for truth, for all the higher possibilities of the human spirit ; shall we economise now in the strongest agency which can support and foster them ? What is required is a great Evangelical revival, such as that at the

beginning of the nineteenth century, which, according to Lecky, did as much as anything in England to save this country from the equivalent of the French Revolution.

The men who have left the greatest mark upon the world, whose lives have been, as it were, stepping stones to higher things, have always set before themselves that the spiritual and moral progress of democracy is the ultimate object of civilisation, that this is the only progress which will make for the happiness and richness of the world. And such a progress is based upon a conception of education which regards the implanting of right instincts, right affections, right antipathies, as its main function. The science of life is more important than the science of wealth. Political parties rise and fall; socialistic schemes have their day and wither away: they may destroy an evil, but they never establish the good and cannot, because they contribute nothing to the knowledge of the Divine and eternal attributes; there is ever the constant appeal to the arbitrament of war, war between nations, the governors and the governed, the employer and the employed, and the same unwillingness to recognise that rights exist only from the fulfilment of duties. This is an extremely difficult lesson to teach, and to learn; it can only be taught by acts and lives, and not by words, not by formal lessons, but by great personalities. Yet we are crying out for economy in education, which for the most part means cutting down teachers' salaries, when we ought to be doing everything that is possible to attract good men, the best men, into the profession. Great teachers are but human, with the feelings of common mortals, subject to the same laws and the same desires. Even if gifted with the inspiration of genius, they embark upon their profession like other people, because of the prospects which it offers of satisfying human ambitions. It is nonsense to talk about vocation. Thousands of teachers are required for the thousands of schools scattered over the country. All are not filled with monastic ideas, nor recognise that every human instinct must be sacrificed for the sake of their vocation; they crave for the means of developing the legitimate claims of their nature. The effect of inadequate payments to the clergy is causing grave anxiety to all who care for the Church; there is a great dearth of candidates for ordination, and—so we are told—a greater dearth of the right men. Spiritual work is suffering in consequence, and churches are empty. Whatever may be the calling to which men devote themselves, they must live, and if they are educated men, live on an equality with enlightened classes. And, above all needs, it is necessary for the good of the community that these two great professions, the Church and the schools, must attract the best men, and of the two, schools (dealing so entirely with life at

a plastic age) are the more important for the well-being of the community.

It may be said that in introducing the Burnham scale the State made a real effort, recognising to the full that schoolmasters in the past had been grossly underpaid, and that conditions were not such as would attract the best available people into the profession. Whether the end will be achieved or whether, on the contrary, the Burnham scheme has not been a great failure, it is yet too soon to judge. There was need not only that the profession should be better paid, but certainly of not less importance is the need that it should be uplifted into a more honourable place in the scale of professions. When men in other professions are honoured, it must be honoured too, and not, as at present, *always* passed by; the lawful and prized rewards for good work well done must not be showered upon men in other walks of life, but never upon men in this; but I will refer to this a little later. It is, however, difficult to see that the introduction of the Burnham scale has added anything to the dignity of the standing of the teacher, if indeed it has not directly detracted from it. It has placed him under the application of a rigid, lifeless formula. So much for a first-class degree—an altogether false standard, to begin with: a first class is no criterion whatever of a man's teaching capacity, still less of his worth as a master—so much for each year's standing, thus putting the keen, capable, inspiring teacher on the same footing as the inefficient, a condition too which is making for stagnation in schools, where, above all else, stagnation is not far removed from death. The scheme doubtless has its good points, but it has many drawbacks. It was not only, nor primarily, better pay that was needed, but men with a wider outlook on life, and with a deep appreciation of the far-reaching consequences of their work upon the national ideals.

For it has to be remembered that the greatest, perhaps the only real, educating factor in any school is the personality of the teacher. Equipment, organisation, material appliances, may be good, but the personality of the teacher, what he is, makes the lasting impression. The teacher is the school for the highest purposes of education; it is impossible to measure his ever-widening influence: it is one of the profoundest and most far-reaching influences of our time. If the cry for economy is to starve the profession, it is the most pernicious that could ever be raised, the most detrimental to the aspirations of democracy, and will certainly bring disaster in its train and not in the distant future. There can be no more fertile seed ground for the growth of discontent and moral and social anarchy than a school staffed by teachers animated by a sense of grievance or lack of appreciation. Several years ago Bishop Westcott left upon those who

heard him an indelible impression of his own great headmaster, Dr. Prince Lee:

> He made us feel that he only learns who thinks, just as he only can teach who learns. . . . Sympathy is the spring of the teacher's influence. . . . There is work to be done, work to be done in face of formidable difficulties, work to be done in faith in God.

Taught by a man with so high a conception of his life's work, no wonder many of his pupils left an abiding mark upon their generation, and gladly turned their powers to the amelioration of the social condition of the masses, for they had assimilated something of the spirit of their master. The blessing which comes from work lies not in the subject, but in the spirit in which it is done. Prince Lee was among the foremost teachers of last century, but more men of his power and personality must be willing to enter a profession fraught with such fateful consequences to the future.

It is well for us to be reminded of the aim of the great schoolmasters, lest we forget the days from August 4, 1914, onwards. The ruin born on that day was a moral and spiritual ruin rendered possible only by the false educational ideals pursued in the State schools of Germany. The tragedies in human lives and human effort were only the outward and visible sign of that ruin; the deeper tragedy lay in the revelation of the depth to which mankind could sink when it had lost the moral standard of Christian civilisation. If we had really learnt the lesson of the war, and could recall our dreams during it, we should scout the idea of any action which would add to the difficulty of attracting the best men into the teaching profession. The real problem of life is one of education.

It may rightly be urged, with all reverence, that the greatest of all moral teachers lived as a very poor Man in a humble home, and that many of those who have followed most closely after Him have done the same, indeed, that material wealth has generally been regarded as a clog upon spiritual activity. We have, however, to deal with imperfect human nature *en masse* as we find it, and my plea is that better men and better women would be attracted into the profession, if it had a more honourable standing among other professions and if there were more opportunities for a fuller life and for their own development. Such a cynicism, witty though it is, ought not to be possible, 'He who can does; he who can't teaches.'

Many men of the type that would serve it best enter the profession for a few years and then leave it, not because the work is uncongenial or in any way distasteful, but because it holds out for them none of those rewards which are within their reach in other spheres, and which men prize. To make the whole profession of more honourable standing, and more likely to retain a

greater number of men of ability and character and high ideals, it ought to receive fuller recognition from the State. At present it 'is nowhere enough to be classed'; it has but little standing of its own. To be a master at one of the great public schools is one thing; to be a master doing very much the same work, perhaps of more importance to the body politic, in one of the large municipal secondary schools, is another. The profession as a whole requires honourable recognition, and never receives it, from the State. If the honours—birthday honours, New Year honours—which are showered upon successful organisers and business men, and upon all those who have achieved distinction in every other profession and walk of life, are worth anything, and are really prized rewards for national service, there is no reason whatever why men in the teaching profession who are doing work for the State second in importance to none should never receive any recognition. It may be cynically said that it is in itself an honour thus to be singled out, to belong to a profession which is practically alone in never having any C.B.E.'s, K.C.B.'s, etc., offered to it; but the men who receive these distinctions rightly value them, and schoolmasters as a whole are not less human. To refer for one moment to their work for the country during the war. The supply of eager and capable young boys to officer the new armies never failed, and schoolmasters as a body did all they could to maintain their efficiency as long as it was required; that things could have been very different was clear from the action which was taken in one great school, where a master with Pacifist principles was so influencing the young minds against the war that it was deemed advisable to transfer his services, at any rate temporarily, to some other sphere of action. Schoolmasters deserved well of their country, and some few rewards were given to those who had been in charge of the corps, but, apart altogether from such abnormal years, nothing is ever done by the State to show that it recognises the good work which is being accomplished in the schools, though on the contrary, it is sometimes scared by the anarchism apparently rampant in some Proletarian seminaries.

It will be said that there is no standard by which success or failure of a schoolmaster's work can be measured; that whereas popularity marks out men in other walks of life—lawyers, doctors, artists, actors, accountants, etc.—a schoolmaster by the very nature of his work can be subject to no such test, and *ipso facto* is not eligible for any reward such as the State distributes. This is no insuperable objection. There would be no impossibility in setting up some board which could make recommendations and know what tests to apply and what standards to look for. Not long ago the repeatedly elected mayor of one of the great towns in the North of England made this remark to me about their

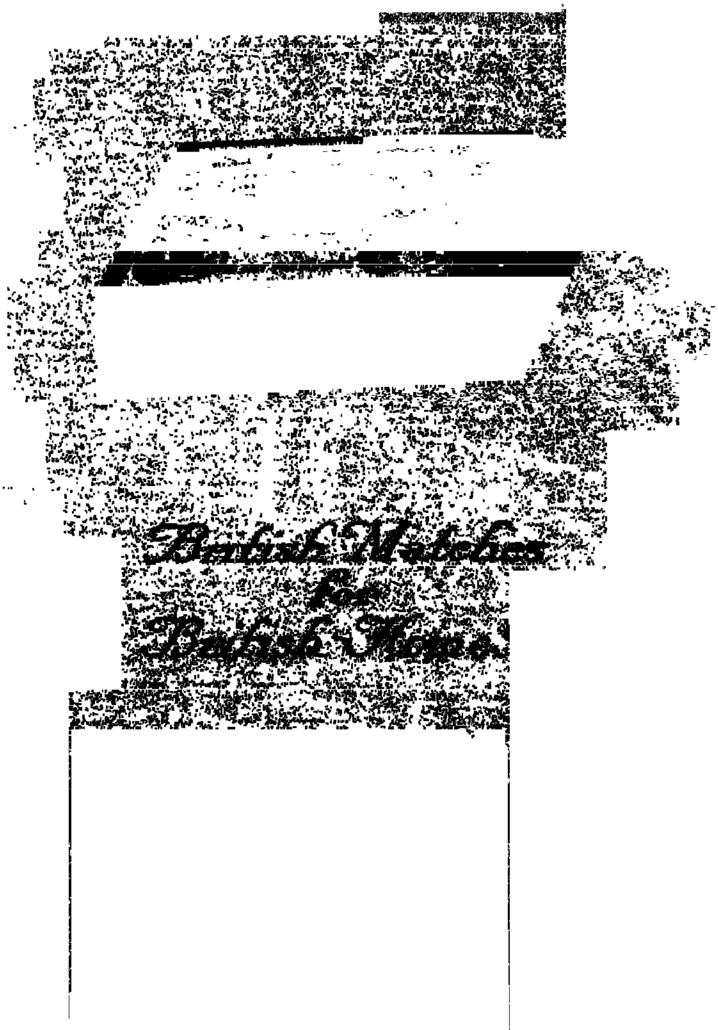
flourishing high-toned secondary school: 'This school has done a wonderful work among us for the good of the town; the difference in the tone of the pictures and books which are on sale in the shops from those exhibited twenty years ago is evidence of its work; the wonderful improvement is entirely due to the good work done by the teachers in our school.' Here was official recognition of the best type of education, that which 'turns the eyes of the soul towards the light'; it had been an economy to the town whatever had been its financial cost. He who was the inspirer of this good work of national importance deserved well of the State. Had a doctor helped to stop the spread of some physical disease, his work would have been rewarded by some public honour, but a schoolmaster in uplifting the moral tone of hundreds had done the harder task, and his work is

> as a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense.

He and noble workers like him go steadily on in a profession which is never brought prominently and honourably into public estimation. Perhaps the Labour Party will see to this. Its leaders, at any rate, lament their own lost opportunities, and seem to value education, for they express themselves as pathetically anxious that their children should not suffer as they did in their own early life.

There is yet another thing which those who wish to raise the status of the teaching profession as a whole might well consider: an incubus which presses most heavily upon those schools which require the greatest help, and are least able to bear any drawback with impunity.

The body of managers in elementary schools, especially in villages, is an absurdity. How is it possible for village schools to flourish as they ought when put in charge of six managers, local farmers, market gardeners and tradesmen, not one of whom need have, and most probably not one of whom has, any sympathy for or knowledge of the wider aspects of education, its aims and its limitations, and may be even ignorant of the modern ideals of school instruction? The county and Board of Education authorities are, of course, primarily responsible, but they have to work through the so-called democratic board of managers, and only with difficulty (if at all) can they enforce their will independently of them. To put a village school which by its very existence, its position, its *clientèle*, is apt to be very chary of trying experiments, and is out of the current of the trend of new ideas, under the control of local managers who are notoriously frightened by the 'march of mind,' is thoroughly detrimental to all progress and to all prestige.


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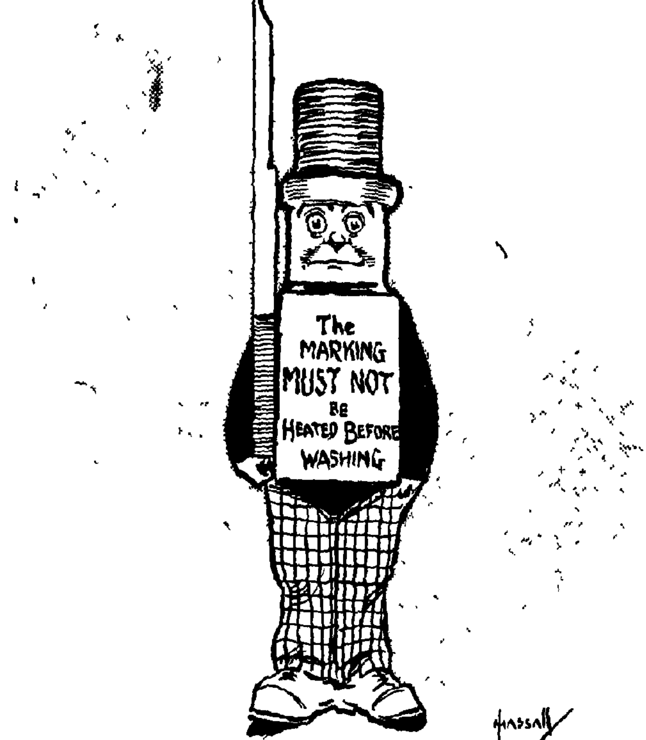





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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. DLXXIV—December 1924

FRANCE AND GERMANY TO-DAY: THE PLAIN TRUTH

'*Auf Wiedersehen!*' So ran the significant description of a cartoon on the German evacuation of Alsace published at the time in the *Jugend*. Two Uhlans on the Rhine bridge from Strasbourg into Germany turn in their saddles for a last look at the gaunt silhouette of the famous cathedral, and by these words give expression to the Teuton's dream of revenge. And that indeed is the only constant factor in the European situation. Germany is spoiling to reverse the results achieved at Versailles. The rising generation is being educated not to forget the past nor to accept the present. Thinly veiled military organisations keep the fighting spirit alive throughout the length and breadth of the country, bend the youth to army discipline, and maintain a nucleus of men who served in the war with a view to their training and officering those who will

bear the burden of the next. Industrial development constantly keeps one eye on the military requirements of the future. The German merchant marine has been rebuilt with a speed and efficiency which one can only admire. And now a cautious, but widespread, propaganda is being carried on to fan the interest in the navy. The hope of recovering the colonies is never allowed to flag. Professors vie with ex-Ministers and business men to supply arguments in its support. The latest development is the demand for liberty to construct more aeroplanes.

In short, as both British and French experts keep telling us with laudable monotony, the whole German mind is bent on discovering ways in which ceaseless military preparation can be disguised in some peaceful garb.

Politicians of all colours are straining every muscle to undo the Versailles Peace Treaty—even to its fundamental admission of guilt! Nor is there in this respect any great difference between the Nationalists, the Socialists and the Centre parties; their aims are the same, though they differ as to the opportune moment for putting them to the test. Not long ago a Hamburg business man, neither a Prussian nor very extreme in his general views, spent much time in telling me how Germany needed peace and stability; how pacific was the national mind; how anxious were all classes to get back to normal life and prosperity. They wanted nothing so much as the friendly development of commercial relations with England. 'But, of course,' he suddenly added, 'France will have to be taught a lesson before we can finally settle down.' The vehemence, the obvious sincerity, of these words were more significant than all the preceding argument. And it is but one expression of the generally prevailing opinion in Germany. Whoever has travelled beyond the Rhine, both two or three years ago and again recently, will bear me out that, whilst the Ruhr occupation has added bitterness to the German feelings of enmity towards France, it did not initiate these feelings, nor will they end with the evacuation.

Yet, in the face of all these unmistakable manifestations of the real German spirit, we find the British Press, with rare exceptions, sheepishly echoing the demand for the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr by the French and of the Cologne sector by our own forces. It may be granted that in the manner in which the Ruhr occupation was initiated and carried out blunders have been made. But can anyone still maintain that this step has not contributed more than anything else to the final acceptance by Germany of the provisions of the Dawes scheme? And if a better understanding had existed between France and England, would not British co-operation with France have brought Germany to reason many months earlier? No sooner, in fact,

did Germany see her two opponents agreed than the end of her resistance came in sight, and her submission became a foregone conclusion.

By all means let us labour for peace ; let us foster international goodwill and friendship ; let us erect the scaffolding for the palace of universal justice. But, before all else, let us aid civilisation itself by preventing the war, the ominous forebodings of which are so plainly discernible. Let us at least remain on the Rhine and leave the French on the Ruhr until Germany has given full effect to her latest undertakings. And, first and last, let us not forget that the whole of Germany is eagerly preparing for ' the day ' of revenge. Perhaps it is idle to expect anything else, for there is more than even the age-long and recently intensified hatred which threatens France from the East : there is the overwhelming mass of the steadily increasing Teutonic peoples of Central Europe, seeking room for expansion. The fact that even the combined populations of France, Belgium and Luxemburg fall short by some 40 per cent. of the aggregate number of Germans and German-Austrians prevents the establishment of cordial relations, leading, as it needs must, to apprehension on the French and arrogance on the German side.

Behind the persistent racial animosity between France and Germany, then, we find one of those fundamental causes which throughout history, sooner or later, always led to conflict unless definite means were found to deflect the opposing forces.

The first need is to deal with the match that might set the haystack ablaze, namely, German nationalism. Since the war the example of Great Britain in political matters has had a considerable effect on the Continent. Our recent elections, with their vast landslide towards Conservatism, are bound to raise echoes. Already the German Nationalists are encouraging their followers with the prospect of similar success. It is an urgent necessity that they be taught they have nothing in common with the British Conservative Party. The ' Conservative ' vote in this country was not a call for reactionary government, or the rule of a class. It was the outcome of a determination to achieve stability, of aversion from the upheaval contemplated by the Socialists. Peace abroad and strenuous economic and social development within the Empire are the aims of the British Conservatives. War without and reaction at home form the objectives of the German Nationalists. In view of the imminent German elections, there is no time to lose in issuing an authoritative statement from which the Nationalists in Germany will grasp—without a possibility of misunderstanding—that they have nothing in common with and need expect no sympathy from the party which now rules England. Unless this is done, their following will increase,

with the expectation of ultimate success. For if Germany saw a chance of overpowering France to-morrow, the whole nation would turn 'Nationalist,' as it did in 1914.

But can the British Government make a statement which will deter Germany from attempting to overrun the eastern frontiers of France? Has it a definite policy in Alsace-Lorraine, and on the left bank of the Rhine, as it has in Belgium? We often hear of an 'instinctive continuity' in British foreign policy which, reaching higher than party politics, bridges the gaps between succeeding generations. But, though its fundamental tendencies may be known, are its practical applications equally certain? Are we in the future to follow the precedent of 1914, when the invasion of Belgium made it unavoidable that we should assist France, or are we to repeat the tragic blunder of 1870 and limit ourselves to an ineffectual protest? Must we adhere to the 'Wellington line' of 1815, which gave France the whole of the present three departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine and the Moselle, or should we revert to that of 1814, which added Landau and the Sarre basin? Is there a definite British policy for Alsace-Lorraine? What ought it to be? A national answer is urgently needed, for upon it will depend the postponement, possibly even the avoidance, of another war between Germany and France.

Let us first make up our minds as to France's eastern frontier. Since my last return from a visit to the three departments which were detached from France in 1870 and reunited in 1918 I have come across a curiously persistent tendency in this country to question the 'Frenchness' of their populations. Unless subterranean German propaganda be at the bottom of this, I fail to understand the doubt which actuates such questions. Is it not enough that during the forty-four years from 1870 until the outbreak of the latest war these populations never acquiesced in the German domination; that, for all their economic progress and material prosperity, they clung to their ties with France? Can anyone still ignore the countless tragedies of the men who left their native land and cut their family ties to serve the cause of France beyond the Vosges and the no less profound sufferings of those who decided to serve the German conqueror that they might the better serve France in Alsace or Lorraine? Do they stand for nothing, those tens of thousands of young men who, born in German territory, fought shoulder to shoulder with their French comrades, who, for all their German-sounding names, were not different from the French *poilu*? But, it is insinuated, in the years which have gone by since the Armistice the Alsatians and Lorrainers have had time to make comparisons and to register regrets. Speaking from personal experience, I found no trace of it. I have met people who spoke only French and others who

understood nothing beyond German and their own friendly *patois*; men who had fled to France as youths and served in the French Army and others who had remained behind and performed service under the German eagles and in the German administration of the *Reichsland*. I have talked to men who have sat in the provincial Parliament which Germany reluctantly set up in the conquered territory, and with youths who are active members of debating clubs and take lessons in elocution in order that they may one day grace the Franch Parliament with their oratorical powers and practical sense. I have listened to the views of passionately militant Roman Catholics aglow with indignation at the attack by the Herriot Government upon their faith, their public worship, and their educational system, and to the more ponderous pleading of Protestants who, though linked in their faith with the Churches in Germany, sounded a warning note against playing into the hands of the Germans. I have come across Jews anxious not to be identified with any provincial aims, but only to form part of the national party groups (usually on the Radical side), and materialists to whom economics seemed the only terms in which national problems should be stated. Many and divergent were the opinions they emitted, vigorous their arguments in support of their views. But there was not one among them who conceived that Alsace and Lorraine should not form part of France or thought it worth while to argue against this hypothetical view. Not one of them used the words 'France' or 'French' otherwise than as including Alsace and the Alsatians, Lorraine and its people. If they wished to differentiate they spoke of 'the interior' and of their countrymen 'from the interior.' But in their hearts, as well as in the little troublesome matters of every-day political life, they know themselves to be French, whatever their language or accent. They pay their taxes with a promptness envied by the tax collectors 'in the interior,' and the recruits from Alsace and Lorraine join the French colours with a cheerful alacrity. At the May elections, which brought about the fall of M. Poincaré's Cabinet and led to the resignation of M. Millerand, twenty-one out of the twenty-four deputies to the French Chamber who represent the border departments supported M. Poincaré's anti-German policy, whilst not a single autonomist even presented himself. If neither language differences nor a fiercely anti-German policy can sever Alsace and Lorraine from the body of France, no more has the anti-religious activity of the present French Government produced any effect in this direction, deeply as it is resented throughout the redeemed departments. It has roused the Catholic populations of Alsace and Lorraine (some 60 per cent.) to a widespread, determined, well-organised and bluntly outspoken opposition against the introduction in their

departments of the bitterly sectarian and anti-religious French 'separation' laws of 1905. They have expressed in unmistakable accents their resolve to resist this infringement of their religious freedom with all means in their power, if need be by force. The Alsatian Protestants, less violent and politically less solidly organised, have shown themselves equally determined not to accept the 1905 laws without fundamental modifications. Yet, in all this atmosphere of passionate opposition against the present French Government, not a word has been heard against France. In all the numerous open-air processions and meetings which this summer were a regular feature throughout Alsace and Lorraine, and which served to spread and organise the opposition, deputies 'from the interior' regularly took part, and nothing was said, or even hinted, to which the most patriotic Frenchman or the soundest Republican could take offence. The opposition was against a political party's programme, not against the nation.

Perhaps, however, the reluctantly given testimony of a German writer may be even more convincing. After revisiting Strasbourg, a Herr Granthoff confided his bitter disappointment to the *Vossische Zeitung* of June 4, 1924. Having described in detail how 'French' he found the whole population, in outer life as well as at heart, he complains of the scant sympathy which was shown to him when he made himself known as a German. He points out the disappearance of German literature from the windows of the bookshops, and comments on the curious indifference of the people to this loss, which struck him as very terrible.

> Is it right [he then questions] that our people should build up illusions which might once again lead to their undoing? Ought I to call the Germans to the assistance of Alsace? . . . You may stone me, oh, my countrymen, but I shall nevertheless throw up into your faces the truth from which I suffered out there: *Alsace does not want us; the Alsatians are lost to us.*

And again, in discussing the education question this German witness bitterly remarks: '*The assimilation has been achieved faster than even the French themselves expected.*' Surely this testimony needs no further elaboration.

Practical proof of Alsace-Lorraine's sincere desire for assimilation with and absorption by France is to be found in the way in which the French legislation and administration are being introduced into the redeemed provinces, which for close upon fifty years had followed their separate provincial development in these matters. Thanks to this determined desire for assimilation and their inborn good sense, the Alsatians and Lorrainers enabled M. Millerand, their first 'Commissioner-General,' to evolve a system which led to the introduction into the life of these populations of over 500 French laws without meeting with any resist-

ance and without rousing a single voice in protest. No one, then, can honestly maintain that the present eastern frontiers of France include any peoples other than such as are French with their hearts and their souls.

From the British point of view, this frontier has the sanction of no less an authority than Wellington, who laid it down and succeeded in getting it accepted by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The inclusion of Landau is a minor question, and though it was raised by the French in the recent peace *pourparlers*, I do not believe that any French politician actively supports it to-day.

The British Government's attitude in 1870 suffered from pressure exercised by influences which are not likely to recur in our history. But Gladstone had a clear vision of the importance of the Alsatian question. Having, as Lord Morley tells us,[1] been defeated in his 'effort to speak with the other neutral Powers against the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine without reference to the populations,' he persevered in urging the view that the matter 'involved considerations of legitimate interest to all the Powers of Europe. It appeared to bear on the Belgian question in particular. It was also a principle likely to be of great consequence in the eventual settlement of the Eastern question.' His prophecy (made to Lord Granville on December 20, 1870) that 'this violent laceration and transfer was to lead us from bad to worse, and to be the beginning of a new series of European complications,' was to be tragically fulfilled, and fully justified President Wilson's words that 'the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine . . . unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years.'[2]

The valley of the Sarre, however, presents altogether another problem. Its exclusion in 1815 (after it had been included within the borders of France in 1814) was based upon the fact that the population, overwhelmingly of Germanic race, was preponderantly in sympathy with Germany, and would have formed an alien enclave within French territory. There is little doubt that materially the same situation existed in 1918. But economic considerations had in the meantime made themselves felt. The necessity to provide France with coal and the vicinity of the Sarre collieries to the Lorraine iron ore mines proved a temptation; whilst the wanton and far-reaching destruction by Germany of the northern French coal-mines furnished the justification for France's claim to control of the Sarre coals. It is true that these coals are lacking in those coking qualities which are a necessity for the reduction of iron ore in the smelting process, and, consequently, not even their possession completely solves the difficulty of the Lorraine iron and steel industry in securing dependable supplies

[1] *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 346. [2] Point VIII.

of raw material. But to the metallurgical industries, as in general to French enterprise in the eastern departments, the economic control of the Sarre basin is a most valuable means of reducing German industrial strength and increasing the French. It is also an aid to a similar adjustment of balance in case of war between these two States. It was, therefore, both just and, from a British point of view, expedient that France should be given the Sarre coal-mines by way of compensation and in addition, at least temporarily, control, under the League of Nations, of the country itself. At the end of the provisional period (1933) the local population will have the choice, by means of a plebiscite, of either becoming French, or returning to Germany, or remaining permanently under the League of Nations. In the first and the last cases the ownership of the coal-mines will remain vested in the French Government, and it is obvious that the future administration of the Sarre region must be compelled to afford *bonâ fide* protection for the proper exploitation of the mines by France and must not be allowed to hamper it in any way. We shall have to envisage in a moment the British attitude towards this problem. But let us first turn to that part of the left bank of the Rhine which lies outside the areas dealt with above.

The French have never in the negotiations for the Versailles Treaty of Peace or afterwards put forth any claim to sovereignty over this undoubtedly German territory. They have throughout demanded its 'demilitarisation,' a term which has not always received the same interpretation, and, in different ways, they have urged that it should be an entity separate from trans-Rhenish Germany. The former demand is reasonable, and has not, I believe, at any time been resisted in this country. The memoranda of Marshal Foch have conclusively proved the value, nay, the necessity, of the bridges over the Rhine and the territory on its left bank as a jumping off ground for a German attack upon France. No one desirous of avoiding another war could, therefore, wish the military dominion of the *Reich*, be it an empire or a republic, to be re-established across Germany's legendary river. If there is to be a '*Wacht am Rhein*,' let it be French or international. But the question of German sovereignty over these territories is a different matter. If local sentiment favoured separation, such a course would be an additional safeguard for France and the world in general. But the vast bulk of the population is undoubtedly in favour of continued union with the *Reich*. Economic necessities likewise urge them to follow this policy. Separation would, therefore, be artificial and remain unstable. In fact, without perpetual foreign interference it could hardly last. The British Government has persistently expressed itself against any attempt to coerce the Rhineland into separation from the remainder of the *Reich*. No

other attitude could be expected to receive the support of general opinion in this country or the British Empire. It would not be wise of our French friends to ignore these facts.

But what has the British attitude been towards Alsace-Lorraine and the Sarre? In the famous draft 'Pact' which Mr. Lloyd George offered to M. Briand, and which France declined at Cannes (January 1922), Great Britain undertook, '*in the event of a direct and unprovoked aggression against the soil of France,*' immediately to place herself at the side of France with her naval, military and air forces. The French argued, not without some reason, that in the restricted case stated above it was obviously a direct British interest to throw in her lot with France, for the same reasons which have always prompted her to prevent a strong Continental Power establishing itself in Belgium, and that, consequently, a treaty to this effect was superfluous. What the French wanted was a far wider alliance which would make Britain responsible for the defence of the whole left bank of the Rhine and of what France might, and does, consider as her 'outer frontiers' in Eastern Europe. On this point agreement was never reached. The English view is summed up by Lord Curzon in his words [3]:

> I do not believe that British public opinion will acquiesce in the treatment of the cis-Rhenish territory as though it were part of the soil of France, or that they will consent to go to war *automatically* for its defence if it were assailed.

The argument applies with even greater force to the 'outer frontiers' in the unstable regions of Eastern Europe. This is not saying that circumstances might not arise in which this country might be willing and bound to do so, but only that *she desires to remain the sole judge of the circumstances,* and is adverse, to quote Lord Curzon, 'to accept in advance an obligation so formidable and so ill defined' as that embodied in the French counter-proposals.

This British reluctance to enter into an obligation to interfere 'blindfolded' in Continental disputes is as old as it is sound. We find Wellington giving voice to it at the Congress of Verona in September 1822. On being invited to join a declaration to coerce Spain under certain hypothetical conditions he replied to the French Ambassador that 'the exact ground for complaint and the exact cause of war' must be known before an answer could be given. Castlereagh, who throughout approved of Wellington's attitude, himself raised a strong warning [4] against interference for reasons 'which, before they have assumed a practical character, public opinion would not go along with them in counteracting.'

[3] Cmd. 2169, p. 158.

[4] In his famous State Paper of May 5, 1820.

And, realising the importance of public opinion in this country even in his time, he pointed out that—

it was not merely the temporary inconvenience produced to the British Government by being so committed that was to be apprehended, but it was the *exposing ourselves to have the public mind soured by the effects of a meddling policy* when it can tend to nothing really effectual.

Canning, too, who whilst in office adhered to the principles laid down in his predecessor's State Paper, pleaded for non-intervention, except in the last resort [5]:

Our duty and our interests equally prescribed us . . . to preserve our resources entire until the period should arrive, if ever, when we might exercise our only legitimate right to interfere, from being called upon to quell the raging floods that threatened to distract the balance of Europe.

Gladstone expressed substantially the same principles in April 1869,[6] when, in his Memorandum for the information of the Queen, he urged—

that England should keep entire in her own hands the means of estimating her own obligations upon the various states of fact as they arise; . . . that she should not narrow her own liberty of choice by declarations made to the Powers, in their real or supposed interests, of which they would claim to be, at least, joint interpreters; . . . that she should not encourage the weak by giving expectations of aid to resist the strong, but should rather seek to deter the strong by firm but moderate language from aggression upon the weak.

The admonition as to the language to be held to 'the weak' and 'the strong' is wise and well calculated to foster peace. At the present moment there is no doubt that France is by far the stronger nation of the two which here occupy us. Her powerful army and air forces, her equipment in heavy war material and munitions, inevitably doom any early attack by Germany to failure. But what France apprehends is the time when her bellicose neighbour will have recovered, when the increasing disparity in populations will reverse the positions.

When that time comes, this country will, no doubt, in 'firm but moderate language' remind Germany that, in the words of Lord Curzon,[7] 'the British Parliament and the British people' regard France's 'eastern frontier as in a sense the outer frontier of Great Britain herself, and would come to her aid . . . in the event of unprovoked aggression upon France by Germany.' But British policy should include more than that. For the protection of France, and with it of Britain's 'outer frontier,' it is essential that the Sarre coal-mines should be freely worked by the French Government, whatever the Power which may eventually govern the country. If the British Government have no ground or justifica-

[5] House of Commons, speech of March 20, 1821.
[6] Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 316—318.
[7] Cmd. 2169, p. 133.

tion for influencing the free choice of the Sarre population in any direction, it would not be amiss if Germany received timely warning that this country will look with apprehension and disfavour upon any open or covert interference with France's treaty rights in the Sarre basin. In the same way, whilst England should reserve her judgment 'upon the various states of fact' in the Rhineland until they arise, Germany should be left in no doubt that any military developments or measures conducive thereto will be considered by Britain and the Empire as threats upon their own 'outer frontiers on the Continent.'

With Germany under no illusions as to any possible expansion westward, French apprehensions might be somewhat allayed. That they would be entirely removed is unlikely, for the French belief in the efficacy of concretely formulated, written treaties is as great as our own in their ineffectiveness, if their bases go beyond clearly defined and mutually accepted obligations which carry general opinion with them. At the same time a determined attempt should be made to remove between France and ourselves such points of friction as may still exist, especially in the Near and Middle East.

Franco-German attempts to promote mutual commerce and trade need not cause us undue anxiety. It is feared that British industry may suffer if the general output of Lorraine and Alsace were to enter into Germany on preferential terms. First of all, it is quite uncertain whether France will be able to make an arrangement whereby certain of her departments will receive more favoured treatment than others. But, even if she succeeded in establishing such a position, the situation, as far as British industry is concerned, would be no worse than it is to-day, and somewhat better than it was before the war. For, however low the tariff wall between France and Germany may be in future, there will always be a Customs barrier and two separate nations.

The position is rather different when we consider the heavy industry of Lorraine. British enterprise, owing to its control of coking coal, could have played a substantial part in it. It has more than once been offered the chance. A temperamental objection to combination on the lines of the great German syndicates and an undoubted lack of vision have caused our industrialists and exporters to stand aside. German business men will be less slow. They know but too well the shortage of coking coals in Eastern France and the need to find a near market for Lorraine iron ore (which, owing to its low percentage, cannot stand high transport charges). They realise that it places the Lorraine industry even to-day in a position of dependence upon German co-operation, in the absence of British support. And they will see to it that their assistance is paid for in the shape of subservience

to their export policy. We must, therefore, expect to see, just as before the war, German syndicates controlling the Lorraine heavy industry. But in future these will in addition be able to influence certain French concerns. The result will be materially to strengthen the Continental steel and coal syndicates, and we shall shortly have to face *the danger of combined Franco-German dumping on our markets.* Our new Government may, therefore, soon expect an opportunity to put into practice its election promises as to the protection of 'otherwise efficient' industries at home against unfair foreign competition. Perhaps the first step in this direction should be to secure that working hours in this country shall not be less than they are in Germany in the same industry or not more in Germany than they are here, and the next to bring about that German industrialists and business men shall be effectively taxed by their Government on a scale not less than that which we have inflicted upon ourselves. For both these matters go to the root of competition.

Apart from this specific case, however, I do not see that we need fear France's industrial development or resent her establishing friendly relations with her trans-Rhenish neighbour. On the contrary politically we must welcome these as elements of stability.

To summarise, then, this should be Britain's policy in Alsace-Lorraine and upon the Rhine: to secure the demilitarisation of a specified zone on the right bank of the Rhine with international control of the bridgeheads; to consider the territory on the left bank as within our 'outer frontiers,' every military threat upon which should be countered; to support for all time the retention by France of the territory within the 'Wellington line' of 1815; to stand for the full and free exercise by France of her rights in the Sarre basin, whatever its future government; to remove, in the best traditions of the policy of King Edward and Lord Lansdowne, all outstanding points of political difference between France and ourselves, with a view to renewing an effective and truly cordial *Entente;* with or without written agreements, to maintain the regular intercourse between the French and British General Staffs for the study of the effective aid which can at any time be rendered; and, finally, in the words of Gladstone,[8] 'to develop and mature the action of a common, or public, or European opinion as the best standing bulwark against wrong.'

Unless Britain's policy be firmly based upon these principles *and her determination to abide by them made known,* I can only see a return to the armament race that preceded the war and is bound to end in a great conflagration.

JOHN DE LA VALETTE.

[8] Memorandum of 1869 quoted above

THE DISGRACEFUL SOVIET, AND ITS EXCUSERS

I.

THE sweeping victory of Conservatism at the polls, representing as it does the uprising of the ordinary, sensible Englishman against Bolshevism and all its works, must be viewed with satisfaction by all those who, in Anglo-Russian matters, take the line of the *Nineteenth Century and After*—resolute, uncompromising hostility to any form of dealing with the present Government of Russia. The Soviet treaty lies shattered in the dust, spurned contemptuously by all save those people whose motto is 'Any other country first!' and whose anti-national anthem is *The Red Flag*. But although the treaty is dead, the question of 'recognition' is still with us, and if our hands are to remain clean we must not falter in the fight till that also is slain. Some of the alleged 'arguments' in favour of recognising the Soviet have been dealt with in previous issues of *The Nineteenth Century*. It is now my intention to examine briefly a few other lines of thought, if they can be dignified with that name, along which the friends of the Soviet travel.

Since I wrote on the subject much has been said about the beneficent effect on British trade which would ensue from an agreement with Russia, and much praise has been bestowed on Mr. Lloyd George's Trade Agreement of 1921. Now that agreement did little or nothing for our trade except a few trifling arrangements, mostly in favour of Russia, including one for the export from Russia to England of *kishki* (offals). I specially mention the latter because it seems so singularly appropriate that the cowardly policy of trafficking with Bolshevism should receive as its guerdon a contribution of 'guts,' a commodity which, in the public school sense of the word, our pro-Soviet people so badly lack. But I need loiter no longer over the 'trade' argument, which has been dealt with by many abler writers than myself.[1]

[1] For a very good account of the Trade Agreement see 'The Evil Bolshevist Government,' by Sir Charles Hunter, in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for November 1923.

I now come to a type of argument in great favour amongst Liberal politicians (and one or two doubtful Conservatives), an argument which is well exemplified in a speech made by Viscount Grey of Fallodon at Cardiff during the election. I will give his own words:

> I have not found fault with the Labour Government for recognising the Bolshevist Government of Russia. When I was in office we not only recognised, but were on friendly terms with, the Government of the Tsar, which was a despotism. We did not think it was a good Government, but it was the only thing you could deal with in Russia, and we considered it was not our duty to inquire into the internal affairs of a foreign nation. . . .

Since I read these words it has been a source of continual amazement to me that Viscount Grey, an upright, straightforward man, of great intellectual attainments, with none of that tortuousness which is the characteristic trait of the professional politician, and with a claim to be considered one of the best Foreign Ministers this country has had, should fail to see the utterly fallacious nature of such an argument. Leaving aside, for the moment, the fact that the Tsarist 'tyranny' (or, for that matter, the foulest Government that has ever defiled the earth) was as harmless and mild as a Dorcas society compared with the unutterable vileness of the Bolsheviks, leaving this aside, I say, the two cases are utterly different. When Viscount Grey was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs there was never any question of 'recognising' the Russian Government of that period. The Tsarist *régime* had been in existence for centuries, and as each Tsar succeeded his predecessor and took up the thread of international relationships where it had been laid down, the question of *de jure* recognition never arose. There was no movement in England against dealing with Tsarist Russia, as there is in the case of Bolshevist Russia. Furthermore, to break off relations with an established and friendly Power is equivalent to a declaration of war, whereas with the Soviet the matter assumes an entirely different aspect, since there is no question of breaking off relations with an established, friendly Power; it is a question of assuming relations with a new and evil Power which is the deadly enemy, not only of this country, but of civilisation itself.

As to the internal affairs of a foreign nation being 'none of our business,' this can only be true of a nation with a settled, orderly Government which recognises and pays tribute to the ordinary rules of civilised society, and which refrains from stirring up trouble in the internal affairs of its neighbours. The French Revolution proved once and for all that the internal affairs of a revolutionary nation can never remain 'not our affair' for long. The domestic business of Russia must and will continue to be the

object of our earnest watchfulness until the foul beast of Bolshevism dies a natural death or is stamped out by force.

I must make some reference to an 'argument' from which, when I was first informed of its nature and origin, I turned away with astonishment. It is, briefly, this: 'We deal with savages and cannibals, so why should we not be on good terms with the Bolsheviks?' Those are not the actual words of the argument, but they are the essence of it, stated baldly. Astounding as this argument is, it becomes even more so when one considers its source, for it is not, as one might expect, the rough-and-ready weapon of an ignorant soap-box orator, but the product of an able writer, published in the chaste pages of an old, refined and respectable weekly.

It is scarcely worth while replying to such an incredibly silly argument as this, which is a typical example of the depths of inanity to which our pro-Bolshevik writers are forced to descend; but a few considerations arise which may be mentioned. To begin with, does any sane person suggest that the most debased, bloodthirsty and revolting savage on the earth comes near the Bolshevik in what Macaulay calls 'consummate and universal depravity'? In the course of a very wide reading I have never encountered, either in fiction or in history, any monster so vile as the Bolshevik. Compared with him, Dean Swift's Yahoo stands out as a refined and intellectual gentleman. And I think that in this fact we anti-recognitionists have one of our most powerful arguments, an argument which raises the whole question far above the petty considerations of money-making and futile internationalism, raises it to the plane whereon is fought the eternal conflict between good and evil, God and devil. That is a wise old saying that one cannot touch pitch without suffering defilement. Bolshevism is evil incarnate; a less worldly-wise but more truly wise generation than ours would have seen in it a symbolic manifestation of the power of Satan; and in the eyes of many of us the nation which, for any considerations, touches the pitch of Bolshevism is doomed to suffer the defilement of loss of national honour, and has taken a long stride along the road to degeneration and ruin.

To return for a moment to the cannibal delusion: does it never occur to its author that, after all, the analogy of an uneducated and uncivilised savage is hardly the one to use in calling for the recognition of a supposedly civilised State? On his showing, Russia should now take her place amongst the nations of the world on equal terms; one can scarcely regard as the most irresistible of inducements to this step the fact that the best argument he can think of is to compare that unhappy nation's rulers with cannibals. Again, is civilisation in peril from these cannibals,

as it is from the Soviet ? Are we to have cannibal representatives in the League of Nations, with a chance of an edict dealing with the types of gravy salts with which missionaries of different denominations must be eaten ? One final word : the British Empire is in no danger from cannibals ; the Soviet is plotting its destruction and trying to establish a Communist republic in England.

Another favourite argument is, 'Why, even Mussolini has recognised the Soviet ; and now France has just done the same ; why should we stand aloof ? ' The answer to that, of course, is that our foreign relationships, at least so far as the recognition of new Governments is concerned, must not be affected by what other nations do. Even the fact that America has chosen the honourable path and has refused to have any dealings with the Soviet should not influence us unduly, although we are blood-brothers, and together should inevitably prove too strong for Bolshevism. Our conduct in this matter should be guided solely by considerations of our own national honour ; if other nations choose to wallow in the filth of Bolshevism, they must ; but let *us* keep ourselves clean, or as clean as our 'progressive' politicians will let us. It is noteworthy that the papers which give most praise to Mussolini's act of recognition are precisely the same papers which have most persistently vilified him in every other connection.

As to France, I am convinced that she will bitterly rue M. Herriot's hasty act, which is simply playing Germany's game. Bolshevism is essentially a German growth ; its theoretic roots were nurtured in the soil of spurious German economics ; its leading figures, that weird bevy of 'baums' and 'steins,' are German Jews ; its triumph in Russia was largely engineered by German gold ; and Germany started the movement for recognition.

M. Herriot has sacrificed his country's interests for the sake of a nebulous internationalism. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald did the same thing ; he is now spoken of as 'the late Prime Minister' ; how long will M. Herriot remain 'the present' ? And whatever other nations may do, there remains a special reason why *we* should keep the Soviet at a distance. We, more than any other nation, are the particular object of the Bolshevik's virulent hatred ; we in our far-flung Empire have most to lose ; on us, not for the first time in our history, has devolved the duty of saving the world from a great menace, this time from the most hideous of them all ; let our watchword be the proud motto of Verdun : '*Ils ne passeront pas.*'

Finally, a few words must be said about the lessons of the election in their bearing on this question of the recognition of the Soviet Government. It may justly be claimed that the result has been a complete vindication of the straightforward line taken by

the *Nineteenth Century and After*. The people of Britain have shown, in no uncertain manner, their abhorrence of Bolshevism and indignation at the Soviet's interference in our concerns. It may, of course, be argued that the vote of the nation was a vote against Communism and against the loan treaty rather than against recognition. That may be so, but I believe otherwise; from my own experiences and conversations in a score of different constituencies during the election, I feel sure that the predominant feeling is one of surfeit of Russia and all things Russian. Everywhere one hears it said: 'For Heaven's sake, give Russia a rest!' It may be that dealings with the Soviet would not arouse any violent feeling in the country; but as a whole it is more than probable that the great majority of the nation feels that until Russia has rid herself of the incubus of Bolshevism, until other nations can have security from the underground intrigues of these revolutionists, Russia is best left entirely alone.

The Zinovieff letter, though it caused such a commotion throughout the country, gave little surprise to any tolerably well-informed person. The question of its genuineness or otherwise is only of relatively small importance, for anyone who is not a fool has long been aware of the extensive ramifications of Bolshevist-Communist intrigue in this country.

Now that the victory has been won, what will be done with it? Mr. Baldwin has an opportunity such as has been accorded to few men in the world's history; he has shown courage and judgment in his choice of colleagues; what will they do with this golden chance? Labour stood for a loan to Russia; it was defeated. Liberalism stood for a weak-kneed compromise; it was utterly routed. The inference is obvious: the nation wants no truck with Bolshevism, Communism, or any of the allied products of the sewer. The new Government has a clear mandate to cleanse that sewer. What will it do? As a start I suggest:

1. An uncompromising refusal to have any kind of dealing with the Soviet.

2. A revision and tightening of all laws dealing with the immigration into, and position in, this country of aliens.

3. A great strengthening and rigid enforcement of the laws relating to sedition.

4. The immediate expulsion of every agent of Bolshevism here.

Only by such measures as these can we regain and retain our national honour.

W. F. Lloyd.

II

'UNDOING CIVILISATION,' or 'Marxism in Practice: its Failure,' might have been used as an alternative heading to the following remarks, which deal with the experiment to which a great empire was ruthlessly subjected to test the practicability or otherwise of crude abstract doctrines formulated by certain extremeCommunists. Russian Bolshevism, as put into operation by Lenin, can only be properly realised when the details of the experiment are dissected and its component parts exposed to view.

A few remarks on the condition of Russia about the time Bolshevism began may help to elucidate our subject. In the late autumn of 1916 both the Duma and the rank and file of the Russian Army suspected treachery somewhere in high places; the soldiers began to distrust their officers and no longer feared them. At the front were proved generals of the first order: Brusilov, Alexeiev, Ruzsky and others. The officers and men fought with their accustomed valour and tenacity, but strange and unaccountable reverses were periodically sustained. Treachery was actually discovered in some cases. Add to this that rifles and ammunition, artillery equipment and aircraft, had run short and were inadequately replaced. The soldiers felt that they were being let down, and that the Government was criminally negligent and inefficient. Throughout the war German propaganda was pervading the Russian Army, suggesting peace and surrender, and Russian Communists were working overtime to promote cessation of hostilities against the Central Powers and to foster internal revolution. The spirit of anarchy was abroad. Revolution against the Czar's government began on March 10, 1917. After several changes a Provisional Government, with Karensky as Prime Minister, was formed; the Duma was set aside. On March 15 Nicholas II. abdicated. This revolution meant the overthrow of all accepted creeds, morals and habits of the people; everything was being upset. The people indulged in bestial lusts, cruelty and violent destruction. In rural districts the worst passions of the peasants exploded with barbarous fury. The landlords were attacked; those most hated were killed.

Incendiarism was rampant. The object of the peasants was to take possession of the landlords' estates, agricultural implements, horses and cattle, but especially to seize the land and make it their own; they vowed that no Government or State organisation should ever deprive them of it. Gratification of the inherited 'land hunger' was a source of immense satisfaction to them. Then things calmed down temporarily.

The Social Revolution seems to have brought some degree of contentment to the Russian people, who thought they had at last found real freedom. But their happiness was short-lived. They were menaced on all sides. At this time Maxim Gorki wrote: 'The years of war have proved with a horrible obviousness how sick the Russian civilisation is, how badly we are organised. We have been starving for freedom. But, with our inclination to anarchy, we may very easily devour that freedom'—a true prophecy. The unity of the people was soon broken; the divergence of class from class soon widened. The first split was between those who wanted the war to stop and those who ardently desired it to continue. No compromise was possible; the former, the more exigent, prevailed. A peace manifesto was despatched from the Petrograd Soviet to the peoples of the world. It contained the formula 'No annexations and no indemnities.' To the Russians this seemed a heaven-born phrase. Lenin took advantage of the popular excitement created by the peace note. He incited the workers and soldiers to make a bid for power. But the masses still believed that the Provisional Government would secure peace and convoke a Constituent Assembly. Karensky's July 1917 offensive strengthened Lenin's hand. Strikes and riots occurred, the soldiers and sailors joined the insurrection, but the Provisional Government crushed it. The Government declared that Lenin and his disciples were in the pay of the Germans. This turned the masses against the Bolsheviks; Lenin and Zinoviev had to disappear underground; Trotsky was imprisoned. The Ministers of Government were indecisive, wanting in initiative, and without a definite plan of campaign; they were also hard pressed by the Soviet of Workmen, Peasants and Soldiers. Kornilov, the Commander-in-Chief, a popular hero, resented the drifting policy, and tried to get the Government to co-operate with him to restore discipline in the army. Both he and Karensky saw that a democratic dictatorship was indispensable, but, unfortunately, they distrusted one another; this was the greatest misfortune: their co-operation would probably have saved the country. Kornilov ordered some cavalry divisions to Petrograd; Karensky dismissed Kornilov, and pronounced him to be a traitor to the Social Revolution. Kornilov deposed Karensky, who appealed to the Soviet of Workers,

Peasants and Soldiers to defend the Revolution; this invertebrate action betrayed the Russian people into the hands of the Bolsheviks. The Bolshevist leaders were released. Kornilov was defeated, and vanished westwards; his action started a wholesale massacre in the country. The tide of anarchy and terrorism was now rising rapidly. The Bolsheviks had a clear-cut programme, with determination to carry it out. The Soviets demanded new elections; these gave the Bolsheviks a great majority in the two capitals. Trotsky became President of the Soviet in Petrograd, and openly prepared for armed revolt. The whole situation in Russia was dominated at this time by the Bolsheviks' bid for power. The Provisional Government was badly scared. On November 5 Trotsky induced the Petrograd garrison to resolve to abolish the Karensky Government. That evening there was a Congress of Soviets, and Lenin appeared; the *mise en sçène* was most dramatically arranged; Lenin had not been seen since July.

The second revolution broke out on November 7, and was an easy victory for the Bolsheviks. Karensky's Government fell. Lenin forthwith issued a declaration to the people of Russia to the effect that the power of the State was in the hands of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers, Peasants and Soldiers' deputies. The Reign of Terror started. Along the loose, disorderly line still called a front officers were butchered by their men.

Lenin and Trotsky were now masters of Russia, and they, with a few others, became the most despotic rulers Russia had ever known. At that time no one believed that the Bolshevist *régime* would be permanent. It was thought that Karensky would soon reappear with a strong force and recapture Petrograd. He actually did collect some troops, but was twice defeated by Trotsky's force. Lenin knew he was attempting to carry out a great experiment, which at the time he thought might last three months.

One of the most dominant purposes of the Bolsheviks was to abandon the Allies and make a separate peace with the Central Powers. 'The advanced Communists had no scruples as to letting down the Allies; what they were chiefly afraid of was an Allied victory.' The Bolsheviks betrayed the Allies in the middle of the Great War; the French estimate that this treachery cost the Allies 500,000 men. Shortly hostilities against the Central Powers were stopped, and negotiations for a separate peace treaty with them begun at Brest-Litovsk. The catch-phrase 'No annexations and no indemnities' was laughed to scorn by the Central Powers, who declined to evacuate the Russian territory their troops occupied. The Conference was adjourned, and later reopened; no agreement was arrived at, and Ludendorff insisted on denunciation

of the Armistice. Hostilities were resumed, and soon there was an unconditional surrender of the Russians. The Bolshevist Government removed to Moscow.

The worst part of the Russian tragedy was not the brutality of the Extraordinary Commission (Cheka) nor the suppression of all freedom, but that the Social Revolution, which dawned so auspiciously and promised so much, actually gave Russia a Government that was completely foreign to her sympathies, aspirations and ideals as a nation. On November 8, 1917, Lenin said: 'Our Revolution will be the signal for universal revolution.' Trotsky at the same time declared that Revolution to be 'the beginning of a new era in history'—a true prediction, alas.

It is only possible here to refer to the more important component parts of the great Marxian experiment. One of its most destructive items was the economic policy. Before introducing nationalisation of industries, the Bolsheviks inaugurated what was called the *workers' control* system. In this the Marxists, or industrial workers, were the chosen class, and their right was to parcel out the benefits and indulgences for themselves according to their own ideas of honesty and expediency. They squeezed the previous employers dry. Each factory or industry was supervised by a board of these workmen; those who had been employers were made technical experts and banking managers. This diabolical and extraordinary combination of capitalism and labour was for the purpose of enabling the 'workers' to draw on the resources of the capitalists to the last drop; the employer could not withdraw, nor could he oppose any order of the workers' board. The natural result followed: total industrial anarchy and chaos

Next followed *bureaucratic nationalisation of service*, which was in practice modified slavery. In this the workmen were considered to be disciplined citizens working for the commonwealth. Workmen were mobilised for industrial purposes, sent to the Urals, the Donetz Basin coal mines, or elsewhere, subjected to military control and martial law; the returned battalions from the various fronts were formed into groups of labourers and allotted industrial tasks. The workmen deserted the towns in thousands, got lost in the villages, or went on strike in the presence of ruthless suppression. The Bolsheviks had to abandon this scheme.

Under the Bolshevist *régime* workmen and *bourgeoisie* are in slavery—a worse form of serfdom than has been known in Europe for centuries. The reign of the dictators has brought nothing but

misery and hardship to those workpeople who do not identify themselves completely with Bolshevist doctrines.

Bolshevism has made man into a machine without a soul, without God, without gratitude, without love, and if the machine does not work it is destroyed (*The Times*, June 23—28, 1923).

The dictators are the persecutors and exploiters of the workmen. Bolshevism is a sanguinary parody of the Proletariat Revolution Not one of the rulers of Russia can claim to be a real workman.

Nationalisation of industry and trade was started as part of the Marxian programme, and incidentally to redeem the large sums that had been issued for production; the Government raised the 'fixed prices' on manufactured goods. The Bolsheviks controlled most commodities, but could not control agricultural produce. The peasants by a counterstroke raised the prices of foodstuffs in proportion to the rise in Government goods. Both rises led to increase in wages. Government had to pay out more than it received for the goods it sold. Eventually it lost heavily on the new system, so ceased raising the fixed prices. The workmen are still employed in the few Government factories functioning. The discipline is rigorous. The smallest offence is dealt with severely. Absence or unpunctuality is met by forced labour or corporal punishment. Imprisonment is awarded for inferior work: life in a workmen's gaol is the limit of degradation; or the victims are driven to concentration or internment camps, such as that at Archangel. In the Government factories the men have usually a twelve-hour day. The work is badly organised and supervised; incompetence is visible everywhere. The workmen are badly fed, badly paid (the wages are about one-third of pre-war rates and paid irregularly), and otherwise subjected to conditions indistinguishable from indentured slavery. The working classes have not the right to strike; strikes are suppressed by armed force. Workmen of various large factories and peasants have protested in vain against this stifling of all liberty. There is no such thing as liberty in Russia—of action, speech, or the Press.

Eventually the Bolsheviks had to admit the failure of their industrial experiment; the new economic policy they introduced in 1921 was an official acknowledgment of that failure and a direct appeal to the reinstitution of private enterprise. But the country was by this time impoverished; the whole machinery of industry, trade and currency had been destroyed. The Bolshevist system had severed the nerves of the economic organism, and produced paralysis. In 1921 Krassin, under Lenin's instructions, came to England to establish trade relations; capital and competent leadership were acknowledged to be necessary forces in industrial

production. Note the position: Russian capitalists had been robbed by nationalisation of private property and exterminated from Russia; therefore foreign capitalists had to be invited to take their place. What the poorer classes, especially the working classes and their families, went through in the form of starvation, epidemic disease, misery and hardship for want of clothes and fuel, during this period of nationalisation of industries, is indescribably heartrending.

Under the Bolshevist Government occurred a famine associated with the death of from twenty to thirty millions of men, women and children. A country which in normal circumstances is one of the great granaries and food producers of the world had to be fed by the philanthropy of other civilised nations who imported food into Russia for the starving unfortunates. Dr. Nansen, who was Famine Relief Administrator for the League of Nations, reported officially that 'the famine extends to nineteen million people, of whom fifteen million are condemned to die.' These dead millions, as well as those who survive, proclaim the utter failure of the Bolshevist *régime*. Associated with the famine were epidemics of typhus fever, cholera, scurvy and malaria. The old *régime* had done a vast amount of work in draining marshes and keeping them within bounds; the Soviets were incapable of continuing this work; the marshes re-formed, mosquitoes thrived, and malaria has now spread over enormous tracts of Russia. I was told by many Russians in South-East Europe that few things had so seriously injured the Soviet Government as the kindness and charity of the Christian world during the famines and epidemics of 1920–22. The failure of the Bolshevist organisation to cope with the great famine dealt a heavy blow to theMarxian experiment. The masses of the Russian people saw that the Soviet Government spent vast sums on the upkeep of a huge army and for the Third International propaganda, but would not help the starving millions.

By the end of 1921 the railways were only doing 10 to 15 per cent. of their normal work. The locomotives, rolling stock, and permanent way were largely worn out; the rolling stock still usable was almost exclusively employed for military purposes. In January 1917 there were 64,526 versts of railway lines in use, 17,012 locomotives, 16·5 per cent. of which were out of order, and there were twenty-six locomotives per 100 versts of line; in January 1920 these figures respectively were—48,410, 3969, 58·1 and 8. In 1914 there were 876 new locomotives made in Russia, in 1919 only eighty-five. The great unity of the component parts of the extensive Russian Empire for economic intercourse was to a large extent broken up.

The basis of Russian industry is coal. Before the war the Donetz Basin alone worked 390 pits; in 1923 only thirty were

working. In 1922 the coal production in Russia was barely 25 per cent. of the pre-war output.

The financial arrangements (such a thing as financial policy does not exist) of the Bolsheviks have been universally ridiculed. During the six months in 1917 when they were manœuvring to become masters of Russia the Bolsheviks poured forth violent denunciations against banks and the use of money, yet one of their first acts after usurping power in November 1917 was to close all private banks and establish a State bank. In their seven years' administration they have brought about an unprecedented debasement of Russian currency, but they have introduced no effective way to abolish money; their recent creation of the Tchernovetz is in the opposite direction. For a considerable time there was no real circulation of money. It was all an output from the Government printing machines; there was but little influx from taxation and other normal sources of State revenue. Inflation rose year by year; money was inflated almost out of existence. But the 'money hunger' for paper currency in the rural districts was insatiable; the notes were put into sacks by the peasants and buried.

Absence of any sound definite financial policy is one of the rocks upon which the whole economic system of Soviet Russia is splitting, and the Bolsheviks now know this.

Soviet Russia is the most pronounced militarist State in the world; militarism is carried into every department of the administration. The Government rests on force and not on the will of the people. It is idle to think that the peace of Europe is secure while Russia maintains a large army under a dictatorship and is dissatisfied with the new order of frontiers. Trotsky has declared that 'social development is best brought about by militarism.' These facts show the insincerity of the Bolsheviks when they state that they aim at bringing about the cessation of war and the abrogation of armies.

The Extraordinary Commission, or Cheka (now O.G.P.U.), is one of the most evil organisations invented by man. It is the dread spectre that ever roams the country with unremitting vigilance ubiquitously. It has absolute power. No modern civilised Government should be obliged to maintain such an organisation. The Cheka's record of atrocious crime during the second Revolution is indescribable. 'By the side of this cold-blooded and systematic machinery for crushing human beings acted innumerable gangs of ruffians and criminals, who robbed and killed in the sacred name of Red Revolution with complete immunity and with approval of the ruling powers.' The staff of the Cheka consists of Jews, Poles, Hungarians, Armenians—the scum of these races. The Cheka is practically worked by foreigners; many of them were in the Tsarist C.I.D.

At the Ninth Congress of the Cheka it was stated: 'If we abolish the Cheka we cut the branch on which we are seated.'

There is now no secret as to the relationship between the Soviet Government and the Third International, or Communist International (C.I.). The latter may be looked upon as the extraterritorial organisation of the former. The C.I. is not the independent body it claims to be. It unites regular propagation of Bolshevism with strict centralisation of authority in the Moscow group. Last February Zinoviev in a speech published in the *Pravda*, said:

> While Lenin was in a state to direct our work we, the members of the Communist International, came to him for advice, and the whole central committee agreed that his views were to be put in practice without further debate. When this became impossible, Lenin's guidance had to be replaced by that of a collective body.

To all intents and purposes the C.I. is

> a department of the Moscow Administration under the charge of Zinoviev, and its importance makes him a very influential member of the party. The apparent separation enables the Moscow Government to speak with two voices; one makes promises to foreign Governments, while the other issues orders in an opposite sense to revolutionary parties in other countries. (*The Times*, November 6, 1924)

Their *laws regarding marriage, ownership,* and *security of children,* family relations and succession, were a direct blow at modern civilisation and morality; they shocked the white races of the world.

> Child education in Soviet Russia is based upon an attempt to dissolve the ties hitherto existing between parent and child, and children are removed from the care of their parents soon after birth. Education, both child and adult, is not merely secular, but directly anti-religious in bias. (*Lord Emmott's Committee.*)

One specially diabolical aim of the Bolsheviks has been the destruction of the sacred character of the family; the family opposes their ultimate intentions. Hence the conditions of marriage and divorce are made easy. The family is considered to be an institution of a bygone age, which no longer has any *raison d'être*; the paradise of Sovietdom has taken its place! The espionage system introduced into families is as evil a device as ever entered into the mind of man. A lodger is imposed on each family; he or she has usually been in prison, and is set free to become a spy; or a member of the 'Workers' Section' is posted to the house for the same purpose. The rulers are rapidly killing the finest feelings of the Russian people.

In July 1923 the Bolshevist Government (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) promulgated their new *Constitution,* but it

still excludes the masses from rights and political freedom. The people have nothing that corresponds with the political and civic freedom that is enjoyed by the people of all other nations in Europe ; they are yearning for democratic reforms by which the working classes and peasants will be granted more influence in the administration of their country. The Russian masses, after an appalling experience, now know that

> Bolshevism is politically a despotism, economically a folly, and as a democracy a stupendous delusion which will never guide the proletarian ship to the harbour of Communistic felicity. (SIR PAUL DUKE in *Red Dusk and the Morrow*.)

A Government *régime* that ignores the existence of a spiritual world, and that aims at the destruction *of all religion*, must have a demoralising effect on its people. In some of the provinces it is stated that the Bolsheviks made a clean sweep of the priests and churches. But emotionalism and religion are playing an important part in Russia at the present moment, as they always have. The well-thought-out plans of the Bolsheviks to suppress religion were shattered on the rocks of popular belief. The orders against attending church had eventually to be rescinded. The leaders of Bolshevism, however, still constantly declare that 'Christianity is the dope of the people.'

The Bolsheviks have been making a vigorous effort to get a foothold in this country. On October 25 the *Daily Mail* published a 'very secret' letter from the Russian Bolshevist leader, Zinoviev, to the Central Committee of the British Communist Party. It was dated September 15 and contains Moscow's commands to the British Communists. It tells them to prepare treason here and how this is to be carried out. It orders that the British people are to be terrorised into accepting the Russian Loan Treaty. It directs that the loyalty of our soldiers and sailors is to be undermined, and that 'cells' (which are Communist centres of infection) are to be created in all units of the troops and form groups of specialists—'the future directors of the British Red Army.' A class war is to be aroused ; that is, a civil war of the kind the Russians went through. The Moscow murder gang wanted to see this country ruined and debauched as Russia is. By the sixteenth article of the last August Treaty with the Bolsheviks they agreed to refrain from 'any act, overt or covert, liable in any way whatsoever to endanger the tranquillity or prosperity of any part of the territory of the British Empire.' Yet here we have one of the main Bolshevist rulers organising a great conspiracy to bring about the worst kind of civil war, a war based on class hatred, in this country.

Several of the late Labour Government Ministers, the Bolshevist

plenipotentiary in London, and Zinoviev declare the letter to be a forgery; there is not the smallest scrap of evidence to prove their contention. Our Foreign Office recognised it as genuine, issued it to the public and addressed the Bolshevist Chargé d'Affaires in London on the subject. There is a large amount of incontrovertible evidence indicating that Zinoviev and other members of the Soviet Government have been concerned in the organisation of civil war in other countries. In every way the letter corresponds with the methods the Moscow Bolsheviks have hitherto adopted in fostering revolution in other countries. *The Times* of November 7 publishes an important article showing the exact relationship of the Bolshevist Government to the C.I., and of both to the Communist parties of other countries. It gives details of the functions of all parties affiliated to the C.I. and shows how deeply the Communists of countries outside Russia are involved in the Bolshevist movement. The Zinoviev letter follows the method laid down in the C.I. programme implicitly. Lenin said: 'We run the risk of perishing if revolution does not break out in other countries with the least possible delay.' The abandonment of the Campbell case, which is still fresh in our memory, is now seen in a new light.

The extraordinary episode of the late Government signing the Russian Treaty (which promises the loan of millions of British money to the Bolsheviks), after the Foreign Office had stated that the negotiations had broken down, aroused considerable suspicion. A large proportion of Britishers are disposed to raise the Loan Treaty question to a higher plane. Are the forces of evil to succeed? Are we to condone the most evil crimes that have ever been perpetrated by a civilised nation? These Bolshevist rulers betrayed the Allies. On August 20 last the Moscow Soviet published a resolution to the effect that 'the treaty consecrated the essential economic objects of the October revolution—the cancellation of debts and the nationalisation of big industries and the land.' The Bolsheviks have murdered, tortured, robbed, and ruined millions of Russians in the promotion of a sanguinary world revolution which is intended to sweep Christianity off the face of the earth. The practices, methods and principles of the Bolshevist Government have destroyed Russia's productive capacity. The Soviet Government has proved itself incompetent to restore Russia's prosperity. With her unlimited resources—a vast population that is normally industrious, extensive fertile agricultural and farm lands, rich mines of coal and metals, forests of wood, great fishing rivers, valuable sea fisheries, etc.—Russia could have made a speedy recovery after the war. Instead of recovery we find misery, famine, death, due to nationalisation according to Marx, which has meant disorganisation and disintegration.

The Bolsheviks have not only squandered the reserves accumulated by orderly government and scattered some 2,000,000 of the best educated Russians across the world: they have poisoned the mainsprings of national morals for generations to come. (DOSTOIEVSKY, in *The Possessed*.)

Until they abolish confiscation of private property, give private enterprise its rightful place, completely stop all propaganda against the institutions of our kingdom and Empire, sever themselves from the Third International, and cease to foster world revolution, and return to the usual methods of commerce practised by civilised nations, support for them must be withheld.

As the result of Bolshevism and Bolshevist administration, Russia until quite recently has been considered unfit to enter the comity of nations. The methods adopted by the Soviet Government after the fall of the Provisional Government have been consistently contrary to those of civilised nations. Their system of government led to poverty, famine, epidemic, disease, and demoralisation, and threatened to unhinge Christianity. Everything which represented the work of the past was destroyed, and they are only now attempting to reconstruct, but lack the knowledge as to how it is to be carried out; they are without the necessary organisation. Bolshevist Russia has lived for years on residues of capitalistic production rather than on fresh sources of revenue. The productivity of her great agricultural and industrial works was killed by Communism. The Russian people are reduced to straits which have no parallel. The Communistic *régime* in a few years perpetrated more damage and caused more misery than any monarchical system could have carried out in a few generations.

Life under the militant Communist *régime* was so restricted that it could only be lived by hourly offences against the existing laws. Even the buying and selling of a loaf of bread was a misdemeanour. (MICHAEL S. FARBMAN, in *These Eventful Years*, ii.)

These Draconian laws, however, were administered with some degree of leniency; the Bolsheviks had early sensed failure; their chronic hypocrisy has deceived but few.

During the *régime* of our late Labour Government we Recognised as equals politically and economically the Bolsheviks of Soviet Russia. Bolshevist leaders yearn for the respect and consideration due to decent statesmen, and they are making strenuous efforts to secure full Recognition from civilised States, so that they may be whitewashed and their crimes effaced. In August 1920 the United States Government issued a reasoned opinion for refusing to enter into relations of any kind with the Bolshevist Government. There have been changes in the American Government from Democratic to Republican, and three different

Presidents have held office, but there has been no change in the opinion then expressed. They reiterated that opinion a month ago very emphatically and unsparingly. Further, in retaining President Coolidge at White House with an unprecedented Republican majority the United States have shown their resolve to keep their people free from alien corruption ; that is as great a blow to Socialism and its near relative, Bolshevism, as our recent Conservative victory in Britain. Both countries have ejected cranks and political experimentalists.

It is not easy to write with restraint about the men who ruined and debauched a whole empire. The introduction of Bolshevism into Russia is the greatest crime in history, and those who are responsible for doing it are the greatest criminals. The men who conceived this *régime*, who laboured for its inauguration, and who have profited by its adoption, are not fit persons for the British nation to have anything to do with. The civilisation of Russia to-day is on a decidedly lower plane that that of the other nations of Europe, and these criminals are directly responsible for this deplorable retrogression. These men should be rigidly excluded from Britain ; they should not be allowed to pollute the soil of this land.

Russian Bolshevism has proved to the world incontrovertibly that the doctrines of Karl Marx, modified by Nicolai Lenin, are incompatible with the present state of civilisation, and that if they were carried out universally they would inevitably lead to pronounced degradation of the human race, destruction of our civilisation, and a return to barbarism. Practically all the Marxian doctrines for the government of a Communistic State were put to the test on a large scale, and their failure has been completely proved. History will show that Russian Bolshevism has been an appalling warning to the world against a repetition of the experiment.

P. HEHIR.

III

En reconnaissant les Soviets, en reprenant avec la Russie bolcheviste des relations normales de peuple à peuple, la France vient de commettre la faute la plus grave, la plus lourde de conséquences qu'il lui était possible de commettre. Jamais, peut-être, la parole du grand Shakespeare n'aura été plus vraie que les affaires du monde sont menées par des fous.

Tant que la malheureuse Russie restera aux mains de ses vivisecteurs, elle ne saurait que demander de l'argent et exporter la folie bolcheviste. 'Tous les amis de la France,' écrivait très justement le *Times*, 'regretteront que son gouvernement ait abandonné la politique que, à l'exemple des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, elle suivait envers la Russie, pour tenter, comme d'autres nations, une expérience malheureuse, *en voulant établir des relations normales avec un gouvernement russe absolument anormal.*'

Ceci est une affirmation.

En voici la justification.

M. Rakowsky a déclaré, dans un dîner intime auquel l'avait convié, lors de son passage à Paris, M. de Monzie, sénateur et ancien ministre, actuellement président de la Commission chargée du rétablissement des relations diplomatiques entre la France et la Russie, que le peuple russe avait 'tressailli de joie' à l'annonce de la reconnaissance des Soviets par la France et du rapprochement des deux pays.

'Bien d'autres nations avant la vôtre,' ajouta M. Rakowsky, 'ont reconnu notre gouvernement. Nous en fûmes heureux. Mais la décision de la France, son geste de confiance fraternelle envers nous, a donné à notre peuple une joie immense, profonde, plus grande, à elle seule, que toutes les satisfactions qu'avaient pu nous procurer notre reconnaissance par les autres nations.'

Cabotinage, dira-t-on, ou même, tout simplement, politesse diplomatique, habileté d'un démagogue habitué aux hyperboles de l'éloquence populaire ?

Je ne crois pas. Et nous verrons pourquoi.

Mais, tout d'abord, ce prétendu 'tressaillement de joie,' a-t-il été ressenti par toute la Russie ?

Les plus naïfs et les plus enthousiastes partisans de la reprise

des relations avec les Soviets ne sauraient l'affirmer sans quelque ridicule. Le peuple russe, populace misérable et ignorante, ne sait rien de la politique européenne. On lui a dit, depuis sept années, que la France était un pays réactionnaire, qui rêvait de lui ramener ses nobles et ses tsars, et contre lequel il fallait organiser la guerre sainte. On doit lui dire maintenant que la France vaincue demande la paix. Et les moujiks, bons ou mauvais, ont dû penser que c'était bien ainsi.

D'ailleurs, regardons ce qu'en ont dit les journaux de Russie. Voici la *Pravda*, et voici les *Evesztia*. J'y lis à peu près ceci :

'Le 28 Octobre, quand M. Tchitcherine reçut le télégramme du gouvernement français annonçant la reconnaissance *de jure* du gouvernement bolchevik, le Parlement soviétique allait se séparer. Le Président du Comité exécutif convoqua en hâte les parlementaires pour dix heures du soir, dans l'ancienne salle du trône du Kremlin, où brillent encore les insignes de l'ordre de Saint André. A dix heures et demie Kalinine donna la parole à Tchitcherine, qui lut le télégramme de M. Herriot, le fit suivre de quelques phrases célébrant la victoire du bolchevisme sur la citadelle de la réaction capitaliste et bourgeoise—la France—et lut ensuite le projet de réponse qu'il proposait d'envoyer à Paris. Les déclarations de Tchitcherine furent accueillies avec indifférence, sans applaudissements ni murmures. Lorsque Kalinine demanda, suivant l'usage, si quelqu'un avait des observations à présenter, une voix s'éleva, qui dit : " Non ! " Il n'y eut aucune discussion. On vota. Comme de coutume, tout le monde approuva, à mains levées, les propositions du gouvernement. A onze heures moins dix la séance était levée.'

Comme il y a loin de ce récit authentique à l'enthousiasme dont, à Paris, nous parlait le camarade Rakowsky ! L'indifférence des commissaires du peuple se comprend d'ailleurs parfaitement : que peut représenter la France pour un cerveau de moujik ou d'ouvrier russe ?

Mais comme l'on comprend, par contre, le 'tressaillement de joie,' réel et sincère, celui-là, qu'ont ressenti les meneurs du bolchevisme ! Ils ne sont, eux, ni des ouvriers, ni des paysans, ni même des Russes, mais des agitateurs internationalistes, des révolutionnaires inquiets de l'avenir, qui titubaient sur les bords d'un gouffre.

Oui, ceux-là ont dû tressaillir de joie à la lecture du télégramme de M. Herriot. Pour bien s'en rendre compte, il faut songer à ce qu'était leur situation et à tout ce que peut représenter, pour leur puissance chancelante, le geste que vient d'accomplir la France.

Qu'est-ce que la Russie bolcheviste attend de la France ? De l'argent, rien que de l'argent.

'Ce qu'il faut avant tout,' déclarait récemment encore M.

Tchitcherine, c'est que la Russie réalise un gros emprunt à l'étranger.'

Nos bolchevistes français ne cessent de répéter que les Soviets en Russie se fortifient chaque jour, qu'ils sont politiquement les maîtres de la situation et que les conditions économiques ne cessent de s'améliorer.

La dernière, au moins, de ces affirmations est absolument contraire à la vérité.

Il nous est difficile, à nous étrangers, de connaître avec exactitude la situation politique réelle de la Russie. Une censure jalouse, qui règne par la terreur, empêche toute nouvelle de franchir la frontière. Tout homme qui commettrait l'imprudence de parler librement risquerait sa tête.

La révolte récente des socialistes géorgiens est là cependant pour nous prouver que l'autorité des bolchevistes, pas plus aujourd'hui qu'hier, n'est solide et incontestée. Tout ce que l'on peut dire, c'est que, depuis sept ans, les Soviets se sont maintenus au pouvoir, qu'ils ont tour à tour vaincu et massacré les forces qui tentaient de se dresser sur le' amis de [illegible] justement le Times [illegible] leur chemin.

Aussi n'est-ce pas sur le terrain politique que les Soviets seront vaincus. Ce n'est pas par là que leur régime s'effondrera, mais par l'anarchie financière, par la misère économique.

Tout le monde sait en quelle misérable état se trouve aujourd'hui l'industrie russe.

De l'aveu même des Soviets, la production industrielle russe est réduite actuellement à 30 % de ce qu'elle était avant la révolution. Les salaires ouvriers sont tombés au quart de ce qu'ils étaient sous le régime tsariste. Et cependant, par suite du manque de direction technique et du défaut de discipline, ces salaires de famine sont encore disproportionnés avec la productivité des ouvriers. La camarade Djerjinski, le grand maître de la Tchéka, nommé Commissaire du Peuple aux questions économiques, s'est récemment élevé avec véhémence contre la paresse et l'incapacité des ouvriers, menaçant, si les ateliers continuaient à coûter aussi cher au budget soviétique, de les licencier et de les chasser dans la campagne où les moujiks déjà meurent de faim. Ce qui serait les condamner à une lent agonie par la famine.

L'an passé, les ateliers soviétiques ont coûté au budget 70 millions de roubles or.

Les paysans sont-ils, au moins, plus heureux ?

La Russie est, avant tout, un grand pays agricole. Elle était même, il y a quelques années, le grenier de l'Europe.

Aujourd'hui, les paysans meurent de faim sur leurs terres, frappées, semble-t-il, de stérilité par la colère du ciel ; ou bien ils fuient par centaines de mille à la recherche d'une région où ils pouvront trouver du pain. C'est le retour à ces grandes migra-

tions de peuples affamés, qui remplirent d'épouvante les siècles passés.

Là, il faut apporter quelques précisions. Je les prendrai uniquement dans les publications bolchevistes, afin qu'on ne puisse en contester la véracité.

En 1916, les surfaces emblavées étaient, en Russie soviétique, de 80 millions d'hectares environ. Elles ne sont plus, actuellement, que de 50 millions à peine, soit une diminution des 3/8[èmes].

Sur ces superficies réduites par l'application du communisme agraire, le rendement moyen a, de son côté, sensiblement fléchi : il était de 56 pouds par hectare en 1916 ; il n'est plus que de 30 pouds actuellement.

Toujours d'après les évaluations soviétiques publiées dans la presse de ces jours derniers, la récolte de 1924 serait de 440 millions de pouds inférieure à la récolte de 1923. Elle représentera, selon les évaluations les plus optimistes et si l'on y comprend les pommes de terre, 2310 millions de pouds alors que,—toujours d'après les évaluations soviétiques—les besoins minima de la population nécessiteraient de 2600 à 2800 millions de pouds.

D'où il résulte, selon le propre aveu du pouvoir soviétique, que pour l'année 1924 le nombre présumé des personnes atteintes de la famine peut être évalué à 8 ou 10 millions, et que la moitié de la population agricole souffrira de la disette.

Aussi, dès maintenant, le spectre de la faim se dresse-t-il devant la population affolée. Les terreurs de la famine de 1921 hantent tous les esprits. Les prix des céréales montent vertigineusement. Malgré les menaces de la Tchéka, chacun s'efforce d'acheter des grains et de les cacher pour échapper à la plus atroce des morts

Stekloff, un des publicistes soviétiques les plus connus, écrivait dès le 25 Juin : 'Tout un groupe de provinces est menacé de la disette, et quelques-unes de la famine. Cela nous force à donner à temps l'alarme. Il est nécessaire de se préparer pour combattre le désastre possible.'

Et, le lendemain, la *Pravda* écrivait : 'De la Volga inférieure et du sud-est de la Russie rampent, roulent, croissent des vagues d'inquiètude. Elles se propagent en cercle dans le pays, s'agitent autour de la capitale, trouvent un écho malveillant à l'étranger. Les prix des céréales ont fait un bond, les marchands énergiques s'empressent de ne pas laisser passer les grains, des poltrons prévoyants traînent vers leur demeure des sacs pleins de blé, des millions de pauvres, dont les joues ne sont pas encore arrondies depuis la terrible famine, restent immobiles dans les abîmes du désespoir : *Maintenant, tu n'echapperas pas !* leur crie la Mort. La terreur de 1921 s'étire, à moitié réveillée ; elle cherche, avec ses mains décharnées et ses doigts crochus, à embrasser l'espace le plus grand, la moitié de la terre russe . . .'

Dès maintenant, l'exode est commencé. Les habitants des contrées les plus éprouvées par la disette abandonnent leurs isbas et se mettent en route, groupés par familles, par villages, à la recherche d'une terre plus hospitalière. Les épidémies se déclarent vite parmi ces pélerins de la misère, et d'innombrables tumulus, surmontés d'une humble croix de bois, marquent tout le long des chemins ce nouveau calvaire de la Russie martyre.

Vainement, le pouvoir soviétique ordonne-t-il à ses agents de s'opposer, même par la force, à ces migrations. La peur de la faim est plus forte que la peur même du bourreau. Les uns après les autres, les villages abandonnent leurs foyers et se dirigent instinctivement vers le sud en poussant devant eux leurs maigres troupeaux. Et cependant, la misère est déjà aussi grande dans les régions méridionales, naguère si fertiles.

La presse soviétique est pleine de ces récits lamentables.

Mais pourquoi cette misère infinie s'est-elle abattue sur des régions autrefois si riches ?

L'histoire partout se répète. Il s'est passé, de nos jours, pour la malheureuse Russie, ce qui s'était produit en France pendant notre Révolution. Le pouvoir bolchevique ayant réquisitionné chez le paysan les grains, le cheptel, les vivres, l'année d'après le moujik a cultivé tout juste ce qu'il lui fallait pour vivre. Que la moindre sécheresse ou trop d'humidité compromette la récolte, c'est alors la disette, puis la famine, puis les grandes épidémies qui déciment les races.

Depuis sept ans, la population russe a diminué de plus de 30 millions d'âmes.

Quel rapport, me direz-vous, tout cela peut-il avoir avec la reconnaissance des Soviets par la France ?

Des rapports très étroits.

Devant l'effroyable catastrophe qui ravage la Russie, la bande de brigands qui règne à Moscou s'inquiète et s'effare. Par les mitrailleuses, on domine et on fait obéir une populace heureuse de vivre, mais non pas un peuple qui meurt de faim. Qu'importe de mourir sous les balles à celui qui n'a, pour horizon, que l'agonie atroce par la faim, le typhus, la peste ?

Demain, si l'on n'y porte un prompt remède, la situation du peuple russe sera désespérée. Et alors, gare à l'effondrement bolcheviste, gare au châtiment.

Or, le seul moyen qui puisse sauver la Russie de la famine et de la contre-révolution, ce sont de vastes crédits à l'étranger qui fourniraient aux Soviets les capitaux nécessaires pour acheter des vivres aujourd'hui, et, demain, des machines agricoles, des engrais, du bétail, afin de reconstituer tout ce qu'a détruit l'imprévoyance des premières années révolutionnaires. On espérait, hier encore,

obtenir ces crédits indispensables de l'Angleterre de M. MacDonald.' Le coup a manqué. La France de M. Herriot, pensent les bolchevistes, sera peut-être plus crédule et plus confiante.

De là le " tressaillement de joie " des dirigeants soviétiques dont nous parlait M. Rakowsky.

M. Herriot semble avoir oublié aujourd'hui ses sages paroles de 1922, quand il écrivait à son retour de Russie :

'L'épargne n'est que trop sollicitée chez nous et par les besoins nationaux nés de la nécessité de réparer les désastres de la guerre, et par les emplois coloniaux. Le Français naïf prêtant au dehors et saluant avec reconnaissance son emprunteur, c'est un sport auquel la récente épreuve a enlevé tout intérêt.'

Voilà donc ce qu'attend de nous la Russie : de l'argent.

Que peut-elle nous donner ? La Révolution, et rien que la Révolution.

Les perspectives brillantes d'un commerce franco-russe, que les meneurs bolcheviks font miroiter devant nos yeux, ne sont qu'un bluff formidable.

Un journal du matin publiait, il y a quelques jours, un article à coup sûr inspiré des Soviets. Il y était dit, notamment, que la Russie comptait nous vendre, durant l'année courante, des marchandises pour 400 millions de roubles or, dont 180 millions de céréales. La Russie, par contre, nous aurait acheté des denrées alimentaires pour une valeur de 16 millions de roubles or, 145 millions de roubles or de tissus, 108 millions de roubles or en produits d'élevage, produits chimiques et machines. L'ensemble de ces achats—que le gouvernement de Moscou se déclarait disposé à effectuer en France—pouvait être évalué, selon ce journal, à 320 millions de roubles or environ, c'est-à-dire à près de 3 milliards et demi de francs.

Vraiment, de qui se moque-t-on ?

Comment ! la Russie offre de nous céder pour 180 millions de roubles or (près de 2 milliards de nos francs actuels) de céréales ? Mais le gouvernement soviétique avoue, dans ses publications officielles, que la récolte russe est insuffisante de 290 millions de pouds, au moins, pour satisfaire aux besoins de ses nationaux, et que 10 millions de Russes vont être atteints de la famine cette année ? Et les Soviets vont nous vendre pour 2 milliards de francs de céréales ?

Alors, de gaîté de cœur, ils condamneraient à la mort par la faim des centaines de milliers de victimes *de plus*. Même si les autorités soviétiques étaient prêtes, pour durer, à accomplir ce crime, quel est le pays, quel est le gouvernement, qui s'en ferait le complice et le bénéficiaire ?

Et ses achats à l'étranger, comment la Russie les paierait-elle, puisqu'elle est incapable d'exporter ?

Non, tout cela n'est que mensonge, mensonge si évident qu'il est aussitôt percé à jour. Tandis que les amis des Soviets faisaient publier dans une presse complaisante ces affirmations ridicules, des agents russes parcouraient nos provinces, achetant toutes les céréales disponibles pour les expédier en Russie.

Mais, si la Russie bolcheviste ne peut nous envoyer ni marchandises ni céréales, elle nous enverra, par contre, des propagandistes pour déclencher chez nous la révolution.

Chaque année—le budget des Soviets en fait foi—la Russie bolcheviste consacre 200 millions de roubles or (2 milliards de francs environ) à ses dépenses à l'étranger. Ce ne sont pas ses ambassades, dans les quelques pays qui ont reconnu les Soviets, qui nécessitent de pareils crédits : c'est la III° Internationale, émanation des Soviets, organisme de propagande chargé de préparer la révolution mondiale.

Il y a longtemps que les dirigeants du bolchevisme ont déclaré qu'ils n'étaient pas Russes, mais internationalistes, et que la Russie ne les intéressait que comme un point d'appui, un tremplin pour conquérir le monde à la révolution.

'Nous réussirons,' disait encore tout récemment Trotsky, 'à établir des gouvernements communistes à l'étranger le jour où nous aurons organisé une force militaire et secrète d'attaque. Cela développera la lutte des classes. Nous devons aider à la formation des partis bolcheviks en Angleterre, en Allemagne, en France et en Amérique.'

Or, le mouvement de révolution universelle, annoncé depuis cinq ans, a jusqu'ici échoué partout. Après un triomphe de quelques mois en Autriche, en Hongrie, en Bulgarie, le bolchevisme a partout été vaincu, laissant derrière lui de telles ruines, de tels souvenirs d'épouvante, que son retour semble désormais impossible dans les pays qui en ont connu l'horreur. L'Italie, pour l'avoir un instant cotoyé, s'est jetée dans le fascisme libérateur.

Deux nations, depuis que l'offensive bolcheviste a été vaincue sous les murs de Varsovie, ont été l'objet de la plus active propagande de la part de la III° Internationale : ce sont l'Angleterre et la France. Les dirigeants du bolchevisme ont pensé qu'il convenait de gagner ces deux grands pays à leur cause, et qu'après le reste de l'Europe s'écroulerait à la première secousse. C'est pour mieux atteindre la puissance de ces deux pays que la propagande bolcheviste essaya de porter la révolte dans leurs colonies et qu'elle poursuit encore une lutte passionnée en Extrême-Orient contre les prétendues 'nations impérialistes.'

Un instant l'Angleterre parut menacée par la propagande bolcheviste. Le chômage qui atteignait les ouvriers par centaines de mille, une crise industrielle comme le Royaume-Uni n'en avait jamais connu, les désillusions de la guerre et les ferments de

violences laissés par elle dans les âmes, semblèrent devoir l'entraîner vers l'abîme révolutionnaire. Mais l'Angleterre porte en elle des forces de bon sens, de santé, de clairvoyance qui bien vite lui firent voir le péril. Le 29 Octobre dernier, elle a montré de quel magnifique redressement était capable une nation énergique et courageuse.

Je note, en passant, ce seul indice : lors des élections britanniques du 29 Octobre, 67.000 électeurs seulement donnèrent leur suffrage aux candidats communistes, sur 16 millions de votants.

Restait la France.

La France fut toujours la terre privilégiée de la propagande bolcheviste. Déjà, en décembre 1920, au congrès communiste tenu à Brême, Facher, un des chefs du bolchevisme, déclarait, dans son rapport sur les progrès du communisme : 'La propagande bolcheviste a remporté un succès exceptionnel en France. Le parti communiste français doit être compté comme le deuxième par sa puissance.'

Depuis lors, le communisme n'a cessé de progresser en France.

Au congrès de Brême, en 1920, les dirigeants du parti n'évaluaient eux-mêmes les communistes de France qu'au chiffre de 131.000 pour 38 millions d'habitants, contre 500.000 en Russie pour 130 millions d'âmes. Combien sont-ils aujourd'hui ?

Lors des élections françaises du 11 Mai, 879.000 électeurs ont accordé, *en bloc*, leurs suffrages aux listes entièrement communistes, et cels sur 9.800.000 votants. C'est donc environ 10% de la population mâle adulte qui s'est embrigadée aujourd'hui parmi les militants du communisme.

Si l'on songe qu'en 1793, au plus beau temps de la Terreur, il n'y eût jamais en France plus de 200.000 jacobins militants et qu'actuellement, en Russie soviétique, le gouvernement de Moscou lui-même ne compte guère que 500.000 communistes, on se rendra compte du péril que représente le bolchevisme pour la France.

Le péril s'accroît de ce fait que le parti communiste français est dirigé, payé, commandé par les chefs de la III° Internationale, c'est-à-dire par les chefs du gouvernement de Moscou. Ce gouvernement, dont le but publiquement avoué est de détruire le régime, la société et la patrie, dispose chez nous de journaux, d'organisations et de milliers de militants de toutes nationalités, concentrés dans la banlieue de Paris. Nous allons lui fournir demain, sous le couvert de l'inviolabilité diplomatique, le moyen d'installer au milieu de nous son état-major ; nous allons lui donner la possibilité de préparer tranquillement le coup de main qui consommera la ruine de notre pays.

Si la Révolution, une première fois, vient à manquer, eh bien ! ils feront comme ils ont déjà fait à Berlin, à Londres et à Berne : ils s'enfuiront, laissant à leurs complices de l'intérieur le soin de

continuer leurs criminels agissements. Car, n'oublions pas le mot de Zinovief lui-même, que 'l'Internationale communiste et le gouvernement des Soviets sont le dos et le plat d'un même livre.'

'Les Soviets viennent de gagner une nouvelle manche sur le capitalisme, écrivait *l'Humanité* au lendemain de leur reconnaissance par la France. Mais pour que cette victoire ne soit pas sans lendemain, il faut que les travailleurs se groupent au sein du Parti communiste pour soutenir utilement la première République socialiste des ouvriers et paysans, et pour travailler à son agrandissement par le renversement en France de la société capitaliste et par l'instauration de la dictature du prolétariat.'

Et le camarade Rakowsky, interviewé par un rédacteur de cette même *Humanité*, lors de son passage à Paris, déclarait justement que 'la reconnaissance *de jure* des Soviets par la France *avait consolidé le régime bolcheviste sur le plan politique international.* Ce résultat, ajoute-t-il, nous le devons non seulement à nos efforts, mais aussi au concours fraternel des communistes de France.'

Voilà ce que représente pour la France la reconnaissance des Soviets.

L'Humanité, journal communiste, organe officiel en France de la III° Internationale, écrivait ces jours-ci : 'Paris a peur dans la ceinture rouge de sa banlieue.'

Non, Paris n'a pas peur, mais Paris, moins stupide ou moins aveugle que ses chefs, s'inquiète de se voir envahi par plus de 400.000 étrangers, la plupart sans identité, sans profession, sans moyens connus d'existence ; par 400.000 étrangers massés dans sa banlieue, tout prêts à intervenir à la première émeute et à se ruer au pillage, à l'incendie, au signal de chefs inconnus.

Paris n'a pas peur, mais Paris veut être défendu. Il sait, comme le disait M. G. Clémenceau, voici quatre ans déjà, qu'entre les bolchevistes et les défenseurs de l'ordre, il n'y a plus qu'une question de force. Et Paris veut que la force reste aux mains des défenseurs de ses libertés et de ses traditions. Paris ne veut pas que, pour lui, se réalise une fois de plus la prédiction de Shakespeare ; il ne veut pas se laisser mener par des inconscients ou des fous.

Comprend-on, maintenant, pourquoi les meneurs des Soviets ont 'tressailli de joie' quand ils ont reçu l'avis officiel que les portes de Paris et de la France leur étaient ouvertes ? . . . C'est la ville convoitée s'offrant aux envahisseurs.

'Avec nos 879.000 militants—sans compter les étrangers et les femmes—disséminés dans tout le pays, avec nos *cellules* organisées dans toutes les industries, avec les saboteurs rentrant en maîtres dans le personnel des cheminots, la France, pensent-ils, est mûre pour la révolution. Et seule cette révolution pourra sauver la soviétisme chancelant en Russie.'

Mais les bolchevistes de Moscou, comme les bolchevistes de France, n'ont oublié qu'une chose : c'est qu'un fascisme français surgira spontanément en face d'eux si le gouvernement légal, faisant faillite à son devoir, n'écrase pas la révolution dans l'œuf.

Quand un mouvement révolutionnaire risque de ruiner une nation comme le bolchevisme a ruiné la Russie, et que le gouvernement légitime abdique devant l'émeute, l'insurrection devient pour l'élite ' le plus imprescriptible des droits et le plus sacré des devoirs.'

CAMILLE AYMARD.

THE ELECTION

THE possibility of an autumn election had long been anticipated, but it came, when it did come, with surprising suddenness. The actual cause of Mr. MacDonald's appeal to the country can only be conjectured by those outside the inner councils of the Socialist Party. It may be that the Government were really afraid of allowing an inquiry into the Campbell case; that they realised the unpopularity of the Russian Treaty in the country and were anxious for an election to take place before it could be discussed in Parliament; or that their failure to find a remedy for unemployment, coupled with the rise in the price of food, made them anxious lest they should find themselves in a worse position at the end of the winter than they were at the beginning.

There are, however, circumstances indicating that the third alternative is the correct one. The most important is the attitude of the Socialists towards the Liberals both before and during the election. They were kept in office by the votes of the Liberal members. They did not expect to gain, we are told, more than a score of seats, so that if they were to remain in office after the election they would require the support of at least 100 Liberal members; yet their guns were trained on the Liberals rather than on the Conservatives, and they did not hesitate to announce that they were out to smash the Liberal Party. The only conclusion to be drawn is that they both expected and wished to find themselves in opposition, where the Liberals would be to them as great a hindrance as in office they had been a help.

We may also notice that though during the election Mr. MacDonald kept saying that he was being driven from office by Tory plots, and so forth, yet when all was over, and he was able to say what he really thought, he declared that 'he did not envy Mr. Baldwin his job.'

Another factor which may have contributed to the Government's decision to go out of office was the increasing difficulty which they were having with the extreme section of their party, which was becoming more and more indignant because the Ministers, or nearly all of them, were carrying out their duties in accordance with the traditions of their predecessors. From a recent speech of

Mr. Clynes, in which he said that the worst enemies of the Labour Party were the Communists, we may infer that a determined attempt will be made to do in opposition what was much more difficult while in power, namely to draw a definite line between Socialists and Communists, with the idea of reducing the former to unanimity and the latter to insignificance.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the two men put up at the last moment to win Paisley and Motherwell, the only two seats gained by the Socialists in the Clyde area, are both emphatically of the *bourgeois* rather than the proletarian type.

We have reason to suppose, then, that the Socialists anticipated the return of Mr. Baldwin to power, with themselves, in slightly increased numbers, as the only effective Opposition. In their numbers they have been disappointed, but they have succeeded in reducing the Liberal Party, temporarily at any rate, to insignificance, and in increasing their poll.

If the strength of parties in the House of Commons is not a true indication of their strength in the country, still less is the method adopted throughout the Press of adding together the votes polled by the candidates of each party and representing the total as the voting strength of the party. It is obvious that the total votes obtained depend entirely on the number of candidates run. There would be just as many convinced Conservatives in the country if all the Conservative candidates had withdrawn on the day of nomination. Those who take the total of votes as the sole criterion apparently expect us to believe that those Conservatives who voted for Mr. Asquith had previously been converted to Liberalism, that the Oldham electors who voted for Mr. Duff-Cooper and Sir E. Grigg were Conservatives and Liberals at the same time, that Mr. T. P. O'Connor sits for a party which cannot boast a single voter, and that there are no Prohibitionists except at Dundee.

Of the increase in the Socialist vote very nearly half a million votes were obtained in constituencies where they had not previously run a candidate. Elsewhere, though in the great majority of cases they increased their poll, yet the increase was trifling compared with that made by the Conservatives in the same constituencies.

The Clyde area, the headquarters of extreme Socialism, affords, for several reasons, exceptional facilities for comparison: firstly, because the Socialists or Communists—there nearly the same thing—have contested every seat at the last two elections, and secondly, because there has been very little opposition between Liberals and Conservatives. Of the twenty-eight seats which compose the area the Socialists in the last three Parliaments have held respectively nineteen, twenty and fifteen. In this election

they increased their poll by about 10 per cent., but the increase was most marked in the seats which they did not hold in the last Parliament, and where their candidates were what may be described as gentlemen. Those Socialists who have held their seats at the last three elections have in most cases obtained an almost equal number of votes at each.

The conclusion which may be drawn is that in this area they have reached the limit, or nearly the limit, of those electors to whom the Socialist programme in its present form appeals, and that in future they will have, like the older parties, to act on the defensive as much as on the offensive. With the exception of Birmingham, where Socialism has probably not yet reached its high-water mark, the same seems to apply in the case of the other big industrial areas.

In the smaller industrial areas Socialism is still showing a tendency to gain votes at the expense of the Liberals, but in many of them the increase is small in itself, and almost insignificant when compared with the increase in the total poll.

In the agricultural districts there is a very different state of affairs. In many of them there was no Socialist candidate, and where there was one his poll was in the great majority of cases so small as to be practically hopeless. In these great areas, as well as in some of the business centres and residential districts, Liberalism is still the only alternative to Conservatism.

The general position of the parties is, roughly of course, as follows: The Conservatives have about 200 safe seats, the Socialists about 100, and the Liberals about a score. There are perhaps 100 seats which lie between the Conservatives and the Liberals, and another 100 between the Conservatives and the Socialists. It will thus be seen that if the Socialists won every seat which they could possibly hope to win they would still be in a minority, while the Liberals, unless of course there is some radical change in the policy of one of the other parties, cannot hope to come back more than 200 strong. As things stand at present we may expect at the next election, if misfortune, misgovernment or the swing of the pendulum has turned the country against the Conservatives, that the state of the parties will be roughly—Socialists 250, Conservatives 200, and Liberals 150. This is not a prospect which can fill either the Socialists or the Liberals with satisfaction. It has been suggested, though not, as far as I know, in Socialist quarters, that the two 'progressive' parties might combine. This might be good business from the Liberal point of view, but would be fatal to the Socialists. The appearance of Mr. Lloyd George or Sir John Simon on a Socialist platform, unless of course he first professed himself a Socialist and a humble follower of Mr. MacDonald or his successor, would split

the party in two. The extremists would accuse their leaders of having surrendered to the capitalists, and would join the Communists. The Socialist vote in the industrial areas is already at least half Communist, and a Communist party, led, let us say, by Mr. Wheatley, would probably capture at least fifty Socialist seats, and by splitting the vote cause the Socialists to lose at least fifty more. The combined Socialists and Liberals might possibly obtain a small majority, but it would not be long before they found themselves in the unpleasant position in which the Liberals are now.

If the foregoing is correct, the Socialists can only hope to obtain a majority in the House of Commons, firstly, by refusing any form of alliance with the Liberals; secondly, by modifying their programme to such an extent that it will appeal to a class of voter to which their present programme clearly does not appeal, and by doing this tactfully enough not to antagonise their extremist wing; and thirdly, by knocking out the Communist leaders and so retaining the allegiance of the Communist rank and file.

This Communist rank and file coincides almost entirely with what is sometimes called ' the submerged tenth,' that is to say that class of the community which, owing to mental or physical inferiority, is unable to rise in the world, or even to maintain itself in comfort. It always votes for the most ' progressive ' candidate, or, in other words, that candidate who promises the largest share of other people's money Its members—those of them who were not inmates of our prisons and lunatic asylums—formerly voted Liberal; now they vote Liberal only where there is no Socialist candidate, and Socialist only where there is no Communist. The Socialists have secured the vast majority of them, and will have no difficulty in retaining them if they can only manage to scotch the Communist leaders, who do not of course belong to that class. If they did they would not be leaders. To do this, as Mr. Clynes has indicated, is the principal task which lies before the Socialist Party at the moment.

Let us now consider what possibilities the future holds for the Liberal Party. It is, for the reasons I have given, highly improbable that it would be able to form an alliance with the Socialists, even if it wished to do so. In any case an alliance with either Socialists or Conservatives would almost certainly split the party in two, and the fragments would be gradually absorbed by the larger parties. If, then, it is to continue to exist as a party at all, it must remain an independent party.

In some Continental countries we find parliaments consisting, often as a result of a system of proportional representation, of a number of small parties. Whenever a Government goes out, as

often occurs, the new Prime Minister has to go round and bargain with the leaders of these parties, offering to each a certain number of posts in return for his support.

In this country, as in the United States, such a system has never found favour. It is in both these countries the general opinion, an opinion fortified by experience, that the country cannot be governed in an efficient and a stable manner unless the head of the Government is also the head of a party which commands a parliamentary majority.

It follows from this that no party can flourish unless it can hope to obtain such a majority. It must also hold out the hope of obtaining such a majority at no very distant date, as ambitious politicians will not be content to belong to a party which has no prospect of coming into office.

The Liberal Party, therefore, can only flourish if it can hold out to its members the prospect of obtaining a majority within the next ten or fifteen years. Has it any prospect of obtaining such a majority?

I know of no case where a Centre Party has maintained its identity except when the party on its right has consisted of a more or less rigid minority, such as Royalists in a republic or Roman Catholics in a Protestant country. It can be said with the utmost confidence that there is no prospect whatever of the Conservative Party degenerating into such a minority.

It is needless to enlarge on the obvious disadvantages of a central position. This is the first election in which the Liberals have felt the full force of them, and the result should suffice for the keenest Centre Party enthusiast.

It would seem, then, that the Liberal Party can come into power only by smashing either the Conservatives or the Socialists. As regards the former, its position cannot give it much ground for optimism. The two parties have given each other many severe defeats in the past, but none of them can be compared with what has now occurred. Only fifteen Liberal candidates obtained more votes than their Conservative opponents; only nine got in without Conservative support. In the next election, or the one after, it might conceivably win 100 seats from the Conservatives. They cannot hope for more, unless they can succeed in enlisting on their side a large number of those who now support the Socialists.

We hear a great deal about the 'progressive anti-Socialist vote,' and it is upon this that the Liberals apparently base their hopes for the future. It may be doubted, however, whether it really exists. Most Conservatives approve of such socialistic institutions as compulsory free education, old age pensions, and a State-owned Post Office, while probably half of those who voted

Socialist would not have done so had they believed that the full Socialist programme—that is to say, the abolition of private ownership and the complete State control of labour—was practical politics.

The Free Trade dogma undoubtedly appeals to a considerable section of the electorate, but its efficacy from the Liberal point of view is largely discounted by the fact that it has been accepted, temporarily at any rate, by the Socialists. It is difficult to see what the Liberal Party can offer which is not already offered by one, if not both, of the other parties.

During this last election, which was fought on ground of their own choosing, Liberals had as good an opportunity as they seem likely to have in the future of reclaiming their former supporters from Socialism, but they failed signally to do so. Even the Nonconformists, formerly their strongest supporters, seem to be deserting them, if we may judge from the increasing number of Socialist candidates who demonstrated their belief in the equality of mankind by conferring upon themselves a title indicating superior sanctity.

It would seem that the only hope for the Liberals, a very slender one, is that the leaders of one of the other parties may make a blunder which will completely wreck the party.

The Campbell case, upon which, in preference to the Russian Treaty, the Liberals elected to challenge the Government, seems to have had very little influence on the election. In places where the repeated attempts of the extreme Socialist members to interfere with the course of justice were becoming notorious it may have turned a certain number of votes, but it was too much a question of procedure and too far removed from everyday life to influence the average elector.

The Russian Treaty was very different. The idealists, visionaries, fanatics and cranks who form the intelligentsia of the Socialist Party, and to whom the word 'revolution' is more blessed than 'Mesopotamia' of course welcomed it. To the ignorant masses, from whom the bulk of the Socialist votes are drawn, 30,000,000*l.* seemed little to pay for the millennium, especially as they were to be paid by other people; but to the majority of the electorate the arguments against the treaty, supported as they were by the very effective posters issued by the Conservative Central Office, by propaganda in the Press, and, finally, by the Zinovieff letter, proved irresistible. It was undoubtedly the decisive factor in the election, though the rise in food prices also had considerable effect. This told against the Socialists, but even more against the Liberals, who were unable to attribute it to the machinations of the wicked capitalists. At the election last year the Liberals made the greatest use of the

'dear food' bogey, and it is only poetic justice that it should have turned upon them so soon and so effectively. In the eyes of the housewife it is the paramount question, and, now that women have the vote, Governments will be wise to consider the state of the American wheat harvest before deciding to go to the country.

RAGLAN

PROMETHEUS IN LITERATURE

To many people there seems to be something in the title 'classic' or 'classical' which drives away their interest in the work so named, and makes them regard it as belonging to a long-past, and therefore dead, age, and as having no direct or indirect application to modern thought, or any mental or material effect upon people of to-day. They will accept a fanciful passing idea born in the brain of a hack who may have little experience or knowledge of humanity either in its beginnings or its continuations, or, at the best, some of the 'charming' fairy stories of modern circumstances by 'gifted' writers of the day, while rejecting the age-long stories of essential human character which represent life as it is and always has been. They imagine that because the original writers of these stories lived so many centuries ago their work died with them, or during the years that followed close upon them, and that, because *savants* and pedants have devoted their time and energies to the translation and elucidation of them, these works have nothing in them to appeal to the simple and unsophisticated people who form a large proportion of readers of the twentieth century.

Never was a more ludicrous error, for no work can become or remain a classic and be treated in the ways in which the classical stories of early days have been treated unless it possesses a tremendous vitality arising from a continuing and very vivid humanity. Some of them, as was once realised by Charles Kingsley, and more lately by writers in one or two of the educational periodicals, make marvellously attractive children's stories, while the older person who finds no interest in them at once, by such admission, proclaims himself a dullard. One might as well speak of the lakes and mountains to which we all turn for delight or refreshment or inspiration as 'out-of-date' as speak in the same way of the works of Hesiod, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, or, more than all of them, of Æschylus. They are even more than these inanimate monuments of natural activity as well as something different from them, for they are in important matters thoroughly alive, vibrant with the undying life of human genius. Perhaps the most important, at least the most

obvious, of these matters, is that they are easily adaptable in the retelling to new circumstances. Æschylus is an outstanding case of this, because in his works he not only went to the foundations of all storyology, but he infused into these accounts of the beginnings of human history a richness of feeling and a piquancy of descriptiveness that, properly presented, will appeal to people of all classes, all ages and all periods, as well as to nearly all temperaments.

This proper presentation, a presentation that must retain the essential characteristics of each story in its human aspects so that such characteristics may be seen to apply to present-day conditions, has to a large extent been the stumbling-block and the cause of the failure of the people of modern days to realise the actual greatness, and not merely the interest to the student, of the works of the ancient classic writers. The temptation to begin afresh with an old subject, and to make it merely the foundation of a new story, is great, while to succumb to that temptation is to court failure. It is not the modernisation of the classics that is required any more than it is the modernisation of the Pyrenees, the lakes of Italy or the prairies of the West. To modernise them is to destroy their character. They must be presented as near to their original condition as possible, and yet with a warmth of human feeling that is in close sympathy with the generation of the one who presents them. They must not be, to use Dowden's words, 'transpositions of the classical into the romantic,' but appeals to the classical which exists to some extent in all of us. It must also be recognised that they do not appeal to all equally or in the same manner. Each is an individual upwelling of Nature or of art which differs in essence and in accident from all others.

We see this in observing the various efforts that have been made to re-create the ancient character and the varying degrees of success or failure, according to the nature both of the subject and of the one who attempts to deal with it, that have resulted. Probably no subject has been the hope and the despair of so many really great poets as has that of Prometheus, whether of Prometheus the demi-god or Titan or of all the human characteristics, of the prophecies which his character entailed of the nature and work and thoughts of later comers, or of one who brought to man a means of raising himself above the beasts by which he is surrounded. We cannot be at all sure that it was not so even with Æschylus himself. Allowing that his greatest work is *Prometheus Bound*, that its verbal expression is, as are all its philosophies, a great cause for its continued and renewed existence, the fact remains that it formed only a third of the cycle to which it belonged, and there is no certainty that the reason for the

disappearance of the other two parts was not that the author felt he had failed to do justice to himself and his subject. Three-and-twenty centuries later Goethe attempted to write a drama on the subject, and eventually, in despair, pencilled it down to a monologue. Byron had ambitions which he had to content with the expression of his admiration in a short laudatory and elegiac ode. Shelley, however, wrote his biggest, and in some respects his greatest, poem on this subject, and Robert Bridges has succeeded as well in this as in anything else, possibly even better than in most of what he has written. Herder was a greater critic than a poet, so that his ambitious effort, even if his finest poem, is not comparable in power or literary effect with his prose works.

And practically all these later writers owe their original inspiration to Æschylus; that is, either to what remains of his work or to the loss of the missing parts, and their own efforts to supply something in the place of them. Few have gone back to the work of Hesiod, which was two hundred years nearer to the original, if he ever lived except in men's imaginations, or taken one or other of the varied traditional stories of what he was and did. In most cases it is the grandeur of the subject, the scope which it provides for the expression of views and ideas about the origin and destiny of Man and the problems he must endeavour to solve, or the opportunities it supplies for the higher kinds of hero-worship, of the worship of the type of character represented by the hero rather than of his actions, of his personality rather than of his person, and which therefore makes easy indirect reference to its object, that have caused these later works to be written. For English readers who wish to exercise their imaginations on Prometheus as a dramatic character, however, there now exists in *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer* of Bridges, the various translations of *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, a trilogy which more or less adequately supplies what is lost of the original.

It is significant of the lack of classical studies or of the more general and direct and narrow Christianity of those times that Prometheus as the subject of any great work—or, so far as I know, of any minor work, particularly of any length—is not to be found between the pre-Christian Æschylus and the semi-pagan eighteenth century of the Christian era. Yet we know how definitely, if not orthodoxly, Christian Shelley could make it in his comparison between the sufferings of Prometheus and those of Christ Himself, and always with the accent on those of Christ. It was an equally definite, if also equally unorthodox, Christian, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who made the first standard poetical English translation of Æschylus, though she had been anticipated by the more learned Potter sixty years before, and by Medwyn by three

or four years. Louis Ménard, under his pseudonym of Senneville, makes Prometheus the precursor of Christ, the faith of Christianity being the solution of the philosophy of Prometheus. The work in which he does this is, however, an inferior one, and is neither a translation of Æschylus nor a strikingly original or finely expressed conception.

Long before this, however, the legend, and apparently the work, of Æschylus was bearing an influence on the literary work of Europe. Milton seems to have taken the work of Æschylus as his model for *Samson Agonistes*, and the similarity of the subject, the chained hero suffering for others, combined with the patriarchal dignity of speech which his study of the Old Testament as well as his own difficulties gave to the great Puritan author, makes this work almost a new Prometheus in essence as well as in style. One great difference between Æschylus and the modern writers is that he was not in any way personal, which in every way they were. There is a reason for this. Æschylus, knowing no other, took this globe, and the particular part of it which was familiar in its actual or reputed topography to himself and his audience, as his scene. Milton, Shelley and Bridges, in the light of research and revelation, acquired an infinitely wider stage, together with a vastly greater knowledge of human psychology and an equally extended and complicated variety of problems of human life. Æschylus was, too, engaged consciously or unconsciously in bringing to life once and for always what before his time had been a shadowy, changing legendary character, whose existence had depended almost entirely on the significance of his name. Once that was done, others could follow on, immediately or, as it happened, ages after him, with the application of his creation to the problems and requirements of their own times or conditions. And how did he do it?

I have said that he did this consciously or unconsciously, but all the probabilities are in favour of his doing it unconsciously, and, even after he had done it, without at all realising what he had done. Æschylus was, as by far the vast majority of great dramatists have been, not merely a poet who imagined things and wrote them down, but a practical man who knew what was required for the work he had to do, how it would be produced—though production was a simple matter in those days—and what his public would be likely to appreciate. He was an innovator in the way that he took the greatest care to have everything possible to make his works look well as well as sound effective. He was probably the first to make dramatic action of equal importance with dramatic speech. That his works were intended for religious festivals does not make any difference in this respect. Were not the morality and mystery plays that made English drama a

working possibility also directly connected with religion? And to this he added his marvellous vitality of imagination and his vigorous and virile manner of language, a manner that was sufficiently vigorous and manly to be reflected in translations into languages that were non-existent when he wrote to a degree that is comparable with few other works except the Bible and Shakespeare. He made Prometheus picturesque as well as convincing and edifying. In the drama Prometheus is a part that any actor-manager might like to have for himself; but the minor parts which revolve round him are all in their degrees as essential to the action. The universally significant utterances, however, are made either by or about Prometheus. His words are often as proverbial in manner as those of *Hamlet*, of Dante, of the characters portrayed by Milton or Vondel or Goethe. Well translated, as in the version of Professor John Stuart Blackie, they might well belong to the language of the translation:

> With quiet mind
> We all must bear our portioned fate, nor idly
> Court battle with a strong necessity.
>
> Suspicion's a disease that cleaves to tyrants.
>
> Though Art be strong, Necessity is stronger.
>
> Nothing
> Is worse than the smooth craft of practised phrase.
>
> As Time grows old he teaches many things.

Phrases such as these, spoken by a character that is as human as the stage can produce, and yet suggestive of something more than the ordinary human person, have made it live and relive so that to-day, after twenty-four centuries, it is more real than it was in its beginnings, and generations of forgetfulness have not been sufficient to do anything save increase the effect of its revival.

The nineteenth century writers who used Prometheus as a subject for drama nearly all suffered from the fact that they had not the stage-craft which belonged to the author of the early work. Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* is the work which flies to the mind of the average person who hears the name of the Titan, and it is the greatest as well as the most popular of the works which followed Æschylus. Milton, as I have said, got some ideas from Æschylus, but he did not write directly on the subject of Prometheus, or even make his Samson identical in person or fate. Goethe began with Prometheus, but only managed to do anything worth while with Pandora, and his poem on this subject, fine as it is, is scarcely Promethean, whatever it might have been had he lived to complete it. Shelley actually supplemented and, in a way, completed the idea of Prometheus as conceived by Æschylus. He made Prometheus live, more greatly, more godly, if it were pos-

sible—at any rate, more sensitive and far-seeing, more concerned with the whole conditions of the race he had befriended—than Æschylus could have imagined. To the reader who is not concerned with stage production his work is as dramatic as is *Prometheus Bound*, but it is also more literary. It is, as a very able commentator—Professor J. Macmillan Brown—has said, an 'attempt to express in musical words what can never be expressed in human language.' It is not a poem of the French Revolution, or of the ideas of democracy of the young men of the beginning of the century. Yet it is in its very essence a revolutionary work, revolutionary in the sense that everything which makes for progress is revolutionary. Prometheus, according to Shelley, has become a new and a better being, a being controlled not by love of one race and consequent hatred of all who have in any way injured it, but by an infinite kindness to all that lives, for the greatest as for the smallest. Jove, the man-made god, is shortly to fall from his omnipotence, and Prometheus recalls his own curse:

> It doth repent me; words are quick and vain;
> Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine.
> I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

Love has entered into the economy of life, and Panthea, looking out from under her wings, sees

> A woeful sight; a youth
> With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.

It is possible to trace in the work of Shelley all his many views of the influence of men and races in the slow raising of mankind, of the significance of the various characters: of Asia, the one in whom is the first feeling for love and ideal beauty; of Panthea and Ione, representing faith and hope; of Demogorgon, the spirit of freedom and justice; of Hercules, the might of the people. One might even speak of *Prometheus Unbound* as Shelley's history of the world as it has been and as it is to come. His breadth of view over life is strikingly different from that of most professional writers and artists, and he can speak of

> New arts, though unimagined, yet to be.

He was at least a lifetime in advance of his day in this thought, that things as yet unthought of should come with the rise of the people to higher planes of freedom and activity. His beauty of language is showered generously on all the parts, and there is not a chorus or a brief scene but is rich with thought and imagery. Yet, like Æschylus, he makes all depend upon Prometheus himself; every other character is supplementary to this. All his fine descriptive passages relating to the places where he was at the time he was writing, but brought in appropriately to his purpose

in every instance, are used only to accentuate the study of the central idea, the central character. From the merely literary point of view some of these stand as high as the psychological utterances, and although, as I have said, Shelley, among others, in contradistinction to Æschylus, has a stage that is infinitely wide, that reaches the very limits of heaven itself, he does not hesitate to make use of the earthly paradises he knows, and also of the bleak wildernesses that make an earthly purgatory. Yet these latter are not the abominations of desolation that they were to the old pagan, but in them is to be found some relation to the rest of Nature, including man himself. It is the poem of a man young in years and hopes, but old in experience, and that experience such as could be correlated with the mythical experience of Prometheus himself.

As a literary work pure and simple *Prometheus Unbound* is not so far removed from that of Æschylus as it appears at the first glance. In essence it is related to the earlier work as the more advanced and elaborated Decorated and Perpendicular styles of architecture are to the earlier Norman. In principle it is the same, because it is built round the study of the same character; it is employed in showing that character in contrast and comparison with Jove and the minor characters of the play. Its difference is in the luxuriance of verbal description and of psychological suggestion, while the most frequently quoted lines from Shelley, those which contain the kernel of his whole scheme—

> The man remains
> Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man;
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself; just, gentle, wise, but man—

have a Grecian dignity of expression united with a breadth of thought that is far beyond the power of the greatest of the Greek philosophers.

Still more nearly related in style is *Prometheus the Fire-Giver* of Robert Bridges. Most modern writers have been content to translate or imitate Æschylus, or, like Shelley, to supplement his work by continuing it with their ideas of what might be done with the unbinding of Prometheus. Bridges, on the other hand, has imagined not the sequel, but the antecedent—the crime against Jove. He, again, does not assume Prometheus to be the creator of man, but merely an intense admirer of man's independent spirit, which admiration develops naturally into love. Thorough classicist as he is in his literary style, Bridges makes his drama as simple as that of Æschylus himself, while his stage directions are equally lacking. (Incidentally we may note his strict classicism in such a trifle as the fact that he employs the

Greek name of Zeus where Shelley uses that of Jupiter.) He is sufficiently free from slavish imitation of the classics, however, to start not with a chorus, but with an explanatory prologue by Prometheus himself, who has arrived

Bearing the seed of all
Which Hope had promised : for within this reed
A prisoner I bring them, stolen from heaven,
The flash of mastering fire, and it have borne
So swift to earth, that when yon noontide sun
Rose from the sea at morning I was by,
And unperceived by Helios plunged the point
I' the burning axle, and withdrew a tongue
Of breathing flame, which lives to leap on earth
For man, the father of all fire to come.

It is before the palace of Inachus in Argos on a festival of Zeus, and at the end of the prologial monologue of Prometheus preparations are made for a sacrifice, which, however, lacks the essential of fire. In answer to the demand or challenge of Inachus,

If there be any here who has complaint
Against our rule or claim or supplication,
Now in the name of Zeus let it appear,
Now let him speak,

Prometheus steps forward, in the character of a labourer in the service of Inachus himself, and first by a leading question,

O king, where is the fire ?

and then by an oft-reiterated statement,

There is, O king, fire on the earth this day,

he arouses the interest and gradually the faith of Inachus. Argeia, the wife, and Io, the daughter, of the king, being brought in to witness the wonder, call for further explanations. Woman-like, they are sceptical of the words of a stranger, and Prometheus gives them proof in his prophecies. The mention of the punishment of Io by Hera and her wanderings in the form of a cow leads up to the description of how she will find Prometheus himself

Stretched on the rock
Naked to scorching sun, to pinching frost,
To wind and storm and beaks of wingèd fiends

After the acceptance by Inachus of the gift, with all its glorious and dire consequences, Prometheus blows the fire from his reed on to the sacrifice, and, in the excitement caused by the flame and fume, slips away unobserved. When he is gone the Chorus discover his name written on the altar,

Scoring out
The hated title of his ancient foe.

There is no epilogue, but instead a final chorus in honour of Prometheus, with a hint, corresponding to the more than hint of Shelley, of the One who shall cast down the ancient gods:

> For the god who shall rule mankind from the deathless skies
> By mercy and truth shall be known,
> In love and peace shall arise.

As a writer of English verse Bridges is generally more of a critic, and certainly more of a technician, than a poet, though there are passages and also some few works that in the main ring true to poetry. *Prometheus the Fire-Giver* is one of these. It is possible to criticise much of it as inferior poetry, some of it even as 'prose in hexameters,' but, apart from the beautiful resonance of individual lines, the work as a whole has a real, and sometimes deep, poetical feeling and expression. As a dramatist he is purely classical, that is declamatory, in form, and the effect depends on the words, not on the action. In this respect he is almost more Royalist than the King himself, for *Prometheus Bound* is fuller of suggestions of action than is *Prometheus the Fire-Giver.* Within the limits imposed upon himself, however, he can be, and is, dramatic to a degree, and the monologue of Prometheus forecasting the wanderings of Io is almost a masterpiece, not only of topographical verse, but also of placing and dramatic climax.

Of the other works worthy of mention at all in a sketch of this brevity sufficient has been said to show their respective positions with regard to the greater works on the same subject. They are not only rarely works of any importance as poems or dramas, but few of them throw any real light on the psychological possibilities in such a character. Both France and Germany have had their writers who have attempted to do something with the subject, and the heavy classicisms of Germany, contrasted with the fancy of France, may make interesting and useful studies for the scholar, but have little interest for the general reader, and particularly for the reader who confines himself chiefly to his own language. Similarly, there are few references to the character, few studies in pure prose of the historical, mythical or even the literary aspects of the subject, that evoke any emotional or mental response. Aristophanes as the great satirist of his age, a hundred years or so after Æschylus, could not let its opportunities pass, though his was not yet the time, and one wonders whether he would have had the ability to make the amusing and punning genealogy which Victor Hugo in his *William Shakespeare* makes of the relation between Prometheus and Queen Mab:

> Prometheus [he says], like all personages who have become legendary, like Solomon, like Cæsar, like Mahomet, like Charlemagne, like Le Cid, like Joan of Arc, like Napoleon, has a double continuation, the one in history, the other in story. This is how we see the continuation of Prometheus in

story: Prometheus, creator of men, is also creator of spirits. He is the father of a dynasty of goddesses, of which the old fables have preserved the filiation—Elfe, that is to say the Rapid, son of Prometheus, then Elfin, King of the Indes, then Elfinan, founder of Cleopolis, the town of fairies, then Elfilin, builder of the golden wall, . . . then Elferon the Beautiful, then Oberon, then Mab. An admirable fable which, with a profound meaning, connects the sidereal with the microscopic and the infinitely great with the infinitely small.

The passage is too long to quote more than these few lines, but it is well worthy of attention for the reason that it suggests very strongly how the lightest touch may make interesting and point the significance of things which the more directly philosophic and what is known as the more serious, though certainly not more learned, may fail to do. Though he has done it briefly and lightly, no one has written of Prometheus with more discrimination and more poetic feeling than has Victor Hugo. But we have no reason to be otherwise than proud of the treatment given to the subject by Englishmen.

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE.

BOOKS AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BAD books have one very persistent advantage over good books. The bad book is so easy to sell. A certain number of persons, seeing a comfortable means of livelihood in this fact, have, quite naturally, made the necessary business arrangements for the production of these easily sold commodities, just as other enterprising people have undertaken the sale of butter and cheese. And the annoying factor in the case is that, in the majority of instances, it is easier to get rid of worthless books than of masterpieces.

This commodity of literature is therefore in a somewhat unique position in the public market, for in the domain of eggs and steel rails or milk and torpedo boats it is, as a general rule, easier to sell a good article than a bad one, whereas, if one may in any way judge from the lists of 'best sellers,' a book may find a large market long after it has passed the limit which, in the egg and milk world, would lead to seizure by inspectors and an appearance before a magistrate on a charge of distributing food which is unfit for public consumption.

There are many cultured men in the literary world who are genuinely interested in the production of good books. But if one stands outside the literary turmoil and regards with critical care the scene in the arena of the book market, one will quickly come to the conclusion that here, just as in other market-places, there is an anti-social impulse persistently at work which needs deliberate control by the organised effort of the wiser members of the community. In other words, the bad book has a tendency to drive out the good book, just as it is a well-known law of currency that bad coins drive good coins out of circulation.

Only the editor of a series of 'penny dreadfuls' (or are they six shillings since the rise in prices?) would deny the statement that there are more unnecessary and inferior, and even pernicious, books being produced for the market at the present moment than at any time in the history of men. Certainly, the supply of useless books is far greater than the number of good ones. On the other hand, it is argued that there may be just as many works of enduring life being published to-day as there have been at any time before. For the classic does not emerge in its full

proportions until long after its birth. Indeed, the 'classic' grows almost as a child grows, for it is the inherited wealth of the traditions of the ages. The great work of literature is not an isolated fact, but rather an organic piece of the whole social body. Masterpieces are somewhat rare comets in the history of books, even though the Elizabethan age and the golden days of Latin literature may suggest the regular autumnal periods of shooting stars. But he is indeed an optimist who can expect, or discover, many masterpieces of art or literature from this age of materialism and hysteria.

But even if we have at present our normal share of good books, these good books and their long line of predecessors certainly do not get their proper attention in the rather noisy scene of the modern book market. With so many people shouting their wares at the top of their voices it is only by straining the ears that one can detect the more modest voice, which is a sign of the greater literature. Too many of the great books of the world retire to the shelf of 'the classics,' which is a place not unlike the grave, having both rest and much dust.

The problem arises whether we can accept the verdict of the local circulating library, or rather of its patrons, on this matter of literature. We must also come to some conclusion whether we can allow, with social safety, a mass of wholly inferior books to be imposed on the public, so driving out the better books from the market by sheer weight, and clever newspaper puffs about their authors and their entirely insignificant private hobbies. Anyhow, the fact stands defiantly before us that an enormous collection of most trivial volumes are at present in possession of the front shelves of our bookshops and public libraries and drawing-room tables. Can anything be done to restore a saner balance in the reading world?

No intelligent person imagines that the best literature is ever going to compete on equal terms with the commonplace. For when everybody enjoys the best, it will, by the mere force of natural facts, be itself the commonplace, while the best will still be ahead—or would it be truer to say behind? Neither can the intelligent reading of great books ever be increased by the arts of the salesman. All the billposting in the world will never increase the number of those who can enjoy the masterpieces, because the enjoyment of the best things of life depends on something deeper than can be got on the surface of a street hoarding. The gaudy colours and the inflated terms of a street bill are not likely to attract the minds searching for the best books, just as a steamboat siren would not be the most effective appeal to a man who was seeking a concert of the best classical music.

So we may take it as certain that the methods of pushing 'best sellers' will end in failure if we apply them to the masterpieces. Any smart commercial traveller can boom the jerry-built novel, or the sensational melodrama, or the scandalous history. It needs a more subtle touch to persuade one to enter the quiet, stately pages of a great book. For there is always peace in great art, and the reading of it, however vivid may be its emotions, yet has the quality of walking in beautiful gardens or climbing among gigantic hills. The greatest art, however colossal its theme, yet has no element of noise, whereas the billposter has no other end in life except to raise his voice above all the tumult of the street.

We must search for some more mannerly and better-bred form of announcing the best books; and it is not surprising that the public libraries should at once offer themselves as a possible aid in our difficulty. Just as one at once appeals to the nearest hospital in the event of a street accident, so, surely, it would not be unreasonable to go to a library if we seek information on the subject of books. There is no reason why the expert librarian should not be as effective in advancing the supply of good books as the doctor is in increasing the amount of good health.

Can it not be gently suggested to the librarians of our public libraries that they should be less modest in offering advice? They should not be content with supplying what the public wants, but should tell us with some persistence what we ought to want if we are wise. One glances down a list of the public libraries and finds many names of distinguished repute among the librarians. It is safe at the least to say that the advice of the librarians on the subject of books may be as safely followed as can be the advice of the average medical practitioner; even more safely, perhaps, for the best literature has not the same way of getting out of date as the medical art.

Now, when one goes to a medical man for advice, it is not normal to present him with a list of the drugs one prefers, nor does one specify a favourite operation. A doctor of medicine is visited for his skilled advice: the patient does not write out his own prescriptions Yet this procedure is the exact opposite of what happens when the readers go to a public library.

Why should not the public libraries and the librarians' staff stand in the same position as the public hospitals, with their skilled medical staffs? Why should we not go and seek expert advice in all cases where we are in doubt? Of course, there is no way of compelling us to follow the advice when given; but there is no way of compelling by law a patient to submit to medical advice unless he come within certain cases of infectious diseases. We only follow medical advice because we consider it for our own

good. Why should we not believe that the result would be as good in the case of the care of our minds and the provision of literary pastimes ?

It is suggested, therefore, that the librarians should assert their legitimate rights as members of a skilled profession, and should endeavour by every means within their power to influence the choice of the readers in their libraries, just as doctors influence the circulation of drugs from their dispensaries.

I put this proposal before a man of knowledge, asking him whether he did not think that by some such method a librarian could influence the reading of his district. The answer was very emphatic : 'A tactful librarian could make his members read almost anything he chose.' He supported this answer by a personal experience of his youth, when a well-known chief of a London public library had sympathetically inquired as to the nature of the volume under the boy's arm. It proved to be the most sensational type of youthful blood curdlers. The librarian named something which he suggested would be of still greater interest. Being a man of tact, he did not go to extremes ; there was no attempt at an immediate conversion to Milton or Jane Austen. But he began a gradual 'cure,' and the teller of the story is himself at this moment the chief of one of the famous libraries in England. One might almost romantically imagine that his fate had been decided by a chance remark at the lending counter of a public library.

There is no doubt that much trash circulates from the public libraries, and this is because, if left to its own judgment, the general public mind is very apt to take the advice of the people who are producing the 'best sellers.' So the most gaily decked trivial fiction is too often the most in demand at the lending libraries. There is something modest and unassertive about the best people, and it is probably this, rather than slackness, that brings it about that the most worthless current novels are on the nearest and most easily seen shelves at the elbow of the lending departments' clerks. Yet behind on the back shelves may be a sound selection of the classics of romance and history and science.

If a jeweller has priceless gems in his safe, he will not fill his windows with bits of old iron and broken door handles. Then why should a librarian allow his public to be deceived as to the nature of his wares ? If he has all the jewels of literature on his shelves, he must not allow the very inferior articles to remain in the front row, where they will be snatched by all the hasty people who select their books without as much care as they usually give to the ordering of their lunch at a restaurant.

Why this strange reticence to show the best books ? Even advertising is legitimate if the goods are worth buying. It is

considered commendable to advise our youths to put their best foot forward? Why may we not advise our librarians to put their best books forward, even to the point of persistent crying of their worthy wares? When we are selling or lending the best literature it is permissible to press our goods with an energy which would not be socially tolerable if we were merely selling matches or motor cars, or asking for votes at a General Election.

There are many reasons for thinking that the librarians will have a fairly easy task if they handle it with reasonable care. If it is, as agreed above, easier to sell the bad book than the good one, it is equally certain that the best written books are the easier to read. If the matter be only argued properly, it will be the simplest thing in the world for the librarians to make out such a case for their masterpieces that the 'best seller' shelf will in turn take on the dismal air of the classics.

There is no manner of doubt whatever that if the question were argued on its intrinsic merits, the best literature could push the tenth-rate on one side, as an earthquake can dismiss a great city. What possible chance would the current fiction have against Thackeray's *Esmond* if the contest could be fought under fair conditions? One does not mean that the delicate pen of this genius can now be appreciated by the majority of a nation that has been bred for generations in slums, and is now being educated on films. But one does mean that if put before a normal, healthy mind, the trivial novel of to-day would go down before this great tale of yesterday.

It would be very interesting if a few of our librarians could make experiments on this subject, if they would put their readers to a test of Scott and Jane Austen, Thackeray and Fielding. In other words, instead of leaving such books to those readers who already know their merits, and therefore ask for them, let them be put very prominently on the lending counters, and even deliberately pressed as a more enthralling literary adventure than most of the trivial volumes of the passing moment can offer their readers.

There is a good deal of 'priggish' opinion on the subject of the best literature. There are many persons who flatter themselves that they can enjoy finer books than their fellows because they are better educated or have some original gift of artistic insight. Let them not be too pleased with themselves. A great part of the distinction between the readers of good and bad literature is probably very largely a matter of luck. One man was brought up in a home that had an edition of Scott on the family shelves, or another had a mother who had an edition of Charlotte Brontë as a wedding present, whereas another family had gone in for racing and sporting memoirs, while another had been

bred in a slum and had neither books on the shelves nor light nor quiet in which to read them.

Nobody quite knows how much literary taste is a matter of the luck of environment. The librarians have an opportunity of making a series of biological experiments on this matter.

The review critics might well take a hand in this attempt to give the 'classics' an equal chance with the torrent of current 'best sellers.' It would be a very good joke to review a series of the old masters as if they were the latest things on the lists. He would be a singularly incapable reviewer who did not make out a good case for *Vanity Fair* or *Adam Bede*. One can imagine all sorts of unsuspecting creatures murmuring to themselves: 'Ah, that is a book one ought to ask for at the library. It sounds quite original.' And, indeed, such books are original. For that is one of the qualities of great literature: it is always original because it is never stale.

A well-run campaign for the advertisement of the best literature might produce unexpected results. The poor books might go down for the same simple reason that leaky ships go down—because they are built of rotten materials. If the campaign succeeded, it would not depend only on the cleverness of the advertisement, but because the goods sold or lent were of a superior quality. The whole point is that the best literature, if it gets a fair chance, can win on its merits, whereas the 'best sellers' are burdened with the heaviest handicaps.

The campaign against inferior books should be undertaken for exactly the same reason that wise people start campaigns against rats or tuberculosis. The present consumption of literary rubbish is undermining the public mental health. There is the same necessity for mental hygiene as for physical culture. The present suggestion is that our public library should be developed as a mental gymnasium. There are some who will detect in this a high-brow plot against the enjoyment of life, but there is no necessity for their alarm. For, as Mr. Stephen Ward has told us in his original little *History of Ethics*, 'art does more to fashion conduct than philosophy.' The great masterpieces of fiction are at one and the same time enjoyable and nutritive.

But there is another side to the case for the deliberate supplanting of the rubbish of current literature by the works of the masters, which have survived a more difficult ordeal than the judgment of last week's popular review columns. Art is not the monopoly of fiction, whether in literature, or pictures, or statuary. There are hundreds of great works of history, and biography, and travel, and philosophy which satisfy the æsthetic emotions as well as that part of the mind which flatters itself that it is pure intellect.

The wise librarian will make up his mind that with a little trouble he can circulate the volumes on his driest shelves as well as the brighter flowers of the gayest fiction. There must be many readers who ask for novels for no other reason than because they do not realise how many historians and biographers and travellers have written far more exciting books. Only, instead of dealing with fictions, they are about those things and events which some philosophers (perhaps with indiscreet haste) have called 'facts.' When the genius of *Quentin Durward*, or *Romola*, or *Les Dieux ont Soif* has unburied the taste for 'fictitious' history in the reader's mind, it will be the easiest thing for a librarian to suggest any of a thousand historical and biographical books which are as enthralling as any romance.

One can merely throw out names at a venture. For example, those who have by happy chance been tempted to read the late Professor Strachan-Davidson's *The Life of Cicero* will need a particularly savoury story of adventure to tempt them back again to fiction. Where in the world of make-belief is there to be found a more entertaining tale of adventure than the life of this real Roman lawyer? The trivial doings of film heroes sink to nothings beside the astounding affairs of Cicero. The learned Master of Balliol had some of the tricks of the novelist's art, and, still more, he had an eye for logical order and great principles which themselves give satisfaction to the subtlest æsthetic sense; and in this volume one is continually coming across delicate psychological character sketches which rank with the biggest novelists.

The choice of such a book as an example is purely the chance of its being first within reach of the eyes. A glance along the shelf would have reached Mommsen's *History of Rome*, or Froude's Tudor period volumes, or Gardiner's *Stuarts*, or Lecky's *Eighteenth Century*, or two dozen other works of art and intellectual charm.

In the way of literature which seems deliberately planned for popular reading there are many series of historical biographies in the market. The larger proportion of these will give delight to anyone who has a mind that comes within the possibilities of education at all. Again, there are many classics of history which might be bound as books of adventure, and it would be a very dull boy indeed who could detect the trick. There is Herodotus, for example, and more convalescent patients might be offered Tacitus, while the mediæval literature of the Crusades might have been written for circulating libraries; and there are Clarendon and Burnet, of the Stuart period, for those who like psychological details as well as hard-riding and field adventures. Let our librarians try the experiment whether some of these

numerous books of history may not make a reputation on the shelves labelled ' Romance.'

The department of travel opens a field which is as wide as its geographical scope, and naming is almost impossible and useless. Then there are those outlying books, such as the works of W. H. Hudson, which are half travel, half science, but very perfect as both, or all the great literature on African exploration, which is wholly delightful, whether we classify it as travel, or history, or science. But to begin a list of such available books would be to cover pages with authors' names.

The gist of the whole matter is that the public libraries could satisfy a great part of the literary appetite of their public without issuing a fraction of all the trivialities which at present cross their lending counters. If the librarian will only take his courage in his hands, and even perhaps apply a trace of that amiable bluff which is necessary in most great adventures, he may succeed in persuading his readers that the shelf of current fiction is, on the whole, the dullest part of the library. The ' best sellers ' will go down like the row of ninepins when they have to test their brains and imagination against the wits of the great masters, whether they be masters of romance, or history, or biography, or travel, or of knowledge and life itself. But when all entreaties fail, and the reader at the library lending counter refuses all the baits of the earnest librarian, he can always hand out the Greville Memoirs, or the volumes of the Croker or Creevy Papers, or the Walpole Letters; and the satisfied reader will bring them back under the firmest impression that he has been indulging in the smartest society novels, whereas he has been learning the most authoritative history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

SLANG; ITS USE AND MISUSE.

SLANG is an integral and necessary part of language. The young child, as soon as it can speak, begins to invent, with the assistance of its parents, a particular vocabulary of its own, to call things by names which are not to be found in Webster. At the preparatory school age the faculty of slang-using is more widely developed, and the boy teaches his admiring family strange new words and even oaths. The public school still further enlarges his vocabulary: he learns with satisfaction the peculiar terms applied to food, he becomes free of the language of games, and learns many expressions which are not in general use in polite society. It is at this stage that a reaction generally occurs, and the public school boy, during his last years, becomes something of a purist, using slang with condescension and as a concession to established customs, but in private and among his intimates, reverting to the best English. He is extremely careful about his pronunciation, and will speak of his doctor as 'my physician.' This, however, is merely a phase, for on entering a university he finds it necessary to acquire an entirely new set of terms. Not to know these is the infallible sign of a freshman, and as his main object in life at this period is to be taken for a third-year man, he once more sets about the business of garnishing his speech. The last new language to be learnt is the slang of his profession or trade. Armed with this, he is at length secure, and may even venture in company where he is well known and respected to speak, to a limited extent, English proper.

The word 'slang' itself is akin to the Norwegian *sleng*, a slinging invention, device, and to *slengja kjeften*, to sling the jaw. It originally connoted the cant of gipsies, tinkers and other illiterate fraternities, but it is now applied to any word or phrase used arbitrarily or in a sense which does not strictly belong to it. To class a word as slang is of course to disparage it, but the fact that at the present day both educated and uneducated persons, in fact all except the highly pedantic, habitually introduce slang into ordinary conversation, makes it necessary to inquire into the causes of such a state of things and to endeavour to arrive at the fundamental need of human nature which is satisfied in this peculiar way.

The causes of the use of slang are deep-rooted and many. Perhaps the most basic of all is the hatred of repetition which is inherent in all human beings. The soul, having infinite potentialities of expression, naturally tries to avoid doing the same thing twice. No true artist, having painted a picture, would desire to paint the same picture over again. If he took the same subject for his work a second time it would be because he felt that the first treatment of it had not exhausted it, that his painting was not the most perfect expression possible of the idea in his mind. This hatred of repetition, which is a greater factor in human life than is generally recognised, colours all our actions and speech; very highly does it colour our slang. The instinct which causes the writer to avoid using the same word twice in the same paragraph drives the artist in speech to invent, if he can, an altogether new word.

All the activities of life are but the results of the soul's inherent desire to manifest itself, to express outwardly that which it has latent within its own nature and to leave its impress upon its surroundings. The impulse to make an impression, to affect definitely the object of its attention, is particularly evident in the use of slang. Most slang words are more striking, either because of their peculiar felicity or their barbarous sound, than the regular words for the same object, and the persons who use slang most skilfully and extensively are those who desire to make themselves felt in the company they affect. To say that a certain person has a 'bat in his belfry,' is 'balmy,' 'potty,' 'cracked,' 'off his chump,' has 'a screw loose' or a 'button missing' is a far more arresting mode of description than to speak of him merely as insane or feeble-minded.

Thus it is seen that the use of slang is a real, if somewhat perverted, manifestation of the creative and artistic power which all human beings possess. This explains the fact that men, and not women, are the greatest inventors and users of slang. Women are not creative in the same way; as a general rule, they support and nourish existing institutions rather than invent new ones. They are more conservative than men. They use slang because men use it, but in a gingerly manner, and often wrongly. Left to themselves, they would probably speak good English, and call things by their proper names. They have more reverence; they are less anarchic. It was a man who first spoke of the West Kensington Museum and Art Gallery as 'the Brompton Boilers.'

But if the desire for newness and the impulse to create are the ultimate cause of slang, there are various other causes which contribute to its use and keep slang terms in circulation. The slang of any class or profession is a kind of secret language, which acquires in time almost the significance of a ritual. The eagerness

of the schoolboy or undergraduate to acquire the slang used by his fellows is the natural result of his desire to be accepted by them as an equal, a member of the clan. After each new initiation a new set of secret signs must be learnt, a new vocabulary of passwords. The use of a private and particular argot results from the primitive instinct to form close and jealously guarded communities. Up to a certain point this is legitimate and, indeed, inevitable; but when it is carried too far, and a certain set of words is used self-consciously, it becomes an affectation, and will eventually kill out whatever real strength and value those particular slang words possess. In America fashionable slang is said to change completely every three months. There can be little real vitality in an argot which changes so quickly. When the acquiring of the latest catch-word or shibboleth is made an object of as much attention as the latest design in collars or socks, slang ceases to be a natural product, and becomes a forced growth, with deleterious results to the language involved. The truth of this may be seen in the dulness, which in some cases amounts almost to pedantry, of some American literary articles. The unfortunate writers of them, in their anxiety to avoid all traces of slang, have been forced to refrain from using many good and vigorous words, and, in their flight from the sensational, to take refuge in the austere and dignified company of unimpeachable polysyllables.

Slang words may be classified in many ways. If we consider the manner in which they come into the language, we may place them in six main divisions. Under the first head are those words which become slang by metonymy, that is to say, by being used in a sense not strictly their own. An example of this kind of slang is the term 'juice' applied by electricians and others to power. 'Juice' is, of course, used of petrol and other fuels employed for driving purposes, but to speak of an electric current as juice is a perfect example of metonymy. There are countless other words of this class, such as 'skirt' (a term by which soldiers and sailors indicate the opposite sex), 'fag' for cigarette, a 'park' of vehicles. 'Park' has also become a verb, which will find its way into the dictionaries before long, if it has not done so already. A writer in an American family magazine, lamenting on the growing decadence of the times, declared that girls at dances actually 'parked' their corsets before beginning the evening's exercise.

Next, there is metaphorical slang, generally either allusive or picturesquely descriptive. A pulpit may be referred to as a 'hum-box,' a Ford car as a 'tin Lizzie' or a 'flying bedstead.' 'Beggar's velvet' or 'slut's wool' denotes the downy particles which accumulate under furniture through the negligence of housemaids. A certain kind of small beer is picturesquely termed

'belly-vengeance.' A girl is called a 'bit of fluff,' and a magistrate a 'beak.' A small dumpling is named a 'floater,' and a certain kind of cake a 'sinker.' And there are such vivid expressions as 'muffin-worry,' 'bun-struggle.' Slang of this kind is usually exaggerative or ironically idealistic. Sometimes, too, the words are used in a sense opposite to their true meaning; for example, a ditch is spoken of as 'an Essex stile.' English slang has not so many allusive phrases as that of America, but we can boast a few, such as 'like parting Marshall from Snelgrove.' A particular kind of light car in the design of which chains figured largely was known to the select few as 'Hans Renold's Revenge.'

The third main type of slang is the onomatopœic, or alliterative. 'Whizz-bang,' 'dud,' and 'archie' (anti-aircraft) are in this category; indeed, the quality of sound appropriateness inheres to a certain extent in all slang words. Slang is not always onomatopœic in the strict sense, that is to say, imitating the sound made by the object to which the name is given, as in 'claptrap,' but there is a more subtle kind of onomatopœia, in which the word gives the spirit of the thing named rather than the actual sound which it makes. Thus the American term 'kinxiwinx' completely expresses the type of female to which it is applied, and there are many other slang words which live because of their peculiar appropriateness. The engineering word 'swarf,' which signifies the filings or dust left over after a grinding or cutting operation, is a good example, and there is the verb to 'ruggle through,' meaning to come through with difficulty.

The fourth class consists of words which are abbreviations, initials, or exaggerations of regular words, such as 'b.k.s.' for barracks, 'N.B.G.,' 'loco' for locomotive, 'D.C.' (direct current), 'Wacks' for W.A.A.C.S., 'absquatulate' (for abscond), 'absoballylutely,' 'pidgwilloper,' 'carriwichet,' 'ferricadouzer' (a knock-down blow), 'menavelings.'

Then there are words of foreign origin which pass into the lower grades of language just as their more respectable cousins are adopted by the *literati*, *e.g.*, 'mercy besank' (*merci beaucoup*), 'strafe,' 'pukka,' 'sahib,' 'dhobi-wallah,' 'the bint that took the wrong wadi' (the girl that took the wrong turning), 'looksee,' 'tiffin.'[1]

Lastly, there are words the use of which is more or less arbitrary Under this head must be classed the rhyming slang used by tinkers and others, where the only requirement is that the slang word should rhyme with the original. Examples may be found in any

[1] Under this head must be placed the word 'phenomenon,' which seems to have a fatal attraction for Prime Ministers. The Greek φαίνομαι connotes nothing amazing, but means merely to appear—to be visible. Therefore to describe any extraordinary occurrence as 'phenomenal' is to pervert language without even the excuse of humour.

glossary of thieves' cant. 'Plate of meat' for street and 'roryo-more' for door, 'round the houses' for trousers, 'isabeller' for umbrella, are amongst the most familiar. Few words or phrases of this kind pass into the general slang of the language, probably because the secrets of the fraternities are jealously guarded.

Again, slang may be classified by the districts or classes which use it. Most counties use a number of words in a peculiar sense; thus 'wench' is still common in Warwickshire for girl. This is a good example of a word the meaning of which has gradually changed, for although 'wench' is not a polite term, it no longer carries with it any aspersions on the moral character of the person so described. 'Shippon' is a Lancashire word for cowshed.

Of all the professions the army, navy and stage, including the film industry, probably contribute most freely to current slang. The war, of course, introduced many new words into the language. 'Blighty,' 'dixie,' 'downy,' 'clink,' 'on the carpet,' 'wash-out,' 'blood-money,' 'wangle,' 'eyewash,' 'spit and polish,' 'red-caps,' 'swinging the lead,' 'wind-up,' 'funk-hole,' 'pozzy' (jam), 'click,' 'touch lucky,' and 'quarter-bloke' are familiar examples.

In the navy 'the bloke' is applied to the captain, who is also called 'the owner.' The word 'blimp,' by which a kind of small naval airship used to be known, is puzzling. It certainly described the machine in some peculiar way, but its origin is a mystery.

The stage has given us 'getting it across,' 'in the limelight,' 'slow music,' 'black out,' 'getting the bird,' 'playing to the gallery,' and to the 'movies' we are indebted for 'close-up,' 'sob-stuff,' the verb 'to shoot' applied to the taking of a picture, 'fade out,' 'punch,' and so on.

Journalism has supplied 'stunt' and 'story.'

The slang of schools and universities is in some respects peculiar. Its words are often derived from Greek and Latin roots, as in the Cambridge term 'gyp' (γύψ ?), and many other words confined to particular institutions. It changes more slowly than current popular slang, for the old terms are traditional and not lightly surrendered. The words 'grub' and 'tuck' have become part of the language.

University slang is remarkable for the quality of baby talk which it possesses. Diminutive and affectionate endings are popular, such as 'proggins' for procurator, 'brekker,' the 'Pragger-Wagger' (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), 'rollers,' 'bullers,' 'stumer,' and the rest.

The terminations '-ger,' '-er' and '-gers' are interesting as an example of the manner in which the coining of slang words follows the fundamental laws of language; '-er' and '-ger' are terminations denoting an active agent, and therefore intensify the word

to which they are added. Sometimes, too, 's' is added, not in a plural sense, but to give the word a generic use. Thus a don of the name of Whiteman might either be called 'the Whiter' or, by elimination of the definite article, 'Whiters.' 'Hugh' would become 'Huggers,' and so on.

The slang of games and hobbies is vast, and ever increasing; indeed, it is impossible to say where slang begins and legitimate technical terms end. Cricket is responsible for the phrases 'to queer the pitch,' 'stumped,' and 'caught out,' while Rugby football has popularised the verb 'to tackle.'

The hobby of motoring has brought with it many new words. The term 'motor car' itself had originally a quasi-slang use, for the official name for a petrol-driven vehicle was from the beginning 'automobile.' Now such phrases as 'to let her out' (to accelerate), 'knocking,' 'to conk,' 'missing on all four cylinders,' 'revving,' 'a one-lunger' (single cylinder engine), 'wings,' 'dashboard,' are spreading more and more widely. Long after motor cars have been superseded by some new form of traction traces of the era of petrol will remain in the language.

The tendency to personify his creations has always been strong in man, and the terms applied by the engineer to his engine show, as the folk-lorists would tell us, a distinctly animistic tendency. And so a 'lively' engine is one that 'picks up well,' 'pulls well,' but may have to be 'nursed' on occasion. The enthusiastic motor-cyclist will refer affectionately to his machine as his 'iron,' 'heap' (scrap heap), 'model,' 'grid,' or even 'mangle,' though this term is more often used of the 'push-bike.'

Engineers, naturally, are always coining new words to describe the parts of their inventions and the special uses to which tools are put. The word 'gasket' is interesting in this connection. A gasket in marine parlance is the piece of rope used for tying up a furled sail; it is cognate with the Spanish *garceta*, meaning reef-point. In the early steam engines, bits of rope were used for packing cylinders and joints, and now the flat copper and asbestos packing plate between the cylinder and crank-case of an engine is called a 'gasket.' A 'cricket' is a piece of metal found in the crank-case when an engine is cleaned. The presence of such a foreign body when the engine was revolving would naturally cause it to chirp.

The slang words used to describe the state of intoxication are, as might be expected, many. Among the most commonly used are 'blind,' 'happy,' 'canned,' 'blotto,' 'tight' (sometimes qualified as in 'tight as an owl,' 'as a lord,' etc.), 'soko,' 'corked,' 'squiffy,' 'on,' 'full,' and many others.

Every phase and activity of human life develops its own slang, and it is useless for the purist to rail at the strange oaths and

uncouth phrases of the populace, for it is this very process of applying names or nicknames to things which preserves the balance of the language, keeps it alive, and acts as a counterpoise to the doctrinaire and sesquipedalian tendencies of the academical mind. No academy, as an exterior constitution, can do more than ratify and systematise the decrees of the people in general, who are the true arbiters of speech. For language is not to be arranged and codified from without, a fact that is proved by the failure of artificial languages such as Esperanto; it must grow naturally through the usage of great writers and speakers and by the acceptance and choice of the majority. And in this process of growth slang has its rightful place, for so long as a word is expressive and virile it will continue in use whatever its parentage and in spite of all the fulminations of philology. Slang and popular usage must inevitably enrich the language, for the use of a word is a sure test of its merit. By some occult process of unconscious selection, the popular mind retains some words and rejects others, and in the course of time a proportion of those which are retained is incorporated in the written language. In like manner many legitimate words mysteriously disappear from current use or change their meanings. Thus, between academical perfection on the one hand and popular slang on the other, there is a continual ebb and flow, and the balance of the language is preserved.

The derivations of slang words and phrases are often interesting. The apparently meaningless expression 'all my eye and Betty Martin' is supposed to have originated in a mockery of '*O mihi, Beate Martine*,' a Roman Catholic prayer to St. Martin. 'Cheat,' a term of thieves' cant for an article of property, as in 'grunting cheat,' a pig, is an excellent English word which has fallen out of common speech except in the legal 'escheat' and its derivatives. The same might be said of the verb to 'thole' or endure, which appears also in 'thole-pin,' the peg placed in the gunwale of a boat to act as a fulcrum and bear the weight of the oar-thrust. 'Bloke' or 'bloak' may be akin to the gipsy and Hindu 'loke'; the word 'bloacher' in the North means any large animal. The phrase 'on tick' is, according to Johnson, short for 'on ticket,' tradesmen's bills being at one time written on tickets or cards

'Prig,' meaning a thief, is probably from the Saxon *priccan*, to filch. The verb 'to maunder' originally meant to beg, but has now a much wider application. 'Maundering on the fly' meant begging of people in the streets. 'Maun,' to beg, is a term in use among gipsies, and is also Hindu; but *maund* is pure Anglo-Saxon, from *mand*, a basket. The word may be compared with 'beg' itself, which is derived from 'bag.' 'Mish' and 'smish,' words for shirt or chemise, are not, as might be expected, direct corrup-

tions of the French *chemise*, but come through the ancient cant 'commission,' meaning shirt.

The English language is probably richer in slang than any other. This is not, as some suppose, a sign of decadence, but of vitality. The language whose slang is vigorous and extensive grows daily. English is also such a mixed language, having words of Gaelic, Saxon, German, French, Greek, Latin, Scandinavian and Egyptian origin, that few words come amiss to it from phonetic causes. It can therefore easily adopt words of other languages and completely naturalise them. The English, moreover, have a peculiar love for slang. This may partly be due to their habit of reserve, their desire to conceal their thoughts as much as possible by their speech. At any rate, the tendency towards meiosis or under-statement is prominent in English slang. We speak of a man with a passionate attachment as being 'rather keen' on the object of his affections; the most beautiful landscape is 'not bad,' 'quite jolly,' or, in moments of extreme enthusiasm, 'top-hole'; while one of the highest terms of praise which can be applied to a man is to describe him as a 'sportsman.' And so we are continually inventing more and more non-committal ways of describing our feelings, and the slang of nations is enriched thereby.

Having thus ascertained that it is a function of slang to give currency to words which are really needed and which cannot be introduced by the academies, and having dealt to some extent with its place in human life, it remains to us to consider the occasions on which it should not be used, and the reasons why, in using it, we deprecate its use. It is clear that slang has no place in serious speech or writing. We cannot, for instance, imagine the Bible written in slang; indeed, the modernised versions of it, with their colloquialisms, must to many minds appear as something of a desecration. Nor could any real poetry contain slang words or phrases, nor any sermon or hymn. We are shocked, and rightly, at finding in the pages of serious Reviews or other publications such phrases as 'sob-stuff,' 'queer the pitch,' 'a dog's chance,' 'see red,' 'fake,' 'eyewash' or 'scupper.' If in ordinary life, at dinner or at golf, we met the writers who used these words, and they introduced similar expressions into their conversation, we should not be offended; we might even admire the pregnant quality of their speech. Why then should we object to the same words in the printed page?

To answer this question satisfactorily we must search very deeply into the nature of words and of men, for, in inquiring into the cause of this inherent sense of rightness which is responsible for our dislike of slang in serious writing, we are brought at length to no less a foundation than that of the Platonic ideas themselves. Words as well as things spring from ideas. The thing we see is a

partial manifestation of an idea, an aspect of a universal principle particularised and made concrete. We use words to name or describe things, and the words themselves have their own particular connection with the ideas, for a word is more abstract than the object which it describes and is to that degree nearer to the idea. Thus when we speak of a ' tree ' we do not necessarily mean any particular tree or type of tree, but there is brought into our mind an idea of ' tree-ness.' And so by means of words we may pass from material objects to abstract ideas.

As the idea approaches more and more to manifestation the more varied and multiplex will be the expressions of it. The one idea of tree-ness is expressed in countless actual trees, each one different from all others. The same particular tree or kind of tree may be called by various different names, according to the use which it is at any particular time fulfilling. The more concrete an object is, the more partitive and particular is the name applied to it. Hence the words or names for material objects do not express the true nature of those objects so fully as do the names for abstract qualities, for the objects themselves are, as Plato says, reflections or images of the subjective realities behind them. In some dim way we are conscious that things are not what they seem, that ordinary life is not what it might be, that there is a possible perfection which is not yet attained ; hence we are content to use slang in our general conversation, and to talk about the images of ideas by means of the distortions of words.

But when the realm of the ideas themselves is approached, as in serious writing, poetry or any beautiful piece of composition, we demand instinctively that words should be used strictly and with dignity. There are few slang words for abstract ideas, but many for material objects. In such works of art we are being led from beautiful objects to Beauty herself, and we are justly incensed if any echo of the unreal and ugly should be heard in her sanctuary. The human mind is not naturally irreverent.

Slang terms are not applied to that which is truly beautiful, but only to that which is pretentious and pompous.

Man in his present condition cannot live always on the heights, and so in ordinary life, in the lower reaches, so to speak, of existence, slang has its place. But to introduce it where it does not belong is an error in artistry.

It is natural that, in a time like the present, careless, colloquial and vulgar phrases should be used extensively in journals where they have no place. We are living in an age of change, a change swifter and more profound perhaps than any that the past has seen. Language, like all else, is disturbed by the pangs of new birth. For language reflects most faithfully the spirit of the age, a spirit of questioning and of the overthrowing of precedents, but

a strong spirit and one that is determined to find truth. Therefore the prevalence of slang need cause us no anxiety, for it will pass as the unrest and upheaval will pass, and the full beauty of the English language will be known as never before.

Slang is perpetually changing, language much more slowly. The common spoken language of any one period is, as it were, the melting pot from which the pure gold of its literary language is distilled. The slang, having contributed its quota, dies, but the literary language lives on. It has emerged from the crucible pure coin for ever. Any great language, such as Greek or Latin, is eternal, for in the hands of a master it becomes a thing of power, a vehicle for the living truth. And once that truth has poured through it, it is immortal, a radiant garment of thought, no longer the tongue merely of merchants and artisans, but the speech of gods and heroes.

And so, while the smart slang of Athens is forgotten, the language of Thucydides lives on and might be used to-day by any true thinker as well as ever in the past. To speak of such a language as 'dead' is a misuse of words. Nor shall we to-day do harm to the English language by using slang *provided we use it in its proper place and with discrimination.* We cannot, in fact, avoid using it, for there is in us a deep need for beauty which by a process of contraries is satisfied by the use of slang. Most slang has a humorous quality, and its use is the result of the effort to make life more tolerable by laughing at it.

It is possible that a time may come when slang, as we understand it, will be no longer used. It is difficult to picture the men of the Golden Age using slang, and when we once more approach to that state of happiness we shall no longer feel moved to call a fellow human being a 'bloke.' When the ideas of all things are more fully manifested, when words truly describe the objects to which they are applied, when the gap between heaven and earth is less wide, when the palates of men are no longer jaded and require no more to be tickled by strange and arresting sounds, when exaggeration is no longer in fashion and the extremes of pedantry and coarse speech are merged in a fluid, virile and beautiful language, slang will vanish, for its usefulness will be ended.

G. H. BONNER.

THE HOLLY AND ITS TRADITIONS

THE holly bids fair to create a record this year. Never probably in living memory had there been such a packing together of its white flowers on the branches as was seen last spring, and never, too, have the dark boughs been more heavily studded with scarlet berries than they are this December. Their abundance is amazing.

But the whole behaviour of the holly has been exceptional both last year and this. It began with Christmas 1922, which was a good holly year in the opinion of providers of Christmas greenery, for there was a considerable crop of berries. The winter proved to be exceptionally mild, the birds consequently not voracious, and probably on these two counts the berries did not presently disappear, as they usually do, but clung tenaciously on the branches through the spring days, until at midsummer, 1923, there was the extraordinary spectacle of holly trees glowing in their winter guise and making one think of Christmas decorations, dark evenings and snow in an altogether unseasonable way.

As autumn wore on many of the berries dropped off, but some old stagers, rather shrivelled and bearing marks of age, still persisted, and actually faced a second Christmas (1923)—a most unusual occurrence. It was not surprising that the flowers, which should have come in the late spring of that year, never appeared, or appeared very sparsely ; hence there were few indeed of the proper autumnal berries for Christmas, 1923, and the trees put up what salesmen call 'a poor show,' and Yuletide celebrations lacked the scarlet decorativeness that was lavished on a midsummer that had no use for it.

In the spring then of 1924, as if to make up for its winter miserliness, the holly tree made a super-man—or super-tree—effort, with the result of the lavishness referred to.

There will inevitably be some people who, having specially noticed the bridal dress of their holly trees in May, have since been disappointed because 'nothing came of it' on certain trees whose branches are now void of berries. The disappointment, however, is due to misapprehension, for these people

have never realised that the holly has 'sex,' and the root of the difficulty—the root of *all* difficulties according to some Freudian psycho-analysts—is 'sex' pure and simple. For one set of holly trees is male in nature, and another set is female, and, of course, only the female trees carry fruit. The trees that disappoint the 'decoration' hunter are of the male sex, and their flowers wither and fall, leaving nothing behind, directly they have supplied the fertilising pollen that calls the scarlet berries into existence on the mating female trees.

Both male and female trees are alike as far as their leaves and general appearance go, but on the male trees the flowers carry four stamens and only a rudimentary seed-case within their cross-like petals, while on the female trees the flowers have a perfect seed-case, but only sham, perfunctory stamens, in the centre of the four petals. It is true, a tree may occasionally be found bearing both kinds of flowers, but this is very rare.

The popular reference of the midlands and the north to 'he-holly' and 'she-holly' has nothing whatever to do with sex, but is concerned only with the form of leaves. Now it is often very noticeable that on the lower branches of the holly the leaves are extremely prickly, presumably a measure of defence, as Southey pointed out in verse a hundred years ago, while on the upper branches,

> Where nothing is to fear,
> Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

The prickly holly is called 'he-holly' by the country-folk, and the smooth-leaved is called 'she-holly,' and they have a quaint superstition that if 'he-holly' be brought first into the house on Christmas Eve the husband will be master of the house during the coming year, but if the 'she-holly' comes in first, the wife 'will wear the breeks.'

It is the female holly then,

> Warm with the winter sun, of burnished green
> With scarlet berries gemm'd,

that is the tree of Christmas, the 'real holly,' the tree that perhaps of all others holds foremost place in man's affections. In the words of a Cornish ballad,

> Now of all trees by the King's highway
> Which do you love the best ?
> O, the tree that is green upon Christmas day,
> The bush with the burning breast.
> Now the holly with her drops of blood for me,
> For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree.

'Aunt Mary' is an old Cornish name, and quite a reverent one, be it noted, for the Virgin Mary.

The holly, together with the yew and the mistletoe, has from time immemorial been associated with the winter religious festival by Druids, Romans and Christians alike. The Christians in this country took the custom over from those who worshipped heathen gods and invested it with a new and mystical significance, though the early Church looked with more than a dubious eye upon this transference of heathen rites into the new religion, and it was strongly discouraged in certain quarters. Tertullian, writing at the beginning of the third century, says: 'Let them over whom hell fire is imminent affix to their posts laurels doomed presently to burn. . . . You are a light of the world; a tree evergreen, if you have renounced temples, make not your own gate a temple.' In the Latin countries greenery decorations have never held sway, and, in fact, have been actually forbidden in some, but in Britain and in Germany too the custom seems rooted in the very depths of the nation's being, and it was doubtless a realisation of this fact that led the astute Pope, Gregory I., to urge Augustine, then in Britain, to allow willingly ancient customs (such as the decoration of houses and churches at Christmastide) provided such customs could be given a Christian significance. So, by degrees, there grew round the holly a symbolism to which the tree in its attributes readily lent itself. Its general brightness made it a fit symbol for rejoicing at the birth of the Christ-child, its evergreenness spoke of the life unending, its white flowers of purity, while its sharp spines and blood-red berries foretold the crown of thorns and the Passion that lay before Him. Sometimes the symbolic reference varies, as in the old English carol where the prickliness stands for the pains of the Virgin's travail on Christmas morn:

> The holly and the ivy, now they are both well grown;
> Of all the trees that are in the wood the holly bears the crown.
> The holly bears a blossom as white as lily flower;
> And Mary, she bore Jesus Christ to be our Saviour.
> The holly bears a berry as red as any blood;
> And Mary, she bore Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.
> The holly bears a bark as bitter as any gall;
> And Mary, she bore Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.
> The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn;
> And Mary, she bore Jesus Christ on Christmas in the morn.

In the Middle Ages a curious rivalry was supposed to exist between the holly and the ivy as to which plant took pre-eminence in the Christmas celebrations, and we find over and over again allusions to this dispute in old writings. Ivy being dedicated to Bacchus, it was not thought in earlier days to be an altogether suitable plant with which to decorate the insides of buildings, while the holly, by this time felt to be the 'holy' tree, was naturally used within both church and house. This idea must

be borne in mind as one reads an altogether delightful carol of the time of Henry VI. and dated 1456 in the Harleian collection (the old spelling looks very quaint, but the meaning is quite clear if the poem be read aloud):

> Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be I wys;
> Let Holy hafe the mastry, as the maner ys.
> Holy stond in the halle, fayre to behold;
> Ivy stond without the dore; she ys full sore a cold.
>
> Holy and hys mery men they dawnsyn and they syng.
> Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and they wryng.
> Ivy hath a kybe [1]; she laughit with the cold,
> So mot they all hafe that wyth Ivy hold.
>
> Holy hath berys as red as any rose,
> The foster and the hunters keep them for the does.
> Ivy hath berys as black as any sloe;
> Ther come the oule and ete hem as she go.
>
> Holy hath byrdys, a ful fayre flok,
> The Nyghtyngale, the Poppyngy, the gayntyl Lavyrok.
> Good Ivy, what byrdys ast thou?
> Non but the Howlet, that cryes 'How, How.'

Another of these songs began:

> Then spoke holly.—I am fierce and jolly.
> I will have the mastery in landès where we go.
> Then spake Ivy. 'I am loved and proved.
> I will have the mastery in landès where we go.'

And so on. Some of the old songs celebrated one or other in sturdy partisanship. Thus one asserts:

> Here comes holly that is so gent,
> To please all men is his intent.
> Allelujah.
>
> Whosoever against holly do cry
> In a rope shall be hung full high.
> Whosoever against holly do sing
> He may weep and his hands wring.

While another takes up cudgels on behalf of ivy:

> Ivy chief of trees it is,
> The most worthy in all the Town;
> He that saith other doth amiss,
> Worthy is she to bear the crown.

It is a point of interest worth notice that the holly is always referred to as 'he,' and the ivy as 'she.' A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the end of the eighteenth century relates how he went on Shrove Tuesday, 1779, to an obscure little village in East Kent, where he found what he described as 'an odd kind of sport' going on. The girls of the village were busy with much

[1] Chilblain.

noise in burning a straw effigy, which they called a 'holly-boy,' and which they had stolen from the boys of the village; while the boys, with certainly no less noise, were burning a similar effigy which they called the 'ivy girl' and had purloined from the girls. Why the game was played, and what was the origin, even the oldest inhabitants could not say in reply to his inquiries; all they knew was that it always had been so played in their time and their fathers' before them, and the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* went away completely mystified. But, in the light of the ancient carols, may it not, then, have been a meaningless survival of the old mediæval controversy personified between holly and ivy? Notice the holly was still male to the ivy female. It would be interesting to know if any such sports exist in this country to-day.

A sixteenth century holly song, of which both words and music are ascribed to Henry VIII., is rather amusing in the light of that monarch's later matrimonial adventures, for surely even he could not have written this impassioned vow of constancy to any but his first spouse:

As the holly growth green
And never changeth hue,
So am I, ever have been
To my lady true.

. . . .

Now unto my lady
Promise her I make
From all other only
To her I me betake.

No custom, coming down to us from the earliest days of our nation's story, has perhaps persisted so regularly and so unchanged as that of decorating for Christmas, and repeatedly we find references to it in old volumes, and always holly is mentioned. We know that in 1444, just as the English made a truce with France after the Joan of Arc episode, there was a great storm on Candlemas Day at the Leadenhall in Cornhill; 'a standard of tree, being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivy, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit (as was thought), so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempest,' which shows that in those days decorating was not confined to buildings, but included street garnishing too. Churchwardens' accounts often included payment for holly. Thus in those for 1504 at St. Lawrence's, Reading, we find: 'It. payed to Makrell for the Holy Bussh agay Christmas, ijd.' And again in those of St. Martin's, Outwich, London, for 1524, 'It'm for Holy and Ivy at Chrystmas, ijd.' Stowe, in his *Survey of London* (1598), notes that 'against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parihs

church, was decked with holme, ivy, bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green.'

Remembering that the custom of Christmas decorating is as strong as ever to-day, it is rather curious to find in 1656 a writer, Coles, speaking as if it were growing obsolete. 'In some places,' he says, 'setting up of holly, ivy, rosemary, bayes, yew, etc., in churches at Christmas is still in use.' No doubt the slackening observed at that time was due to the Puritan reaction. Anyway, in the following century the use of holly and other evergreens was back with redoubled force, and there is an amusing letter of Steele's in the *Spectator*, 1714, ostensibly written by a 'Jenny Simper,' complaining of the wealth of greenery with which at Christmas the clerk had overdecked the church,

so that it looked more like a green-house than a place of worship. The middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the open pews look like so many arbours. . . . The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly and rosemary about it that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say that the congregation heard the Word out of a bush like Moses.

Her main contention was that all this obscured the view of the young baronet she had 'dressed at' for three weeks past.

The exact rationale of using holly and other greenery in this way at Christmas is not altogether clear. One old writer says, rather beautifully:

So our churches and houses decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Deity, that the Child that now was born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing and live for evermore.

But, of course, this was not the original idea. The practice may have sprung from the same instinct that leads us to deck ourselves and our houses with flowers on any great occasion. On the other hand, there is a very ancient belief that holly, and so forth, was originally put up in houses, at any rate, to offer harbourage to wood sprites and fairies who were left without shelter in the woods during the cold, leafless days. And this idea of fairies underlies many a quaint bit of superstition. For instance, it was considered unlucky to bring holly into a house before Christmas Eve, probably the underlying idea being that the elves and sprites might become mischievous without the restraining influence of the Christ-child. There is, however, no unanimity as to the proper date for its removal. Twelfth Night was the earliest date assigned. Candlemas, February 2nd, was the ecclesiastical date by which time all should be cleared out of the churches, and it was the usual date, too, to remove greenery from the houses. Herrick's warning, given in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is well known with regard to Candlemas Eve:

Down with the Holly, Ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall,
That so the superstitious find
Not one least branch is left behind.
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, tend to me,
So many goblins shall ye see.

Here again, the idea that the evergreens are a harbourage for fairies appears.

In a few places—for example, the North Riding of Yorkshire—a writer of a century ago says that the holly, both in church and home, remained up until Good Friday, but this must have been very unusual. With our present more sanitary ideas, evergreens tend to be banished within a very few days of Christmas. Generally the holly is burnt when taken down, but in some parts it is considered unlucky to do this, and the branches are thrown out to decay naturally.

All sorts of odds and ends of superstition attach to holly. That it was the chief detestation of witches—and naturally, since it was a 'holy' tree—was agreed by all. That one could divine the future by its means was also believed. One way of doing this was to take smooth 'she-holly' leaves and attach to each a tiny bit of candle The leaves were then floated on water, and the candles lighted, and according as they swam or sank, so those making the essay would have success or failure in the undertakings in which they were engaged. Holly, too, was hung up in the byres and stables, so that cattle and sheep could see it at Christmas and share in the rejoicings of mankind and hence thrive in the coming year, the sheep, in particular, being more likely then to bear twins. Further, holly was reckoned to be a guard against thunderstorms; probably the general spikiness of the leaves may afford, in some measure, protection in this matter, and the ancient Kelts were wont to plant it by their homes to ward off evil.

G. Clarke Nuttall.

THE SUCCESSION OF FLORAS IN THE PAST

EXTINCT plants are much less known to the general reader than extinct animals; the latter offer so many points of sensational interest that they have long attracted a fair share of popular attention. Everyone has seen the *Diplodocus* and other great reptiles and 'flying dragons' from the secondary rocks. Mammoths, mastodons and sabre-toothed tigers of later geological times are thrilling objects to the reader of popular books or the visitor to museums. Fossil plants, however, make comparatively little appeal; there are some educated people who have never so much as heard of their existence.

Yet the remains of extinct plants are scarcely less valuable as documents of past history than the more famous fossil animals. We will now glance at some points in the plant record.

The object of this article, however, is not to give the reader a potted fossil botany, condensed to a few pages, but rather to bring out the point that the geological history of the plant kingdom does not show a steady, uniform progression from the earliest times to the present day, but presents a series of diverse periods of vegetation, each with a definite character of its own. As Professor Seward has recently said: 'Dynasties rise with apparent suddenness into prominence; after a longer or shorter period of existence, during which comparatively slight changes occur, they are superseded, again with apparent suddenness, by newer and more vigorous races. It would almost seem that "missing links" never existed.' This last remark invites discussion, but the succession of dynasties is a fact, and constitutes the great outstanding feature of the plant record.

The succession of floras is in itself of great interest, even apart from evolutionary problems, and attracted the attention of naturalists long before a belief in evolution became general. Hugh Miller, that sturdy antagonist of the 'development' theories of his day, repeatedly sketched the successive floras of the geological periods in his controversial books the *Footprints of the Creator* and the *Testimony of the Rocks*. We will now, in the light of modern knowledge, endeavour to do likewise.

The critical periods, when one flora passed over to the next in

succession, may be spoken of as 'transformations.' Four such transformations mark out into definite chapters the past history of plant life.

We will endeavour to begin at the beginning, even if it be only the 'make-believe of a beginning.' Dr. Church, of Oxford, has said that 'the beginnings of botany are in the sea,' and no one disputes it, though we may not accept that author's hypothesis of a primitive world-wide ocean.

During very long periods of early geological history the only plant remains which have come down to us are those of seaweeds. They are represented in the Cambrian (still earlier records are doubtful), and in the next system, the Ordovician, quite highly organised seaweeds occur, comparable to the Corallines of our own shores. From the Lower Silurian onwards certain families of seaweeds are abundant, and show a highly complex structure. Those algæ which were of a calcareous nature are, as we should expect, the best preserved, and their early history is well known, while the so-called 'Fucoids' are usually doubtful.

Our *first great transformation*—the most important of all—consisted in the earliest evolution of a land flora from the denizens of the sea. The first question which arises is, When did this event take place? Dr. Church, who has written a brilliant essay on the sub-aerial transmigration, puts it very far back, even in early pre-Cambrian times. For this conjecture, however, there is no geological evidence. We have no remains attributable to land plants before the Upper Silurian, and even then the records are scanty and hardly free from doubt. It is not till we reach the early Devonian that we find clear and indubitable evidence of the existence of a terrestrial flora. Professor Seward has suggested that it was on the upraised sea floors of the late Silurian and earliest Devonian times that the successful migrants from the ocean entered upon the task of colonising the land.

We have nothing to tell us how the transmigration was effected. As yet all is hypothesis. Dr. Church, with his theory of a universal ocean, supposes that after a long 'Plankton' period of microscopic, free-swimming organisms, rooted seaweeds began to develop as the sea bottom rose in places. This was his 'Benthic' stage, which went on for an immense time, the seaweeds attaining a very high grade of organisation. Then, as the land began to rise above the sea level, the transmigration began, and certain already advanced races of Algæ adapted themselves to a terrestrial life.

Dr. Church's theory was worked out without reference to any geological evidence, but recent discoveries among the earliest known land plants are not altogether unfavourable to his views. The best known of the Early Devonian plants are the now famous

fossils from the Rhynie chert bed in Aberdeenshire, discovered by Dr. Mackie in 1913, and most admirably investigated by the late Dr. Kidston and Professor Lang. The structure is excellently preserved, and no fossil plants are better known than these earliest representatives of a land flora. Four such species only are recorded from Rhynie, though there are many others elsewhere, less favourably preserved, which were no doubt of similar types. Three of the Rhynie land plants, members of the genera named *Rhynia* and *Hornea*, have an extraordinarily simple organisation. Wholly leafless and rootless, the plants consisted of mere branched stalks rising a few inches into the air from an underground rhizome. These plants are no more advanced, in general configuration, than some quite ordinary seaweeds, yet their internal structure, the presence of a vascular system and of breathing pores (stomata), shows conclusively that these simple plants were equipped for life on land. This is confirmed by the evidence of their spores, which in all respects agree with those of ferns and their allies.

The fourth land plant, *Asteroxylon*, was more advanced, having a leafy stem, but no differentiated roots. Its internal structure was also comparatively complex, and the plant had evidently passed a good way beyond the Rhyniaceæ in adaptation to land conditions.

The Rhynie discoveries, so far as they go, are favourable to the theory that the earliest vegetation of the land may have been derived from seaweeds of a fairly high type. But we cannot be perfectly certain that the simplicity of the Rhyniaceæ was wholly primitive. They were peat plants, and may not adequately represent the normal level of organisation of their period.

There are, in fact, some much higher forms known from Early Devonian horizons. The most important of these is Hugh Miller's 'cone-bearing tree' from the middle Old Red Sandstone of Cromarty. Of course we know nothing of the 'cones,' but the structure is really not unlike that of certain Conifers, and the stem may have belonged to some precursor of the naked-seeded trees.

Still, on the whole, the general character of the Early Devonian land flora is undoubtedly simple, possibly primitive, and often alga-like.

When we pass to the Upper Devonian, the scene changes; we find ourselves in the presence of a comparatively familiar flora. This is our *second transformation*, which inaugurates the rich vegetation of the later Palæozoic. Handsome ferns or fern-like plants (such as the well-known Irish *Archæopteris*) were abundant. Some of them were, no doubt, 'seed-ferns,'—seed-bearing plants with the habit of ferns. Evidence for the presence of plants of this kind has recently been found in the fossil forest

of Gilboa, State of New York. Great Club-mosses attained a high development. Strange plants with whorled leaves anticipate the Calamites and Horse-tails of later days. Stems, as highly organised anatomically as any living Conifer, attest the presence of advanced Gymnospermous trees.

The contrast between the early and later Devonian floras is sufficiently striking, and we have little to indicate what was the origin of the various high types of plants, which appear, as it seems to us, so suddenly. The contrast, as Professor Seward has pointed out, was probably, 'in large measure, the result of a changed environment. The swamp flora of the Lower and Middle Devonian stages was gradually transformed into a flora that was more completely terrestrial.' We have to assume that the transformation was gradual, but the steps are lost.

The typical Palæozoic flora, beginning in the Upper Devonian, continued and grew in luxuriance through the ensuing Carboniferous period, reaching its maximum in the astonishingly rich vegetation of the coal measures.

In the Lower Carboniferous rocks we already find a very high and varied flora, on the same lines as that of the Upper Devonian, but better known. The ferns were highly developed, a large proportion of them belonging to strange families, exceedingly unlike the ferns of the present day. Club-mosses abounded, and some of them attained a degree of perfection which they have since lost, for they produced a kind of seed, an organ quite unknown among such plants after the Carboniferous period. Calamites, trees allied to our own modest Horse-tails, now showed themselves; in an allied family, one genus (*Cheirostrobus*) bore cones so perfect and elaborate that nothing equal to them is known among cryptogamic plants, either fossil or recent.

The so-called 'seed-ferns' were now in full vigour, with seeds of a complex construction, which later plants have for the most part discarded in favour of simpler patterns. A family of great trees, with leaves something like fir needles, was flourishing, and may have had some affinity with the 'puzzle monkey' and kauri pine of our own day.

The Upper Carboniferous flora, the richest fossil flora known to us, differs in some respects from its immediate predecessor, but was on the same general lines. The ferns were more varied, including a race of fine tree ferns, not, however, related to those of our own times, but to another family not now arborescent.

The Club-mosses attained an immense stature. Not many years ago the stem of a *Lepidodendron*, over 130 feet in length, was found lying prone in the workings of a Lancashire coal mine. The forms are more varied than before, and a wealth of species has been recorded.

The Horse-tail race, represented by the great Calamarian trees, reached its zenith, not only in size, but in elaboration of structure. The distantly allied family of the Sphenophylls (small, pretty plants, probably climbers, like the bedstraws of our hedges) were abundant; they had already appeared as far back as the Upper Devonian.

The 'seed-ferns' showed a greater variety than before; some of them reached a huge bulk, and bore seeds of remarkable size and unrivalled complexity of organisation. The characteristic trees of the Lower Carboniferous had disappeared, but another family took their place; the great Cordaitean trees, with lofty, much-branched stems and flat leaves a yard long, must have presented a striking appearance. Their cones and seeds are known; they are unlike those of existing Conifers, and in some respects rather suggest the Cycads of later days. The group was, at any rate, an advanced one, equal, on the whole, to the naked-seeded races of the present epoch.

Towards the close of the Carboniferous period the flora of the world ceased for a time to be uniform, and botanical districts were differentiated. While the vegetation just described prevailed throughout the North, a different flora appeared in India and the Southern hemisphere. This Southern type is called the Gondwana or *Glossopteris* flora. The great Club-mosses were absent and the Calamites different. Fern-like plants with simple fronds (*Glossopteris* and *Gangamopteris*) were the most characteristic features of the Southern vegetation. Trees allied to the Northern Cordaiteans were present. This type of flora appears to have lasted on, in Southern regions, beyond Palæozoic times.

In the North, however, the rich Carboniferous vegetation disappeared wholly about the close of the Palæozoic epoch, and was replaced by a totally different flora. This is our *third transformation*. The change is very marked: all the characteristic Carboniferous groups, whether of ferns, Club-mosses, Calamites, 'seed-ferns' or Cordaitean trees, were lost, or only doubtful survivors left behind.

The flora which succeeded (the typical Mesozoic type of vegetation) embraced a vast number of ferns of more modern families than their predecessors, few and modest Club-mosses, Horse-tails approaching those of our own woods and swamps. The Pteridosperms were succeeded by a great host of Cycad-like plants, mostly far more complex in reproductive methods than any of their allies that now exist. Conifers of various families were abundant, and the maiden-hair trees, now represented by a single species, formed an important family.

It was not long (geologically speaking) before the new flora

overspread the whole world, including the South. Botanical districts were again obliterated.

The change from the Palæozoic to the Mesozoic flora was undoubtedly a profound one. The whole *facies* of vegetation was transformed. It is true that there was a little overlapping. A few Coniferous and Cycad-like fossils are known from the later Carboniferous and the succeeding Permian. Possibly, though this is not proved, a few 'seed-ferns' and Cordaiteans may have lingered on into the Mesozoic age. But the broad contrast remains, and is still without explanation.

It was this 'almost complete transformation' more than any other which led Professor Seward to the remark already quoted: 'It would almost seem that "missing links" never existed.' Speaking especially of the ferns, he says: 'We have as yet no definite evidence of a direct connection between the Palæozoic and the Mesozoic representatives'; and again, in more general terms: 'The dominant group of one age may not have any direct affinity to that which it in part replaces.'

Another passage is even more explicit: 'The idea of the initiation of a new creation at more than one stage of geological history is not inconsistent with a belief in the essential principle of the doctrine of progress and regression.'[1] But what are we to understand by the initiation of a new creation? No one would suspect the learned Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge of wishing to resuscitate the old doctrine of 'special creation.' Two years ago he had suggested an explanation: 'As new lands emerged from the sea new lines of evolution may have been inaugurated; the transmigration of marine plants, which Dr. Church conceives as a single act, may have been recurrent.'[2] On this hypothesis there need not always have been continuity between the land floras of successive periods; new invasions by marine plants may have initiated a 'new creation' on the land.

I do not know whether this suggestion is seriously upheld. There is no evidence of new transmigrants among the types first appearing in Mesozoic times. They are all highly advanced land plants, presumably with a long terrestrial history behind them.

We are, in fact, left without any tenable explanation of such a transformation as that which ushered in the Mesozoic flora. Possibly a clue may be found in the prevalence of an arid, desert climate in Triassic times, at the beginning of the Mesozoic age. So marked a change in the environment may have proved unfavourable to the preceding dynasties, and have given an opportunity to races hitherto obscure to assume a dominant *rôle*.

[1] These quotations are from Professor Seward's Presidential Addresses to the Geological Society, 1923 and 1924.

[2] Seward, Hooker Lecture to Linnean Society, 1922.

A few words may be added before we leave the Mesozoic flora about the Cycads of those days, the first plants known with flowers, as we commonly understand the word. The living family Cycadaceæ consists of about 100 species of tropical and sub-tropical plants, of handsome, somewhat palm-like appearance. Their fructification is never anything more elaborate than a simple male or female cone.

Most of the Mesozoic Cycads had a far more advanced reproductive apparatus. In the best known examples the stem bore large flowers with an envelope of bracts surrounding a ring of great compound stamens, while the female seed-bearing column stood in the middle of the whole In fact, the general arrangement was quite comparable with the flower of a magnolia, though very different in detail.

It is important to note the presence of this highly organised race of 'flowering plants' during the Mesozoic age, for although we have no proof of an affinity between them and the succeeding Angiospermous flora, yet the analogy cannot be disputed. The first appearance of the flower is an event of interest, but it may well have appeared independently in different lines of descent.

During the Cretaceous period—that is, well on in Mesozoic times—the *fourth and last transformation* was accomplished, the most interesting of all to us, for it brought in the modern flora, the plant world which surrounds us to-day 'We are still living in the Cretaceous epoch.'

The complete transformation took place about the middle of the Cretaceous period, approximately at the time when the Gault (the 'Blue Slipper' of the Isle of Wight) was being deposited. In the Upper Cretaceous we find the true flowering plants (Angiosperms) fully established. Among the families known to have flourished at that time are the palms, the lilies, the reeds, the willows, the walnuts, the beeches, the bread-fruits (found in Greenland !), the magnolias, the laurels, the planes, the maples, the gum trees, and the dogbanes. In fact, the evidence suggests that from the Gault onwards the flowering plants were present very much as they are now, so far as families and, even in some cases, genera are concerned. Of the evolution of all these higher races we know absolutely nothing.

As Darwin wrote to Hooker in 1879 'The rapid development, as far as we can judge, of all the higher plants within recent geological times, is an abominable mystery.' And the mystery has never been cleared up.

A certain number of remains of flowering plants have been found in rocks older than the Gault. In the Lower Greensand Dr. Marie Stopes has recorded several dicotyledonous stems with structure admirably preserved. They are of very diverse types,

but all are as highly organised as the birches, beeches or camellias of our own day. There is no sign of a beginning. These typical stems of the highest plants were contemporary with some of the strange, flowering Cycads of an older race, but there is no indication of a transition from one to the other.

One thing is evident: we have no suggestion of the origin of the flowering plants. They were, to all intents and purposes, as highly organised in the Cretaceous as they are now. The stages of their evolution are wholly lost. Some have imagined that in these cases of the sudden appearance of a higher race evolution was really rapid. It may be so, but we have no evidence. So much is missing that we cannot tell whether the unknown stages were passed through quickly or slowly. In the case of the flowering plants, at all events, no one will suppose that they sprang, like Aphrodite, out of the sea.

A recent remarkable discovery affords direct proof that the flowering plants are much older than previous records showed. Mr. Hamshaw Thomas, of Cambridge, has discovered in the middle Jurassic of the Yorkshire coast two species of strange, closed fruits, evidently Angiospermous. They occur in clusters, like fossilised bunches of currants. Each fruit contains several seeds. Whatever the affinities of these quite novel specimens may be, they undoubtedly carry back the Angiospermous type to a far higher antiquity than had been demonstrated before.

In this sketch we have passed over many points of interest, notably the extraordinary changes in plant distribution. As we have seen, botanical districts became marked out for a time about the close of the Palæozoic, and were then again merged in a world-wide flora. Both Jurassic and Cretaceous vegetation appears to have spread almost uniformly over the world, approaching surprisingly near to the poles. It was not till Tertiary times that the localised floras to which we are accustomed began to differentiate themselves.

The main object of this article has been to call attention to some of the greatest difficulties which confront the student of plant evolution. That evolution took place is not in dispute, but to trace its history in the concrete is a task still beyond our powers. The great fact that emerges from the study of the geological record of the plant kingdom is the succession of dynasties. But the question *how* these dynasties succeeded each other, what was the origin of the new dominant races which assumed the leading *rôle* at each period of transformation, remains unsolved. It is this which constitutes the great problem for future investigators.

D. H. Scott

THE MOST FAMOUS FIGURES IN HISTORY

WHO are the most renowned figures in history? As a pastime I have endeavoured to answer this conundrum, giving reasons for the selection made, as far as the space of a single article will permit. No mention will be made of the founders of the three great religions of the world. Eminent scientists have also been regarded as *hors concours*.

The first consideration was the date from which a review of this description should commence. 1000 B.C. is usually accepted as the dawn of history (our Western history). But this meant omitting all mention of the great characters of the Bible and the rulers in Egypt and Babylon whose power and splendour recent excavations have brought to light. I therefore decided to go back to an earlier period in a search for renown, and it is feared that even now many rulers in India and in the Far East will escape notice, so little do we know of what was going on in that part of the world when glaciers covered the greater part of Europe.

To facilitate the task, I propose to treat the whole period prior to 1000 B.C. as one epoch, the next 2500 years being considered as five epochs of, roughly, 500 years, and from A.D. 1500 onwards each century will be dealt with separately. From each of these periods two personages considered to be more renowned than their contemporaries will be selected; this will leave a total of twenty celebrities amongst whom the final choice can be made.

As regards Biblical history, a good deal of the Old Testament record is now accepted as mythical or to be interpreted in a manner never contemplated fifty or sixty years ago. The Deluge, for instance, has come to be regarded as a local flood, with Noah as a sheik who showed considerable foresight in saving his surroundings. Whatever the true history of the Flood may have been, Noah and his animals have given untold pleasure to generations of children, and rather than deprive nurserydom of such a cherished toy I prefer to think that Noah was the means of saving the lives of many, if not all, of the human race. Noah is accordingly judged as one of the most famed men of the world. Solomon was another Bible celebrity whose wisdom has become

traditional. Throughout Christendom he will always be revered as the builder of the Temple in Jerusalem, so interwoven is our faith with Jewish history. But of all the Bible characters Moses must be selected as the most renowned. He certainly was a leader of men, and as a legal draftsman would be hard to beat even with our present-day knowledge. Moses would have us believe that the statutes of Sinai were inscribed by the Almighty Himself (' written with the finger of God '). But had this been so, it is hardly conceivable that he would have committed such a sacrilege as to break the tables. Few people will deny that Moses stands out as the greatest personage of Bible history. As a second selection for this period one of the Pharaohs must be taken. The Pharaoh of the Exodus must be given the preference, notwithstanding Tutankhamen and his tomb at Luxor, which has perhaps made the latter the more renowned to-day.

We may now take leave of the Bible record and what we gather from the ruins of Babylon and Egypt and begin with modern history, if 1000 years before the Christian era can be termed modern. It was about this period that the Nordic Aryans installed themselves in the Grecian Archipelago, having ousted the original settlers, the darker-skinned inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast. It was these Aryans who first created the Grecian City Republics, which played such an important part in the history of this period and later so greatly influenced the civilisation of Europe.

Before these settlers in Greece, another branch of the same Aryans had found their way by a more northern route to the Euphrates Valley and to the country now recognised as Persia. There they had created a great empire, to which we must look for the famous personages of the next period. It was Nebuchadnezzar, one of their kings, who sacked Jerusalem and carried the children of Israel captives to Babylon (a custom of those days). King Cyrus some half a century later allowed these Israelites to return, and helped them to rebuild the Temple. Cyrus appears also to have been an able, broad-minded ruler, and, amongst other things, he had a considerable knowledge of war tactics, as he completely outgeneralled and captured Crœsus (the rich man of the proverb), who was king of what is now Anatolia. Crœsus seems to have wasted a lot of wealth consulting oracles, and refused to be guided by Solon (the wise Solon)

Another Persian monarch, Darius, who followed Cyrus, not satisfied with ruling the largest empire then existing, endeavoured to extend its boundaries into Europe, crossing the Bosphorus for the purpose, but he was defeated and forced to retreat when he reached the Danube. Darius made a second attempt, Greece being his objective on this occasion ; but he was again

forced to retire, leaving it to his successor, Xerxes, to make a final effort, which resulted in the great naval victory by the Greeks at Salamis. The Persians then retired and troubled the Greeks no more. It was during these Persian raids that a Greek named Phedippedes, seeking succour from the Spartans, ran from Marathon some hundred miles in forty-eight hours; hence the Marathon race to-day. This very condensed description of events which stirred the Near Eastern world considerably is all the space that I can give to the subject before selecting Cyrus and Darius as the most renowned rulers of that period. Cyrus comes first, but Darius' invasions of Europe were no small undertakings, considering the means he had at his disposal.

Alexander the Great was, without doubt, the celebrity of the next period, though some historians will tell you that it was the brain of Philip of Macedonia which conceived the campaigns in Asia which Alexander subsequently carried through. It certainly was Philip who organised the military forces of Macedonia and brought all Greece into a confederacy which Alexander later developed into an empire in Asia. But there can be little doubt that Alexander was a great leader as well as a judge of character in the selection of his lieutenants, not the least of whom was Ptolemy, appointed Governor of Egypt. In fact, the world probably owes more to Ptolemy than to Alexander the Great, as it was Ptolemy who created the museum in Alexandria, which became a seat of learning and home of science, making that city the most noted of the day. Moreover, had Ptolemy not endeavoured to connect Jupiter with the Egyptian god Osiris and created the Serapeum for the combined worship of Osiris, Hathor, and the child Horus, the Trinity might possibly never have been heard of or formed a part of our Christian faith. Further, the Catholic Church has certainly borrowed some of its symbols and ceremonies from the worship in vogue at the Serapeum. Altogether Ptolemy's claim as an eminent personage of this epoch cannot be overlooked.

Mention must also be made of the Greek writers and orators who flourished during this period. Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, are all names to conjure with in the classic world, and many will contend that their writings and speeches have left a more lasting impression than Alexander the Great's conquests. Finally, there is Asoka, the emperor who ruled the greater part of India from 264 B.C. to 227 B.C. All things considered, however, Alexander the Great must come first, with Asoka a good second, loth as I am to omit Ptolemy. Six hundred years (100 B.C. to A.D. 500) have been taken as the next epoch, the idea being to include in one batch the Roman leaders immediately preceding the Cæsars, the Cæsars themselves, as well as the emperors who

ruled for some time after the seat of government had been moved to Constantinople. It would be wiser, perhaps, to make two periods of this epoch if space permitted, but more and more eminent personages have to be dealt with as civilisation advances.

During the last years of the Republic the political atmosphere in Rome was not unlike the atmosphere which exists in more than one European capital at the present time. The wranglings of the politicians were giving way to *pronunciamentos* by military adventurers and self-elected dictators. When one reads of Octavian hesitating to accept the consulship left vacant by the assassination of Julius Cæsar, one is reminded of M. Venizelos declaiming against the Premiership of Greece being forced on him. Again, Mussolini may be likened to Tiberius Gracchus or Marius, and Spain has produced a prototype of Sulla, though so far (with the exception of the Ministers in Greece and, of course, thousands in Russia) the executions are wanting.

What does all this teach us? Surely that in politics, like everything else, it is the individual that counts in the long run, not Parliaments or any other form of democracy. We may yet see the full circle completed by the reintroduction of monarchy as the best form of government. The monarchs will, however, be elected by virtue of their strong personalities and not by reason of descent from any royal household. The day is certainly past when royalties will be borrowed from one nation to rule another. There is a good deal of truth in the old saying that the best form of government is despotism tempered by assassination. But the assassination must not be too long deferred (as in the case of Caligula), and Nero should certainly have been put away or encouraged to commit suicide much earlier.

It may be argued that, with our British form of government, we, in a civilised way, do remove our ruling Ministers by making them commit political suicide and resign. But there is this great difference: our outgoing Ministers remain in opposition and do their best to make government by the incomers impossible. The Greek ostracism was in some respects a better method, as by this means a politician who had failed, but was too powerful, was removed. Once having tasted the sweets of power, a dethroned Minister is ever struggling by some means or other to get back to office, and the country suffers in consequence. The American system, with an elected President for a period of years, is, in my opinion, the best form of government which has so far been devised, but even in America the Senate is inclined to interfere too much with the President's executive powers. These personal views on government are, however, a digression, and our search for talent must be resumed.

Of the Roman emperors the choice lies between Julius Cæsar,

Augustus and Marcus Aurelius. Julius Cæsar's reputation dates from when he was struggling for power rather than when he became emperor, as, like many other self-made men, power was his undoing, and he lost his head over his Divine rights. Marcus Aurelius was a better man, stoic and philosopher though he was, rather than administrator. But we need not be too meticulous in our choice, as Constantine the Great has still to come, and he was certainly the most renowned personage of the period. Constantine will ever be famous, not alone as a great administrator, but also for the leading part he played in defining the dogmas of the Christian faith, although he was not baptised till on his death-bed. There is no difficulty therefore in selecting Constantine the Great as the most renowned man of the age, though Marcus Aurelius as a second seems to be more doubtful. Before, however, closing this chapter of history, some mention must be made of the Hun Attila, who swayed the Germanic tribes to the north of the Roman Empire. As the power of the Empire lessened in the West Attila and his Huns raided and overran the whole country. Attila was eventually defeated by the Imperial forces, with the assistance of the Franks, and the Huns disappear from history as quickly as they came into it, but such mischief did Attila and his Vandals cause for the time being that throughout the Western world Vandalism is still a term synonymous with wanton destruction.

With the break-up of the Roman Empire a number of lesser States came into existence, and we then first hear of a Pope and the Holy See at Rome. As stated in the opening paragraphs of this article, the merits of religious personages (as such) are banned from discussion, but, as now onwards from time to time some reference to papal influence will be made, it is as well to note, for the information of those who have not studied the subject, how Papacy originated. The advent of this spiritual power can best be understood and appreciated if we bear in mind that after Constantine the Great's death Christianity became the official religion of the Byzantine Empire, and the emperors who followed Constantine had not only to interpret, but also to enforce, its doctrines. Seeing that Constantinople, as it afterwards became, was far distant, the minor potentates in the West soon acquired the habit of referring questions of the faith to the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome rather than to the Court at Constantinople, and it was not long before the ruling of the high-priest was accepted as final, though at first he was recognised as the Emperor's delegate rather than the Vicar of God. Complete independence followed, and the Holy See was instituted, but, needless to say, it took some little time before a spiritual authority apart from the temporal authority was finally accepted.

It was when Leo III. was the Pope that we first hear of the Holy Roman Empire, but it is doubtful whether the idea originated with the Pope or Charlemagne, afterwards the Great; it seems clear, however, that, had there been no Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Empire would never have existed. But it is as well to explain how Charlemagne had inherited his pushing nature. Charles Martal, Charlemagne's grandfather, was the Mayor of the Palace of the King of the Franks, and had been instrumental in the defeat of the Moslems at Tours when they invaded that country after their conquest of Spain. For his service in this connection 'Mayor of the Palace' was made an hereditary post, and Martal was succeeded by his son Pepin. Pepin suggested to the Pope that, as he was *de facto* ruler, he should also be made *de jure* king. The Pope agreeing, Pepin was elected king. Charlemagne was even more ambitious, and enlarged his kingdom at the expense of his neighbours. Finally, he and the Pope conceived the idea of an overlordship, temporal as well as spiritual, which would unite all the minor States whose monarchs had embraced Christianity; but they could not agree as to their respective powers. One day the Pope, taking Charlemagne unawares, so it was said, put a crown on his head and hailed him as Emperor of the reconstructed Holy Roman Empire. Charlemagne was not altogether pleased with the Pope's action, as it created a precedent and savoured rather of the Empire being the Pope's gift. However this joint action on the part of Charlemagne and the Pope created the Holy Roman Empire, and the Byzantine ruler was too much occupied with affairs in the East to do other than accept the *fait accompli*.

Under Charlemagne's rule the greatness of the old Roman Empire was to a certain extent revived, and Christianity was spread far and wide, but by means of the sword rather than by preaching the Gospel, though Charlemagne seems to have studied his Bible more than most monarchs. He was also responsible for the introduction of the word *filioque* to the Nicene Creed, which addition finally severed the Latin from the Orthodox Greek Church. The Charlemagne dynasty ended with his son Louis the Pious, and the empire was dissolved more or less into its component States, but the title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire passed to the house of Otto, a German prince, and continued in that line till 1805, when Francis II. assumed instead the title of Emperor of Austria.

Considerable space has been devoted to Charlemagne, as he was undoubtedly the great man of his age, if not of all ages. Of his contemporaries Haroun el Rashid ruled in Baghdad an Eastern empire possibly larger than the so-called Holy Roman Empire, and his power and the splendour of his court probably

exceeded Charlemagne's, as it had the advantage of an Eastern setting; nevertheless Charlemagne was the greater personality.

The next period (A.D. 1000 to A.D. 1500) was full of famous personages, and it is difficult to introduce all who are worthy of mention, but I will begin with the Crusaders. If the Holy Roman Empire accomplished nothing else, it certainly did unite Christendom against the Moslems, by whom the holy places had been captured, and for a time all Christian Europe went crusading; there was even a children's Crusade. Many of the Crusades were, of course, not serious undertakings, but a Crusader spirit was certainly engendered, and, it may be said, continues to the present day.

On the Christian side Peter the Hermit, Godfrey of Bouillon (who recaptured Jerusalem), Richard Cœur de Lion, Francis I. of France, and the Emperor Frederick II. stand out as the chief characters, and of the Moslems, of course, Saladin.

But there can be no mistake in selecting the often excommunicated Frederick II. as the most renowned of all who took part in these Crusades, as also the most remarkable of his time. His crusade was a very peaceful one, and ended in his making a treaty with Saladin by which he accomplished quite as much as the other Crusaders acquired by conquest. But Frederick II. is selected as a man of many parts rather than a Crusader, as his altercations with the papal authorities he came in contact with proved him to have an originality of thought far ahead of his time.

The other selection for this same period is a man of an entirely different type from Frederick, for it was as a fighter and a man of action that Jengis the Great, Khan of Central Asia, astounded the world. This Mongolian leader in the course of a few years carved out of Central Asia an empire exceeding even that of Alexander the Great, extending as it did from Pekin to the Black Sea. Another Mongolian leader who followed Jengis left a reputation, but for evil, almost as great, and certainly more lasting. Halaga Khan not only sacked Baghdad, then the most flourishing city of the world, but he also destroyed the entire irrigation system of the Euphrates Valley—a work of ages—leaving a swamp where had been previously the granary of the East, and a swamp it has practically remained to the present day. This epoch saw also Jean D'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who played such an important part in the war which was then being waged with England. Jean was one of the world's great sensitives, but was rewarded by being burnt at the stake (alas, at British instigation), to be, however, canonised some centuries later by her countrymen, who now recognise the service she rendered to France.

Mention must also be made of several eminent writers of that period, amongst others Nicola Machiavelli, who made monarchs and their courts his special study and recorded his views in such clever, sinister language that 'Machiavellian methods' are throughout the world recognised as indicating something of a very unscrupulous nature. Again, we have Marco Paolo, who travelled in the then little-known East, and subsequently wrote his experiences. Marco Paolo, like Herodotus a few generations earlier and the Chinaman Yuan Chang a few generations later, had an inquisitive mind and a retentive memory, from which little escaped; consequently the writings of all three are regarded as classic. Altogether any attempt to select two personages from so many eminent men of this age is rather futile, but Jengis Khan and Frederick II. are singled out as being very exceptional men even for that period.

We have now reached the stage when, according to plan, each century has to be reviewed separately, not because it is considered that these last centuries have produced more remarkable personalities than those who made history at an earlier period. On the contrary, when the world, or rather civilisation, was in its youth, there were many more opportunities of making a great name than there are at present.

An embryo Alexander the Great or Jengis Khan is probably still to be found, but restless leaders dissatisfied with their lot in life must now sway men's minds by agitation and rhetoric, and so gain whatever object they have in view, as carving an empire from neighbours' territories is no longer possible. But we of the present day have certainly one great advantage (some think it a disadvantage), as the Press, with its knights of the pen, has come into our lives, and deeds are now chronicled, and sometimes improved upon, which in former years would have passed unnoticed.

Before beginning the century series, I must mention Columbus, who sailed the Atlantic and discovered America in the closing days of the last period. Had this discovery not been made or been deferred a century or so, the chances are that the white races would not have dominated the black races to the extent that they have, as the Turks had practically cut communications with the East and were making themselves very unpleasant neighbours to the Southern European nations. Another victory or two on their part, and the history of the past 500 years might have been quite a different record. Who can tell? As it was, the discovery of the Western Hemisphere gave the white races a fresh start, whilst the Turks and Asiatics stagnated. For this reason, if for no other, Columbus has earned the right to be classed amongst the men of renown, though few at the time probably realised what momentous

results for the nations of Europe would follow from his voyage across the Atlantic. All will agree that during the next period (A.D. 1500 to A.D. 1600) there were five rulers whose claims must be considered, viz., Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., Akbar, and last, but not least, Suleiman the Magnificent.

Some men acquire fame for themselves, others have greatness thrust on them, and Charles V. was of the latter class, as the empire he inherited consisted of practically all German-speaking Europe as well as Spain. But Charles V. enjoyed no bed of roses, as, apart from the religious disturbances which had arisen in Germany, he had a very clever Pope (Leo III.) to deal with and was constantly at war with France, which had developed into a separate kingdom since Charlemagne's day. Neither was he ever quite sure whether Henry VIII. was siding with him or with France. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown' was the view Charles V. took of life, and, after vainly attempting to reconcile the religious dissensions of his own subjects and make peace with France, he abdicated in favour of his brother, comforting himself in retirement by frequently attending his own obsequies, which he had carefully elaborated. Although born a great man, Charles V.'s personality did not enable him to play the part with success, and he must be ruled out as of no special merit. Henry VIII. of England took life much less seriously, and, after being a staunch Roman Catholic and earning from the Pope the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' he veered round to Protestantism and established the Church of England. It must be admitted that in this he was influenced by his matrimonial desires more than the earnest conviction of the errors of the Romish Church; nevertheless he was a personality in his way.

Francis I. of France appears to have been a more brilliant personage, but spent most of his reign alternately intriguing and fighting with either Henry VIII. or Charles V. He will ever be associated in British history with his sumptuous entertainment of Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Akbar, the most renowned emperor of the Baber dynasty, ruled practically the whole of India from 1534 to 1605. It was the Akbar rule which we took over and have since continued to administer on the same lines, to the great benefit of masses of Asiatics of India.

Suleiman the Magnificent conquered Baghdad in the East and the greater part of Hungary in the West, and during his sultanship the Turkish Empire was extended to its furthest boundaries. Whether Suleiman was a bigger personage than Akbar is a moot point, but Akbar may be said to have done more for the welfare of his subjects.

But more renowned than either, at all events in the

English-speaking world, is Shakespeare, who was also of this generation.

The seventeenth century saw the zenith of absolute monarchism, and Louis XIV., who ruled France for some seventy years, was certainly the most renowned of his class. He and his able Minister, Cardinal Mazarin, succeeded when Charles I., who ruled under similar conditions, was beheaded. Was Charles I. a martyr or a thoroughly bad king? If there is any doubt on the subject, there can be no question that Cromwell was the greater personalty of the two, with the instinct of governing strongly developed. In fact, had by chance Cromwell been on the throne and Charles I. in rebellion, there is no doubt that Charles I. would still have been beheaded and Cromwell have continued to reign, quite apart from the merits of the cause. At the same time a monarch who could rule for eleven years without the assistance of Parliament, as Charles I. did, could not have been altogether wanting in ability. (What a blessing it would be if we could discover such a monarch in the twentieth century.)

This century also produced one of England's greatest sailors, Blake, whose victory over the Spanish fleet at Teneriffe helped to make the British nation a great Power.

Peter the Great was at the same time Europeanising Russia and Aurungzeb carrying on the Akbar tradition in India; nevertheless Louis XIV. must be selected, leaving to Peter the Great the second place. With the close of the seventeenth century the Eastern emperors are no longer competitors, the ascendency of the West being now complete. But our search for talent is by no means going to be limited to Europe, as America is coming into the limelight. Before crossing the Atlantic let us, however, first dispose of the European claimants. The English monarchs need not trouble us as long. After Queen Anne, George I. was imported from Hanover, and with the Hanoverian dynasty England became a 'crowned republic,' and British monarchs have now few, if any, opportunities of demonstrating their governing ability, being limited to constitutional methods and, what is perhaps more important, the exercise of tact, for which the house of Windsor is famous.

Louis XV. was a small man compared with his predecessor, though to some he was the 'well-beloved.' Louis XVI. was the monarch of the French Revolution, but his queen, Marie Antoinette, was the stronger character, though both suffered the same fate. The Terror followed, with Robespierre the leading light, but the orgy of blood was too much even for his brain, and many of his actions may be attributed to insanity rather than inhuman brutality. Napoleon Bonaparte was still in the making, but Voltaire, the great French historian, cannot be altogether passed over for this period.

Frederick the Great was also of this century, and may be regarded as having laid the foundation of the German Empire, which Prince Bismarck subsequently completed. It was also largely on Frederick's model that modern armies were created.

Catherine, who succeeded her husband, the Czar of Russia, ruled that country with much vigour and ability, although, with Frederick the Great, she was responsible for the destruction of Poland, or—shall we say?—the temporary removal of Poland from the map of Europe, the nation having survived. Marie Thérèse was the Empress of Austria, but dry rot was steadily consuming what remained of the Holy Roman Empire, and Marie Thérèse did nothing special to prevent that decay.

Having disposed of the leading lights of Europe, we may now turn our attention to America and discuss the characteristics of the personages who brought about its independence. The British Government of that time is usually blamed and held responsible because America no longer forms a part of the British Empire, and the same reasoning exaggerates (in my opinion) the good work accomplished by the founders of the United States. In one respect Lord North showed more wisdom than British statesmen of a later period, as he foresaw that granting the colonies freedom in fiscal matters meant sooner or later their entire independence. In fact, what Lord North endeavoured to prevent was in a measure the same thing which Lincoln later fought to preserve, though the one was disintegration and the other confederation. But Lincoln had this great advantage: no oceans separated the several States of America, as they did, and do, Great Britain and her colonies. Lincoln's task was, therefore, child's play (pardon me, you survivors of the Civil War) compared with the problem which confronted Lord North. Later British statesmen are credited with granting full fiscal freedom to our colonies and thus avoiding a second war of independence; but what advantage do we gain? The one tie that remains (British Governors and Governor-Generals representing the Crown) is not likely to last long, and the date may be not far distant when we shall be politely told by our kith and kin overseas that they prefer to elect their own Presidents in the place of Governors appointed by the Mother Country. Our colonies are, in fact, as independent as the United States. Jefferson, Franklin and others are, however, certainly worthy of our admiration for this, if nothing else: they on the spur of the moment, so to speak, created a constitution which has stood the test of a century without any drastic change. Moreover, the feature of the constitution, the President and his executive, separate from the judiciary and legislative bodies, gives the touch of personal government which is essential for successful administration, and

so far it is, in my opinion, the best form of democracy yet devised. One hesitates, therefore, as to whether Jefferson or Franklin should not be the selection for this century; but, all things taken into consideration, we will stick to the Old World and select Frederick the Great and Catherine the Great as the most eminent.

Napoleon Bonaparte is unquestionably the outstanding personality of the nineteenth century, and it is not necessary to describe how from a more or less humble origin he became emperor of the French and a terror to the rest of Europe. At the same time it by no means follows that Napoleon was the one big man amongst mediocrities; far from it, as in England we had our Nelson and Wellington, whom Napoleon may be said to have created. Later also in this century the Indian Mutiny produced a Lawrence and a Nicholson, and later still Gladstone and Disraeli guided alternately England's destiny with exceptional ability. Moreover, in Germany we find Prince Bismarck completing the work commenced by Frederick the Great, the unification of the German Empire. Neither must we forget the Italian patriot Garibaldi, so instrumental in the remaking of Italy. Finally, there was President Lincoln, who saved the United States from disintegration, a far more difficult task than creating the confederation which we have already discussed. Some, if not all, of these celebrities earned in their respective spheres the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen equal to that of the French for Napoleon. Napoleon, however, must come first, and President Lincoln a good second, though from our British point of view Nelson is more deserving than either.

With the close of the nineteenth century this review, such as it is, comes to an end, as the historians of the future have yet to pass a final judgment on the statesmen and soldiers who figured in the Great War and are still endeavouring to solve the many problems which that war has left us.

Having sketched and framed these portraits, it remains to me to select those who are considered worthy to be hung on the line in our gallery of fame, supposing that space does not admit of more than ten.

At present we have—

First epoch (before 1000 B.C.)—Moses and Pharaoh.

Second epoch (1000 B.C. to 500 B.C.)—Cyrus and Darius.

Third epoch (500 B.C. to A.D. 1)—Alexander the Great and Asoka.

Fourth epoch (A.D. 1 to A.D. 500)—Constantine the Great and Marcus Aurelius.

Fifth epoch (A.D. 500 to A.D. 1000)—Charlemagne the Great and Haroun el Rashid.

Sixth epoch (A.D. 1000 to A.D. 1500)—Jengis Khan and Frederick II.

Sixteenth century—Akbar and Suleiman the Magnificent.

Seventeenth century—Louis XIV. and Peter the Great.

Eighteenth century—Frederick the Great and Catherine the Great.

Nineteenth century—Napoleon and Lincoln.

The question arises, are any of the second strings of one period more renowned than those selected as the first choice of another? One's inclination is to take Asoka as being more worthy than Moses and substitute Shakespeare for Cyrus. But this leaves us with no famous personage in the first 3000 years, so we will allow the first selections for each period to stand, which gives us ten to choose from. Supposing we next eliminate half, we shall (in my opinion) be left with Alexander the Great, Constantine the Great, Charlemagne the Great, Jengis Khan and Akbar for a further selection. Another sifting will give us Akbar, Alexander the Great, and Charlemagne, and the final selection may be in this order, though most people would place both Alexander and Charlemagne above Akbar. Let the reader decide.

COLES PASHA.

THE EX-SERVICE MAN

SIX years of peace, six years since that glorious and inspiring day upon which we were told the almost unbelievable truth that the end of the most devastating and destructive combat in history had been reached.

Much may happen in six years. Many great opportunities may be lost. The six years immediately following the struggle through which we passed have been of tremendous importance. How have we used those years to repay our debt to those who suffered in the struggle ?

On no less than four occasions during that period have we passed through the throes of a General Election; on no less than four separate occasions have the electorate given their opinions through the ballot-box. Governments have waxed and waned, and the atmosphere of our elected House has been continually transformed.

We have just honoured and observed with reverence the sixth anniversary of the Armistice, and almost synchronistic with it came the fourth political struggle in the country since that first great November 11.

These two events, coming so closely together, give food for much thought. The Armistice calls us again to a realisation of what the war cost the nation; the General Election brings vividly before us the position at the present time. The problems with which we are faced are definitely associated with and arising from the appalling struggle and its cost. The most vital problem is that of establishing in their rightful place in the life of this nation the women and children who gave their loved ones in the country's service, and of readjusting the lives of those men who served in the struggle and came back—to our shame—to an almost greater struggle for existence in the civil life of the nation.

When the problems of the adequate settlement of ex-service men and women, widows and dependants, are solved, the road of after-war reconstruction is almost travelled.

What of the first part of this problem ? It is perhaps because the average British citizen hesitates to refer to matters which arouse the deepest feelings of his heart that we so seldom hear of the

sacrifices made by the women and children. Nothing that this nation can do will recompense them for the sacrifices they have made. These are too great and too lasting to be measured materially; but it is the solemn obligation of this nation to see that the men who did not come back, who scorned to save themselves, have left their women folk and their children to a people which recognises the trust as the most solemn and sacred which they hold.

While it is not possible to repay for all they have given, yet we can fulfil in part our trust; we can pay in part our debt. To do this we must see that the widow, the fatherless, and the dependent mother have opportunities not less than would have been theirs had their bread-winners not surrendered their lives, and are able to live according to a reasonable standard of decency and comfort. While to fulfil such an obligation and to pay such a debt is not easy, while it must of necessity be guided by statute and by regulation, yet there should be in the relations of the State with these people an atmosphere of foster-parent and child rather than a machine and a unit. Is this always to be found? Is the State department particularly charged with the responsibility of administering the pensions of our widows and orphans always as humane as it might be in regard to their affairs? Even with those whose right to a statutory pension has been established and acknowledged the atmosphere and treatment are not always dominated by courtesy and gratitude.

We have at the present time something like 160,000 widows drawing pensions frcm the State as compensation for the death of their husbands and 330,000 orphan children pensioned in respect of the loss of their fathers, but what of the many thousands of women and children who morally are undoubtedly the charge and responsibility of this country as a result of the war, thousands who, because of certain technicalities, do not fall strictly within the terms of the statutes and are debarred from any form of assistance? Is there any greater stain upon the escutcheon of this country than the case of the widow whose claim to a statutory pension is rejected by the operation of the narrow and unreasonable 'time limit'? Her disabled husband drew for a time a pension awarded in respect of his disability. By loving care, by adequate nursing, by devoted attention, she built up her husband's health until his disability was considerably reduced, and his pension ceased. Years pass, and he dies, yet, because he was not actually receiving a pension at the date of his death, even consideration for pension is refused to his widow. Picture the anguish of the ex-service man who in his own heart knows that slowly but surely his disability must prove his end, knows also that the very love and devotion given by his wife is reducing her chances of provision for herself in the event of his death.

The children are equally affected, and the tragedy of it is that for a comparatively small additional cost all these cases could be brought within the statutes, and the nation could pay, so far as it is possible to pay such a debt, to the uttermost farthing. We refuse—why? From one point of view, because these matters, when placed side by side with other affairs of state, are called small and insignificant. Yet it is the way in which a Government deals with such questions as this that forms the standard by which its actions must be judged, and by which its courage will be gauged.

We have again changed the Government of this country. Our elected House has been renewed. Let us hope that new life and new courage has been infused by passing through the polls. Have we yet enough faith, love and humanity to 'play the game' in the noblest sense to these women and children?

We come to another phase of this particular side of the problem—that of the disabled man. Less than three years ago there were 900,000 men in this country who were drawing pensions for the disabilities incurred in service. If it were possible for all these men to recover their full strength and vigour, how happy we would be; no one would complain of their removal from the Pensions Register. But while this is not possible, it is to be expected that the total number will become reduced by men improving in health and by death, unfortunately, taking others. But these two causes do not make up the difference between the 900,000 men beneficiaries of the State three years ago and the 600,000 to-day, a reduction of 33 per cent. in three years. How has this been brought about? Slowly, but surely, by what the most friendly critic of the Ministry of Pensions must call the unjust and oppressive operation of the 'final awards' regulations.

Gradually the assessment of their disabilities has been reduced, and over a quarter of a million of these men have been deleted from the Pensions Register by the payment of a small final sum of from *7l.* to *100l.* These are men who gave their health, and who now suffer from epilepsy, often preventing them from following any consecutive employment; from malaria, affecting most vitally their chances of a permanent position in the industrial life of this country; or, worse than all, from tuberculosis, aggravated by the bad housing conditions under which they live.

Of course in this, as in any other question of this kind, we find much that is sound and logical in the basis of the regulations framed under the statute, but the real and fundamental cause contributing to the unequal, the unjust and oppressive operation of these regulations is fear—fear that those who would benefit are not high-minded enough to prevent abuse of any widening of the regulations.

We would say to our politicians to-day, to those who have been recently put into power, that of all the manifold responsibilities

of office, of all the very heavy tasks that have to be undertaken, none is more important from the point of view of the honour of this country than the proper guardianship of those who spiritually and materially suffer as the result of giving their health in the country's cause. They must have faith in these men who suffer as a result of the war; they must have faith in the women and children who have given all; they must seek courage in their example, courage enough to see to it that the treatment meted out to them is based upon the widest of regulations interpreted in the noblest and most humane sense. There are those outside official circles who will see to it that if the politicians have the vision, the faith and the courage to treat these people well, their trust shall neither be misplaced nor abused.

This is one side of the resettlement and reconstruction problem. There are many others, and the chief and greatest of these is that of unemployment. A study of any statistical returns, whether official or otherwise, will show that by far the larger percentage of men who to-day wander this country in search of work are ex-fighting men. It is significant that 88 per cent. of the total number of men tramping the country homeless and in search of work are ex-service men. The unemployment problem to-day is the problem of the ex-fighting men.

Men have returned disabled for the rest of their lives, unable again to take up the work which formerly had been theirs, and by means of which they had been able to maintain a reasonable standard of living for themselves and those who were dependent upon them. Others returned to find the employment they had held no longer available. Others there were, and are—and what a tragedy is theirs—who, in the enthusiasm of youth and in the steadfast faith felt in the cause of 1914, went into the war almost from school, without an opportunity of learning a skilled craft, and who to-day, at an age of about thirty years, find themselves cast into the labour market, already flooded with unskilled people, to face a life with no industrial opportunity.

These are the men who to-day in the main form our unemployment problem. They are marching through the after-years of war desolate and without hope.

Unemployment—with this word what pictures of misery and helplessness come before anyone whose daily task it is to grapple with some of the pressing and immediate conditions to which this scourge gives rise. Men, women and children—for unfortunately it is again the women and children who have to suffer so much—are fighting an everlasting and constant war against want and disease. For however we may perfect our State system of assistance to those who are unemployed, it can never replace the reward of honest labour. It at all times must leave a gap, and as a result the men and the women and children who are so often dependent upon it seldom receive necessaries of life.

But this problem holds a deeper, more vital and more far-reaching danger. The material and physical effect of unemployment is always very great, but, however great it may be, the moral and spiritual degeneration consequent in the individual and the nation caused by prolonged unemployment is far greater.

Take an individual man of whatever type and whatever class; watch him fall out of employment; follow him through weeks and months until the months become years, as they have done in thousands of cases of ex-service men in this country. After the first disappointment resulting from immediate unemployment he braces himself to face the task of finding a fresh field for his labour. His optimism and his faith are born of that spirit with which he learnt to hold on during his service in the fighting forces. He believes that the nation for whom he gave perhaps the best years of his life will not see him long without an opportunity to render again service to it in its industrial fields. So he faces the task of finding another job quite lightly. He receives his unemployment insurance benefit for a short time with a regret that sheer necessity compels him to accept it. But follow him still, and you will gradually find that as the weeks pass it is becoming with him a more difficult thing to maintain his optimism, to uphold his faith, and it is becoming an easier thing to accept the benefits of unemployment insurance, the most demoralising of all things, although the most necessary in our present state.

Thus it is from a moral aspect that we have to face the worst result of unemployment, for the demoralising influence which must inevitably set in as a result of months and years of constant lack of useful occupation is gradually destroying the moral stamina of our citizens.

The road from unemployed to unemployable is very short, and, tragic and pathetic as the fact may be, there is no doubt that despair is rapidly making many of our men unemployable. Unfortunately many people in this country to-day, and not least of all those politicians who should supply us with the cure, are pointing the finger of scorn at these men into whom the iron of despondency and despair has entered. Let them ponder over those fine lines written by the late James Rhoades:

> Who are these so pale and patient, still afoot from morn to even,
> Pushed aside or unregarded as the busy crowds go by?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I will tell you if ye know not—O my brothers, is it meet?—
> They are men who fought for England, for the hope and homes of England,
> Fighting now the fiend of hunger as they tramp the heedless street.[1]

If only our politicians would sometimes think a little more of the moral side of unemployment, and would visualise how unhappy many of these fine men, who have rendered such magnificent

[1] See *Nineteenth Century and After*, August 1920.

service, really are. If only they would know and appreciate the ceaseless craving which is ever with them to find something to do, something whereby they may earn the wherewithal to support themselves and their families, and also become useful and productive citizens!

What a fight some of these men are putting up, a fight infinitely more difficult, strenuous and heart-breaking than the fight they waged for us on our battlefields. How they had to become drones in the society of the nation which they love and for which they fought. The iron enters their soul as they realise they are useless now they have returned; and what have we to offer them? Too long has the answer been made to them by the politicians that they must wait for the revival of world trade before they are of value to the country. Meanwhile they drag out an existence while the statesmen and politicians leisurely experiment with the problem.

Surely there is work to be done in this country to-day, work of public utility, which is urgently needed, not only to increase the capital value of our natural resources, but, above this, to increase the value of the moral strength of our race, a strength which is being sapped away by the enforced idleness of almost a million of the best of our manhood.

It is not good enough for our statesmen to tell the unemployed ex-service man that he must await the revival of world trade. We are spending millions a year upon uneconomic unemployment insurance benefits and poor law relief. It would be of far greater advantage to this country if this money were spent upon development within the country itself and paid by wages in return for services rendered than by doles for doing nothing.

The development of our canals to assist in the vital problem of transport and the reduction in the cost of the same is one direction in which we might easily apply our thoughts.

Again, the reafforestation of thousands of acres of land which during the war was denuded of its wealth to supply the necessary timber for our campaign. Competent authorities have already estimated that there are 9,000,000 acres of land in the United Kingdom which could be devoted to afforestation without in any way encroaching upon agricultural land.

A bold and comprehensive scheme would be necessary to deal with such a question, and if 200,000 acres were dealt with each year, direct employment would be found for something like 25,000 men.

Another direction in which our statesmen might turn their thoughts is that of reclaiming some of the tidal land around the coasts. This reclamation is not a theoretical proposition. Even early in the last century a small experiment was tried in Scotland, and 60,000 acres were reclaimed, and the land which was pre-

viously swept by the sea is now covered by corn-fields and comfortable homesteads and is producing valuable food.

These are only one or two suggestions. To carry out such schemes would need courage and enterprise, and our present-day statesmen seem to be conspicuous by their lack of these qualifications.

What of the statesmanship which, on the one hand, allows something like 800,000 ex-service men to be unemployed, and, on the other, allows our people to be housed under such bad conditions as exist to-day ?

Many thousands of the masses of people are housed in a way which is nothing short of disgraceful when we consider that it is to this country and this Empire that the rest of the world looks for a lead upon these questions.

Men are craving for work, and there is a shortage of 2,000,000 houses; why cannot they build them ? There are difficulties—of course there are—but the defeat of difficulties is the test of statesmanship, more especially when they arise from the selfish upholding of privileged positions.

Why cannot these unemployed be put upon this very necessary work and so alleviate present conditions ? Again we ask the question, Is it lack of courage ? Are the vested interests, the organisations, associated with these industries, too strong for any statesman to grapple with the problem and give us a solution ?

The curing of the scourge of unemployment, the development of the natural resources of this country, the improvement of the appalling housing conditions, are questions that are above and beyond mere sectional or party interests. This country to-day stands in need of statesmen and leaders to work for the country's good without consideration of personal ambition, of party gain, or of sectional interests.

The heart of the country is sound. It desires, it needs, nay, it is almost demanding, strong leadership. To give it that leadership courage of first-class order is essential. Into the hands of the politicians and statesmen of our day has been committed a wonderful and magnificent opportunity. They will rise to it only by a complete subjugation of self, of party, and of fear ; and if and when they do rise, the nation will be for ever grateful to them.

The ex-fighting men of this country are prepared to render service no less valuable in its industrial fields than that which they rendered in the fields of war, but they are swiftly drifting to a despair which will ultimately sap their power of giving.

Therefore before it is too late may our statesmen listen to this cry :

> O renowned and mighty nation ! ye, that hold a foremost place
> Pleading for the world's salvation, save the saviours of our race !

J. R. GRIFFIN.

OUR LAND PROBLEM: WHY NOT TRY 'MÉTAYAGE'?

HOWEVER prudently any ameliorative change in affairs is suggested, it is well to remember Sancho Panza's response to Don Quixote when the latter, in answer to Sancho's grumblings, said: 'Have I not promised to make you the governor of the largest island that falls into my hands?'—'True, Caballero, and, however big the island, I shall know well how to govern it.' With this gentle sarcasm in mind, no drastic changes will be suggested in this short inquiry, and still less attempt to demolish that which exists. The only motive is a wish to show that our rural life might perhaps be rendered more agreeable and profitable if the system of *Métayage* were added to our present means of exploiting agricultural properties. Although it has been in common and uninterrupted practice for some twenty centuries, and is said to have been among the chief influences in the development of society and the progress of civilisation,[1] there must be many who are unaware of its extent and usefulness, or even of its existence. No excuse, therefore, is needed for indicating the merits of this co-operation between capital direction and labour, which has never received proper consideration from us.

Before describing *Métayage* in more detail it is perhaps as well at once to give a summary sketch of its character and scope. Briefly, it is the exploitation of agricultural land by sharing the profits (generally equally, but there can be exceptions) between landlord and tenant, the landlord finding the land and stock, the tenant the labour. Within this outline all kinds of agreements can be included, but its salient characteristic never alters.

By long custom, and embodied in the French rural law of 1889 (Art. V.), the landlord claims the direction and general superintendence of the exploitation of the holding. The extent of this authority is determined by the agreement or, in default of that instrument, by local custom. The Comte de Tourdonnet emphasises the benefit of this control, but insists that it is not to be exaggerated or abused.[2] MM. Boussou and Turlin also dwell

[1] MM. Bouissou and Turlin, *Traité théorique et pratique du Métayage.*
[2] Le Comte de Tourdonnet, *Traité pratique du Métayage.*

on the right of the landlord to general direction, but they add that the *métayer* is not to be regarded as a domestic who can discuss no order. So that the landlord, far from 'putting his property absolutely in the hands of people who are generally ignorant, many careless, and some absolutely wicked,'[3] retains the main direction and control of the working of his estate both in its culture and general improvement. He also buys and sells for the farm, keeps the accounts, and undertakes any financial engagements. While he can claim this power, there is no reason why, by mutual consent, other arrangements may not be made, as they often are. For around these main conditions cluster all kinds of local customs and agreements; in some districts the latter are often verbal. When one reflects that in the north of France stock and cereals are among the chief products of a holding, and that in some regions in the south the main sources of profit may be the vine, olives, or orange blossoms, there must be many divergent details as conditions and crops differ. This suppleness and adaptability is advanced by the advocates of *Métayage* as one of its greatest claims for adoption and conservation.

It will probably astonish those who have not enjoyed the opportunity to study this question to learn that in France there are 350,000 holdings exploited by this association, and that their area is 11,250,000 acres. If the capital value of this land is reasonably estimated, it amounts to the vast sum of 6,750,000,000 francs. When the worth of the stock supplied by the proprietor is added, one has to count a further 350,000,000 francs.[4] These prodigious totals (which are at pre-war values) show the extent and responsibility of *Métayage*.

To enable those interested to gather a correct impression of its position to-day, I have collected the following totals from the *Recueil* (No. 9, April 1923), issued by the Minister of Agriculture. This is a compilation of the small and medium-sized properties to let or for sale scattered over the whole of France; the notices are voluntarily sent in, and the list is gratuitously distributed.

Métayers are wanted by 120 landlords; 92 ask for tenants at a money rent. Indifference is expressed by 16 proprietors as to which of the two tenures is suggested by the prospective tenant, while 4 are willing to sell or engage a *métayer*. Either selling or letting at a money rent is preferred by 21 proprietors.

It is very curious to know that this association, which appears almost too captivating, has never lacked for critics, and, unfortunately, none more captious than with us. Among these, few have been more harsh than delightful and usually sagacious

[3] Arthur Young, *Travels in the Kingdom of France*.

[4] M. Daniel Zolla, *Le Métayage: ses Caractères, ses Avantages et ses Règles*.

Arthur Young, although he notes (1789) that seven-eighths of the land of France is worked under this agreement—a circumstance that would have caused many less able observers than he to pause before condemning so thoroughly.

He writes, 'There is not one word to be said in favour of this practice'; and again:

> this most miserable way of letting lands. . . . The poor people who cultivate the soil here are *métayers*, that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and food, and he and his tenant divide the produce, a ridiculous system that perpetuates poverty and excludes instruction.

It is difficult to understand a student of Arthur Young's usual patience and perspicacity gathering so wrong an impression by attributing the misery he saw to wrong causes, for he had only to refer to Chapter XXII. of Part II. of his *Travels* to find, under the heading 'Revolution,' the truest explanation of the pitiable scenes which so moved him. When one sees cows at home drinking from ponds polluted by the drainage from their own yards, one might as unreasonably attribute this displeasing sight to our farms being let at a fixed rent. And when he writes that *Métayage* perpetuates poverty and excludes instruction, it is inaccurate and infelicitous. It is obvious that when a landlord supplies his penniless tenants with house, land, and stock, and in return only asks for honesty and labour, he can stand before kings. Far from perpetuating poverty, he gives to that lowly and miserable state a sensible and helping hand, liberal beyond all praise, and one which, it is satisfactory to say, is seldom betrayed. That Arthur Young was prone to hasty judgments is plainly seen in his description of the interview with the charming lady at a window in Bergamo, 'with eyes that have every sort of power' and a 'sweetness of voice' to harmonise, the incident abruptly ending, as all will remember, by the husband suddenly appearing on the threshold as Arthur Young was going up. 'I looked at him askance, and thought him the ugliest fellow I had ever seen.' Many will share his disappointment, for posterity has always nursed a grievance against the husband for causing so abrupt a termination to pages which surely are among the most entertaining in our language. We can surmise from this passage that Arthur Young also looked at *Métayage* askance, and hastily condemned it as a very ugly fellow.

Other critics object that in this association the tenant does not enjoy his just share of the profits. To this M. Zolla replies that the agreement is governed, as so many bargains are, by supply and demand. There is also local custom, which, though ancient in its origin, is always bending to the stress of new conditions, and which probably indicates the way to a well-balanced

agreement. M. Zolla also points out that, if the *métayer* thinks the terms offered to him are inferior to those he could obtain as a worker at a weekly wage, there is nothing to prevent him accepting the latter elsewhere. It is for him to balance the social and material benefits of the two, and he rightly decides on the one which appears to have more advantages.

To indicate the competition which the proprietor has to meet in looking for a *métayer*, I quote these astonishing figures from *Le Petit Niçois* of February 17, 1923. These annual salaries were agreed to a day or two before at the hiring fair for agricultural workers in the Charollais:

	Francs.
Boys of thirteen years	1000
Boys of fifteen years	2000
Boys of eighteen years . . .	2000 to 3000
Men of twenty years	3000 to 4000
Men of twenty-five years and over, capable of direction and control	4000 to 5000

To these annual salaries must be added food, lodging, washing, mending, and in some cases boot-mending. If *Métayage* can survive the competition of stipends so liberal, it is clear that there are some who must regard it as one of the best associations to surmount the many trials and vicissitudes of agriculture and lead to prosperity. On the other hand, the landlord is often able to engage Italian emigrants as his *métayers*, especially in the south of France; and it is a great satisfaction to know what a comfortable position these workers quickly obtain by their industry and thrift.

That the preference of the rural worker in France so frequently given to *Métayage* is not capricious is shown by the Comte de Tourdonnet in his work, who cites an example, verified by deeds, where a family had from fathers to sons worked the same domain for three centuries. Recalling the French custom of marriage settlements on children of both sexes, the sum of money that must have been appórtioned in that long family line cannot be easily reconciled with the misery to which reference has been made.

It is difficult to determine why a rural worker prefers *Métayage* to a weekly salary, but it can safely be assumed that, the social position of the former being better, this influences many. It needs no profound knowledge of the world to be aware that in doing this he shares with every rank of society a natural and praiseworthy desire, constituting, it is a commonplace to say, one of the chief sources of moral and material progress. There is also to be considered the much greater personal liberty, universally sweet to mankind. The proprietor nearly always supplies the house and garden for the *métayer's* use only. To this must be added the produce of the *basse-cour*, chickens, ducks, rabbits, etc.,

etc., of which the proprietor only claims a small share, in some cases none at all. The enjoyment of this home to go into must be attractive to many workers.

A belief is held by many that *Métayage* is more commonly seen in, and is more adapted to, infertile tracts than richer areas. It may be dull on my part, but I am unable to see any demerit in this. Surely it rather points to a virtue; but apparently there is no reason for the suggestion. The Comte de Tourdonnet (quoted by MM. Bouissou and Turlin) gives the following totals in comparing the number of tenures in *Métayage* in regions of unequal fertility; the highest figures are the rich districts:

La Lozère	325	La Dordogne	24,893
La Creuse	2067	La Gironde	11,568
Le Cantal	2292	L'Allier	11,632

The critics would have been more exact had they objected that *Métayage* was not adapted to exceptional cultivations, to those conceived in the grand style, if one may say so. If one recalls some of the vineyards in Burgundy, or others in the Vaucluse or the south of France for the cultivation of dessert grapes, or some of our farms devoted to pedigree herds, a little reflection will convince that these cases are hardly adapted to *Métayage*. In all these examples the wages bill bears a relatively small proportion to the capital value of these undertakings. The labour necessary to grow dessert grapes is scarcely greater than to produce common wine, and that needed to tend a herd of cows which supplies a London milk walk must be almost the same as for a pedigree herd of the same number, but five times as valuable. It is obviously impossible for the owners of these exceptional enterprises to divide their profits equally with their labour. The claim that the *métayer* system is adaptable, and that even these highly capitalised undertakings can adjust their claims with labour and arrange that the workers should accept so many hundredths of the profit, does not attract, although unequal divisions of profit are common in *Métayage*. Further, in these rather rare instances of exceptional culture a special skill and aptitude is often needed, and this certainly would not be easily obtained in every member of the *métayer's* family, and the picked worker at a fixed salary is clearly preferable.

But in properties whose cultural value is obvious and the worth of the stock equally plain, where, consequently, by an unconditional equal share of the profits labour's portion would be unusually generous, a partial and preliminary interest on the capital value of the enterprise is secured by the 'tenants' tax' (*impôt colonique*). This is an annual sum paid by the *métayer* to the landlord apart from and in addition to the equal division of

the profits from the holding. The amount of this tax is not fixed by any rate, but is determined solely by bargaining; it varies even in farms on the same domain, and in many districts does not exist. Its exaction or not is dependent entirely on competition and conditions, local and other, known perfectly well and duly estimated by the two parties before they agree to its amount.

In the past it has been almost impossible to convince those interested in rural affairs of the importance to the general welfare of the country of having a greater number of small holdings. That is one reason why *Métayage* will not be regarded with universal favour, as it is generally, and rightly, associated with small areas. The Comte de Tourdonnet considers 75 acres is the largest holding that can be conveniently worked by that association. But since that was written in 1882 many additions and improvements to labour-saving machinery have been made, and the *métayer* might now well engage a larger area. In the French Minister of Agriculture's list which I have referred to there are thirty-six holdings over 75 acres—the largest being 320 acres—advertised by landlords for *Métayage*.

One of the reasons urged is that a small holder cannot struggle through bad times as well or as long as a big one. This is not my own experience, and I give it with diffidence. But certainly my view is confirmed indirectly in France, and it is interesting to learn that during the crisis in French agriculture from about 1885 to 1905 it was shown by an inquiry of the 'Society of Agriculturists of France' that the parts of the country where *Métayage* was most common suffered less than where the land was let at a fixed rent. The inquiry further demonstrated that during this depression *Métayage* increased where it was already common and reappeared in districts where there were few examples of that form of tenure. It is readily admitted by those who would like to see more small holdings that the large farm has obviously a commercial advantage in many ways over the small one. In the buying and selling the superiority is clearly in favour of the former. But there would be a still greater economy if, instead of farms of 300 to 400 acres, their area was 3000 to 4000. Then, with aerial cable rails across the fields on mobile standards and all the paraphernalia of petrol and tractors, the 'general manager' could perhaps claim that his labour bill and stable account are almost the smallest of any business employing the same amount of capital. But what sensible person would look favourably on such an enterprise if it unfortunately became common? It would mean that the countryside would be closed to so many, gentle and simple, who love that manner of life, which is so necessary to the making of a nation.

It is also candidly agreed that the small holding can be made

impracticably minute, and this disadvantage may be studied, if they care to do so, by those who visit the beautiful slopes of the Alpes Maritimes between Nice and Antibes, for not only are the plots there of very small dimensions, but the same owner will possess others which are miles away, so that the cultivator, instead of passing his time profitably on his land, wastes it on the roads, but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, attains a prosperity which continually surprises the observer. Most are aware that this division of property is caused by the French laws, which enact that such landed property as comes to them in succession is equally divided among all the children. The distance of one property from another arises, in many cases, by inheritance from a parent or relation native to another village.

English farmers are perhaps the hardest to convince, and to some of them it hardly appears to be farming if a small holder engages in carting for hire from time to time. But to others it appears a wholesome rural condition that the village blacksmith or cobbler might possibly have more land to cultivate than the parish allotment, or that a worker with 20 to 30 acres should help the credit side of his budget by being the village carrier. What can appear more incongruous than almost the whole male population of a village leaving their varied callings to turn out every evening at sundown to fish for profit? Yet those who know the majestic Lake of Garda are aware that the inhabitants of the villages along its shores are the better in every way for this change of occupation. But it is needless to add that by intensive and suitable culture an intelligent worker need not hire much land to have every moment profitably spent.

In the public mind there has been some change, fortunately, in regard to rural life, its needs and conditions. The recruiting for the war showed that the physique of the units of our army was not so robust as it was hoped it would be, and in consequence general attention was directed to determine the cause. Many wondered if in neglecting to study the result of the depopulation of rural areas a serious error had not been made, and saw in the medical reports on the recruits disquieting proof of this lack of prevision.

The war has also largely altered the political outlook, and changes in public affairs are advocated on public platforms and in the House of Commons which, one hopes, are as wise as they certainly are intrepid. Who to-day would not feel more secure, more certain, that greater care and patience would be shown in solving these political and economic problems, if we had among our population, as France has, 5,000,000 small proprietors and 350,000 *métayers*? It is possible that their view of life, their knowledge of the world and wisdom, might differ from, but com-

pare not unfavourably with, that of the workers in Poplar or on the Clyde.

The sale by the great landlords of portions of their estates is another of the results of the war, which affects the problems discussed in this inquiry. No right-minded person can read without apprehension the letters and speeches of these gentlemen, in which they explain that they are unable to meet the charges on their estates out of the income derived from them. But, much as one may regret the alienation of these domains from old families—and also from those who have more lately acquired them by their labour and genius—there may yet be some public compensation. The result of what the landlords are doing now from necessity would have been more welcome years ago if they had realised that, without selling their property, they could have made some of it more available to humbler people. And had they, at the same time, been interested in *Métayage*, it would not have been a rash or unwise act if they had devoted a suitable portion of their estates to that association, and perhaps its prosperity would have been as welcome as unexpected, but those who remembered their Pliny would not have been so surprised, for it is claimed that the proprietor enjoys greater profits from his land under *Métayage* than letting it at a fixed rent; but I have already pointed out that he has more responsibility and certainly more work. The following interesting figures relating to this claim are given by MM. Bouissou and Turlin, quoting M. Reiffel. The average profits are obtained by a comparison over a large extent of land in the centre and west of France. They show the landlord's profits to be 25 francs per hectare (= 2·471 acres) for the land let at a fixed rent, 30 francs for direct working by the proprietor, and 40 francs for *Métayage*, in exceptional circumstances the last rising to 50, 60, and even 100 francs.

Besides the material advantages there are social ones, for many proprietors who love the country, but who do not find quite enough to occupy their whole time, may discover in *Métayage* a many-sided enterprise. In letting land to a tenant interest is not very absorbing, but when the landlord is in chief control, every sowing, every crop, compels some new attention.

But many of those interested in rural life, while not forgetting the landlords, recognise the importance, the urgent necessity, of giving to our agricultural workers some reasonable hope of improving their state by economy and work and so enjoying the reward that generally follows the exercise of those virtues in other careers. At present, directly they obtain man's wages, they realise that they are unable to reach any better situation. This is the rule; it is admitted there are a few exceptions, and a small

number become working foremen. These are among the most efficient rural workers, and this employment is undoubtedly a better one and adds a few shillings a week to their wages.

It is difficult (I would like to say impossible, but it is a big word) to find another calling so shut off from promotion and so wanting in opportunity for increased zeal with adequate reward. In many careers which are known to all, even when no extended effort is made and the efficiency remains stationary, promotion automatically continues. Without being in the least alarmed, it is better for us all to know that the injustice and lack of opportunity to improve their position is being felt by the rural workers. It cannot be unwise to inquire if this discontent is natural and, if this is really the case, to try to remove the grievance. It is clear that they cannot advance in life unless the raw material of their calling is available in holdings of a suitable area. 'Equal talents, equal opportunities,' is indeed a 'phrase' if used in connection with our agricultural population.

The question will probably be asked, If the *métayer* is better off than the weekly wage-earner, and the landlord is richer than by letting at a fixed rent, what is the mysterious source of this increased wealth ?

The answer is a simple one: it is harder work at the opportune moment, as well as the landlords' more willing betterment of their property, which perhaps did not appear so necessary to them when the return on the improvements was not so interestingly direct.

Those who know our workers in the country are confident that they will give this effort—even unconsciously, such is human nature—knowing that they will be justly rewarded in the present and that the future may not be a dull monotony of shabby days.

Were they familiar with its working—and, as shown, no system can well be more simple—there must be many small landowners who would gladly add another interest to life by cooperating with labour through a practice whose antiquity is indeed respectable, and whose adaptability to modern ways ensures its continuance.

Also, numbers of both men and women, disinclined for life in towns, would willingly buy some small property and join in so sane a venture, for there is a lure in the possession of land, and the love of its cultivation is shared by nearly all mankind, and one of the most tested and picturesque ways of practising that art is by the association of capital direction and labour such as I have described.

H. H. LA THANGUE.

CONSERVATISM TO-DAY

THE election has been the triumph of the moderate man. In England he is also the average man. Although he is ever ready for advance, for change and for reform, he must be able to see where he is going, and to trust those who guide him. Show him where a great reform is required, prove to him that it is necessary, and he will support you. But if he thinks that you are at the same time going to sweep away something which he respects and reverences, that your methods are unsound and un-English, or, worst of all, if he feels he cannot trust you, he will throw you out, and do without his reform.

These characteristics show the innate conservatism of the average Englishman. We have now had a further proof of it. Willing to remedy abuses, anxious to improve his own condition, ready to give a trial to a party which had not before had a chance to put into practice its own theories, he has yet given a powerful mandate to the Conservative Party to be stable, but not stationary, constructive yet sound, inquiring but not interfering. On the Party's concrete performance during the next year it will be judged at the next dissolution.

Much has been made of the increase of the Labour vote—from 4,300,000 to 5,500,000. It is certainly a warning, but it should be an incentive to the Conservatives for work and activity rather than an alarming bogey. The reasons for the increase must be remembered. The Labour Party contested seventy-five more seats than in 1923. This represented probably about half a million votes. Where Liberals stood down in three-cornered fights, the Conservatives did not by any means get the full advantage of the vote. In many cases it was to their disadvantage. Though it is impossible to estimate accurately, the proportion of Liberals' votes transferred to Labour and to Conservatives may have been about three to two. The Labour vote is certainly strong. It must be constantly borne in mind. But it is really surprising that it is not larger. There are five and a half million trade unionists; there are their wives; there are a million unemployed men; there is the Labour intelligentsia; there are the thousands of Liberals to whom Conservatives are 'reactionary

Tories,' and anathema. According to the principles of the Labour Party, all these should vote Labour or perish. These figures should give food for thought to the leaders of the Labour Party. Where are the laggards, the 'traitors to the cause'? The figures of the Conservative and Liberal Parties—the anti-Socialist vote—supply the answer. The electoral 'reserves,' two million strong, who appear when the issue seems to them vital to the national life and to themselves, were thrown into the battle on the Conservative side.

The primary demands of the ordinary British working man are to have a decent home, secure work with fair wages, and liberty to do as he likes as an individual. These reasonable wishes are the despair of the Communists: there is nothing violent or revolutionary about them. This ordinary working-man must think that the Conservative Party will do more to obtain these needs for him than will any other party. The worker who is discontented by nature pins his faith to the party which makes more rosy promises and proclaims that it alone, with its grandiose theories, can produce the Utopia. The Conservatives would also like to see this Utopia, but facts are hard, and human nature cannot be changed by Act of Parliament, any more than countries can be made moral by the same means. If the Conservative Party can strike the balance between what is generally desirable in theory and what is possible in practice; if it can show that it means to do its utmost to secure such reasonable requirements as those mentioned above; if it can produce, not rabbits out of a hat, but sound, truly constructive legislation, it can command the respect of the country and retain these votes of the essentially Conservative working man.

Conservative ideals are inspiring without being pretentious. They are natural to the English character. They have a real meaning for us in our ordinary lives. Their aims may be summed up as being unity, stability, progress: unity of interest of all classes in opportunity as in contentment; stability of our tried institutions, giving us independence, liberty, and security in our daily lives; progress, to reform abuses and to move with the times for the benefit of all. In his inspiriting pamphlet on *Conservative Beliefs*, the present Minister for Agriculture, Mr. E. F. L. Wood, groups them under the following headings: 'The Instincts of Comradeship, Independence, Reverence.' In *Looking Ahead*, the official statement of Conservative principles and aims, these ideals are summed up as—partnership in empire; peace with foreign nations: union of all classes at home; liberty, opportunity and security for every individual subject of the King.' Disraeli, the past master of epigrammatic slogans, laid down the aims of the Conservative Party as being 'to bring strength to the Crown,

liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty: to secure the social welfare of the people.' To give an adequate summary of such abstract things as ideals in the concentrated form of a motto or watchword is a difficult task. What has been given above may act as a guide, and individual choice can be made. But it seems necessary to put forward something of the sort in these days of slogans, for the main consideration is to instil the ideals for which Conservatism stands into the minds of the whole nation.

But man cannot live on ideals alone. The world has an awkward habit of judging men and parties not by what they profess, but by what they perform. The recent record of Conservative legislation is sometimes forgotten in the universal demand for a constructive policy of social reform. During the fourteen months of Conservative government (November 1922—January 1924) the following legislation was passed: A Housing Act under which 161,000 houses have been built or authorised, and which included provisions for middle-class as well as working-class dwellings; a Rent Restrictions Act protecting tenants till 1930; schemes for unemployment involving an expenditure of 103,000,000*l.*; a more generous Workmen's Compensation Act; an Industrial Insurance Act; for Agriculture, various Acts, inquiries, and administrative orders; reduction of taxes on income, beer, corporation profits, and of postal charges; Acts increasing affiliation payments, and for giving equal rights in divorce to husband and wife for adultery; stabilisation of war pensions. In addition to these, the Legitimacy Bill, the Mental Treatment Bill, and the Slaughtering of Animals Bill were under consideration. With this recent record, the Conservative Party can hardly be convicted of stagnation nor of neglect of practical reforms affecting the lives of the whole community.

As for the future, a constant positive and constructive policy is essential. There is a danger that the Conservative Party, acting as a rampart against the advancing attack of Socialism, may depend too much on a merely anti-Socialist policy and a cry of 'The enemy is at our gates!' Such a defence is necessary, but as attack is the best defence, so a positive constructive policy, with a war-cry of Renovation, not Revolution, is the better answer to the insidious promises of the Labour Party. Conservative supporters have to be given an inspiring creed for which to work, and not merely the negative argument that the other side is 'all wrong' and a danger to the community. '*A bas les Boches!*' was a useful rallying cry for the French Army during the Great War, but it was inspired to fight *jusqu'au bout* by such positive sentiments as '*Ils ne passeront pas.*'

The present Conservative programme almost fulfils the needs of a constructive policy. Its promises, based on what is prac-

ticable rather than on mere theories, *can* be carried out. As the electorate now knows, that is more than can be said for the promises of the late Labour Government. The Conservative record is clear. The return of the Conservatives to power will not mean that a very different tune must be sung when the fantastic ideas of opposition are confronted with the uncomfortable realities of government. That the proposals of the new Government are definitely constructive is shown by the following summary:

(*a*) *Unemployment.*—Safeguarding of Industries Act and encouragement of Empire trade by Imperial preference, Empire development and settlement.

(*b*) *Housing.*—Practical and immediate help is to be given in the employment of new materials and new methods of construction. At the same time slum improvement is to be taken in hand.

(*c*) *Education.*—Smaller classes; better schools; higher salaries for teachers; advanced, adult and technical education.

(*d*) *Agriculture.*—A conference to reach an agreed policy for restoring prosperity; encouragement of small holdings and allotments.

(*e*) *Old Age and Widows' Pensions.*—Comprehensive, all-in insurance with earlier and larger pensions.

(*f*) *Women and Children.*—Several humane reforms are proposed.

(*g*) *Cost of Foodstuffs.*—A Royal Commission to investigate profiteering in foodstuffs is to be set up.

Though it is difficult to see the effective measures which can result from the investigations into agriculture and the cost of foodstuffs, these must not be found to be mere pious hopes and principles, but the seeds of effective reforms. They cover not only the development of our Empire and our trade, but also the less showy, but vital, matters which affect our everyday lives. The things which touch the ordinary person's individual life, his food, his home, his security, are those to which he naturally attaches most importance. We must remember that the Government has to study the nation's business on a small scale map, but the ordinary man and woman's life is based on those of large scale, on which their village and house stand out as prominent landmarks.

Unemployment and housing are obviously the most urgent problems. They have everywhere already been very fully investigated and discussed. But one fact in Dr. Macnamara's important letter to *The Times* of November 5 illustrates more clearly than anything else the real difficulty of the unemployment problem. He states there that:

> Though there are 1,204,000 persons registered as unemployed, there are, in fact, as many people at work now as in 1914.

This illuminating point shows why doles and palliative measures alone cannot bring a solution. To arrive at one a broader basis is necessary. The country is over-populated. Between 1911 and 1922 the population of Great Britain, in spite of war losses, increased by over two millions.

The following round figures give the net balance outwards from the United Kingdom of emigration over immigration, and the natural increase of the population (*i.e.*, excess of births over deaths) during recent years (during the war there was a small balance of immigration), and show the urgent need of Empire settlement:

	Natural increase.	Net total outwards.	Net increase.
1913	450,000	329,000	121,000
1919	229,000	8,000	221,000
1920	593,000	154,000	439,000
1921	447,000	150,000	297,000
1922	335,000	119,000	216,000

(In 1923 the balance of emigration increased to 253,000, but the official figures of births and deaths are not yet available.)

Together with the policy, the men who are to carry it out must be examined. In the present case the country has got both the measures and the men. The composition of the Cabinet is promising. Most of its members have been tried. Their average age is fifty-four, while several are in the early forties. It was only the second eleven which was playing last year. This season the full Conservative first eleven will be in the field. It is true that one prominent player stands out because he could not go in as high as first wicket down, though the captain considered that his proposed place in the team was this time a very important one for his side. The team is strong in all departments of the game: its captain is a steady player with a straight bat; it has hard hitters in Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks; the attack should be formidable. Though some may prove rather slow in the field, all should go well so long as the team pulls together, and remembers how essential to success is loyalty to the captain.

In this Cabinet a man to watch will be Mr. Churchill. His own future and much of that of the Conservative Party depends on his success in the next few years. Will he some day become Premier, or leader of a new Fourth Party, like his father? Will he be described as was William Pitt by Burke: 'He is not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself'? He seems likely, at any rate, to succeed at the Treasury as did Lord Randolph. He is certainly as industrious, and has the gift of mastering, without previous experience, the routine and technical details of any new office. When he introduces his first

Budget, which will undoubtedly not be humdrum, he will have the satisfaction of completing his father's unfulfilled mission. He must look back with more than filial interest at the half-sheet of notepaper containing Lord Randolph's plans for his unborn Budget. The copy of it in the *Life* is not the least enthralling feature of that brilliant book.

Foreign affairs should be carried on efficiently and smoothly by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. His predecessor, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in that office has been assailed with abuse, much of it unfair and unthinking. Lord Curzon's removal to a post where his personality may react less unfortunately on others may be for the best, but the Conservative Party is not so rich in brains that it can afford to do without what is probably the greatest example of sheer brain power in public life to-day. Common ability and efficiency may be very effective in a Cabinet, but uncommonly great intellect is equally essential.

The election has, above all, been a triumph of youth. Never before has there been a larger number of young Conservative candidates, nor have so many young Conservatives been elected. Youth has now been encouraged by the party headquarters, after many years of complaints that the party was composed of reactionary old gentlemen comfortably composed in cushioned chairs at the Carlton Club. This picture was never very accurate, but is now obviously removed. Among Conservative members in the new Parliament there are twenty-five under thirty years old, about twenty-seven more under thirty-five, and altogether over seventy under forty. Here is a magnificent field where young talent may be encouraged and future leaders discovered. Both their opportunity and their responsibility are great. They can be the torch-bearers of Conservatism, to carry the light and inspiration of Conservative ideals far and wide, to convert the doubters and to encourage the converted. In other words, they have to work hard. They must match the constant propaganda of the Socialist enthusiast with equal energy. It may be hard not to be discouraged when the first charm of the fresh surroundings in the House of Commons has worn off, when they find that a junior supporter of a Government with a large majority is unable to be as prominently effective as he could wish, but they must be 'looking ahead,' realising that 'the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity,' as wrote Disraeli, the greatest leader of Conservative youth.

Disappointment does not dull the enthusiasm of the Socialist worker. He realises, rightly, that fresh support for his party can only come from constantly educating and persuading those whose opinions he must win by reasoning. He seems to believe utterly in every article of his political creed. So do, we hope, Conserva-

tives, but they must be able to carry conviction. Enthusiasm is infectious.

The young Conservative members of Parliament have to aim at being helpful to their party and at gaining experience and information, to fit themselves for useful work and for future efficiency in office. How best to achieve this object is a difficult problem. The dangers and difficulties of regular party meetings have been painfully illustrated during the career of the Labour Government. They are like weekly general meetings of shareholders of a large commercial company. These would hardly aid its efficiency nor its confidential and unbiased promotion of policy. The disadvantages are obvious. In opposition the Conservative committees of members of Parliament on various subjects, such as agriculture, health, education, etc., under the chairmanship of an ex-Minister investigated profitably current problems. They acted as departments in miniature. In office these would overlap the normal work of administration, and Ministers have not the time. Groups of young members, strengthened by some old hands, have proved useful in exchanging views and in discussing practical difficulties. Helpful and fresh ideas are brought into the common stock. When the Conservatives were last in power a mixed group of younger members of Parliament, some of whom are now included in the Ministry, used to meet on these lines. Ministers came down to speak to them and with them. An efficient secretary kept them regularly supplied with notes and information which proved the most valuable aid. In this way what is in the mind of Ministers is made clear, and their difficulties explained. A proper understanding is the chief virtue in a party supporter. But it has to be recognised that the influence of such groups is at present really slight. What little there is, to be effective, must be reasoned and not merely mutinous. On the other side, the importance of the personal touch must not be neglected by Ministers. A friendly nod, a smile of recognition, a short talk in the smoking-room on club terms, can often make the man with a grievance into an enthusiastic supporter. In no branch of life can the aloof leader expect to command the full support and respect of his followers. These have to feel that they are not utterly unrecognised. And no one is too busy to be friendly.

The real test of the Conservative Government will come in two or three years' time. The first enthusiasm will then have worn off. The legislation promised in their present programme will, we trust, have been passed. What will then be their course? It is easy enough now to declare that they will continue in the same spirit of activity as that in which they begin. But a comfortable majority is a temptation to somnolence. The last period of this Parliament will be their trial. If they can show that the Conser-

vative work of construction is no mere spurt, but a sincere, sustained effort to march with the times, they can face the country at the next election confidently. If their endeavours slacken, and their powers as a live force decline, the electorate will turn to an alert party which will have the advantage of the initiative. It is hard to defend successfully a Government stronghold weakened by the destructive ammunition which can be used by a vigorous Opposition. Voters are always inclined to give the other side a chance to serve their needs better, trusting to pledges which can be lightly given when there is no immediate responsibility for carrying them out.

The Government may then be called effete, an adjective seldom used in its original sense. It means 'worn out with child-bearing.' It is certainly descriptive of a Government worn out with producing Acts of Parliament. Fresh blood alone can invigorate. This will be the opportunity for young Conservatives to prove their mettle. The wear and tear of office can be repaired by fresh minds giving the spur to a tired Government. The hard work and social service of previous years will then bear fruit. The Labour Party workers will not have been neglectful in this; the Conservatives must not have been.

KNOLLYS.

THE MACHINE OUTLOOK

In the great factory towns, those teeming hives of humanity, a marked irreligious outlook has developed.

Huge factories with immense specialised plants all run on precise and mechanical lines are bound to shape and colour the view of life held by those who work within. How far does the outlook fostered by machine production differ from that of the past, and what is its general tendency ? This question is of great moment to all who are interested in religion and current thought.

The wage-earning class—the factory proletariat—are, in the main, irreligious. But although irreligious, they are not anti-religious. Philosophical or theoretical objections to religious belief are comparatively rare among them. But indifference is general, and this indifference, which is perhaps strongest among the manual workers, has permeated every section of the people.

Interest in theological controversy was far keener in the latter half of the last century, when secularism came to the front as an organised force. Early English philosophers, like Hobbes and Locke, planted the secularist seed, but the French Revolution gave a popular impetus to scepticism. Following on this, the advances in natural science, the work of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and that school, were taken up by men of lesser intellectual powers. Militant secularism found its leader in Bradlaugh and succeeded in making some little stir. These were its most popular days. But secularism, as a reasoned belief, has never appealed much to the mass of ordinary people. They lacked the leisure necessary for delving into such abstract speculations, and had not the habit of mind which finds interest in such apparently profitless inquiries. Practical and pressing day-to-day affairs occupied the time and thought of most people.

Secularism fell on evil days when it was discovered that the problems of life confronting mankind were far deeper and more subtle than most of them had imagined. Theories of evolution were added to the generally accepted body of thought, and the dross of secularist belief was abandoned.

But though the mass of the people remained untouched by controversy, the prospect of material advancement through the grow-

ing volume of production in the nineteenth century helped to give a matter-of-fact and materialistic turn to the thought of the age.

Gradually the modern factory system developed, until we, in the present century, feel the full force of its influence in many fields. As regards religion it has a negative and a positive side. The greater rate at which we live and work, the tension, the insecurity and competition, which are normal features of our industrial order, do not encourage reflection on fundamental things. Such is the negative aspect of modern industry concerning religious belief, but it has a positive influence of a far more serious kind.

As a direct result of the factory routine, masses of people take a mechanical view of the universe, although they give their view no precise definition. They grow accustomed in their daily activities to regarding life as a continuous chain of cause and effect. If anything goes wrong at their work they look for some mechanical defect—a broken wire, a jammed cog, a defective lever. They are in the habit of controlling and using natural forces by means of mechanical contrivances, and they give so much of their time and attention to this that it often leads them to apply mechanical standards to life as a whole. It is quite natural that people should proceed half unconsciously to think of the unknown in terms of the known, and that the well-ordered, petty routine of their narrow lives should lead them to think of the universe, when they think of it at all, as a mechanical one, carefully geared, self-adjusting, producing its own power and running continuously. That is the complete standard of industrialism as applied to life.

Such terms as the 'Master Craftsman' and the 'Great Artificer' are reminiscent of those days when the craftsman and the skilled worker had not given place to the semi-skilled machine operative. What more natural when the hand of man wrought things of beauty and usefulness than that he should conceive the highest expression of the creative Spirit in these terms? But in these days, when the tool user has been transformed into the machine tender, who works a lever and carries out the hundredth part of a productive process over and over again, small wonder that the old terms and even the old ideas become meaningless. The expression 'the god in the machine' is sometimes used, but as the machine has loomed larger and increased its domination over man the place given to God has grown less.

In agriculture, where men are face to face with colossal and mysterious forces of Nature, religious belief persists far more than in the factory towns. The bounty of God seems far more apparent at the harvest than in a match-producing factory. In the mines the ever-present and inscrutable perils give the miner a sense of awe and reverence which the factory worker lacks. The constant

feeling of danger and death makes for the realisation that the mechanical conception is an unsatisfactory one. But the increasing use of machinery and familiarity with conditions together with the growing mastery of them is giving the miners much the same outlook as the factory workers. This mechanical outlook leads to utter indifference towards religious belief.

One of the greatest gifts of the religious spirit to man is the sense of human dignity which it fosters and keeps alive. Whether religious belief is bound up with such ceremonies as that of the Mass, where we see beauty, restraint, grace and reverence, or whether there is a complete absence of ceremony, to worship always gives a sense of dignity to the worshipper. He feels that he has some place in the world, that his homage is worth something, that a power not of this world is watching over him, and that what he does is not a matter of indifference. He is not like the beasts that perish, but has a higher, finer destiny to achieve. One can see this expressed in the grave ceremonies of Eastern religions as well as in the religious spirit of the West.

The feudal baron who firmly believed that he was a child of God and that his life was watched over in heaven had something which helped to ennoble his crude existence. Even the serf, miserable, poor, wretched, as he was, derived some dignity from a faith which alone separated him from the animals which he tended. This dignity, this consolation, this fount of self-respect, is not possessed by the modern man who thinks of himself as a bubble of gas, a chemical formula, an outcome of primeval slime or—most pitiful of all—a machine handle.

To be a cog in the machine, and nothing more, is the fate reserved for the twentieth century machine tender, who has had the consciousness of any higher destiny taken from him by modern industry. It has been the religious spirit far more than any definite creed which, with its emphasis on the Divinity of life, has helped men to maintain their self-respect instead of becoming mere creatures of circumstance. One of the defects of industrialism is that it has weakened that safeguard without substituting anything else in its place.

An American professor, Thorstein Veblen, who has written several illuminating books on industry in the United States and its effect on the people engaged in it, urges that the mechanical outlook, what he calls the 'process view,' imposed by the age, inevitably leads to reaction in the direction of freak beliefs, and that the emotional needs of the people, finding no satisfaction in the conditions of their daily lives, result in all sorts of weird, crazy abnormalities.

Life in the Middle Ages centred in the cathedral, and this has been presented as standing in opposition to the dynamo, the centre of our power-driven civilisation. This presents, in symbolic

form, the immense difference in thought and feeling of the two periods, but the parallel breaks down when we consider the relation of the people to each centre of power. The cathedral was a real life centre to which the people went voluntarily; they derived satisfaction from it; in it they found expression for the glory, the power and the beauty of their deepest feelings and innermost thoughts. But they do not gear themselves to the dynamo voluntarily or find any sublime satisfaction in their relationship to it. It is not a dignified relationship for the mass of the people. They are driven by the dynamo as part of the industrial plant, and when they accept the machine outlook it simply means that they resign themselves to functioning in life as bits of machinery.

The real parallel to the cathedral of the Middle Ages is the cinema of to-day. The cinema reveals what the man of to-day thinks, what he feels, what he dreams, his ideals and the standards of nobility and excellence which he has achieved, and which his industrial civilisation has given him. Here repressed humanity may indulge its desire for thrills, for splashes of colour and emotion, for anything which will help a dull, bored generation to avoid reflection. All this is traceable to the demand for relief from the dull routine which has produced a mechanical outlook on life. With its stucco and gilded plaster, its crude, tawdry appeal to sensation, its continual skating on the surface of life, the cinema presents a complete and striking contrast to the massive and beautiful architecture, the mellow light, the depth, the beauty and the grandeur of all that the cathedral represents.

To understand the religious spirit of an epoch we must examine its social and industrial life. As Mr. G. W. Russell (A. E.) has phrased it:

> It is the character of the social order, and its effect on the daily lives of men and women in a country, that we must look into if we are to prophesy political stability or chronic disorder. It has been said that the model of the pyramid was the tent of the herdsman, that the wooden hut of the early Greek found a majestic development in the Parthenon, and that the beauty of Gothic cathedrals re-created the mystery and gloom always about a people living in the forests.

But where can we find the beauty in a factory town to serve as a model or an inspiration? High, smoky chimney stacks, huddled rows of badly constructed houses alike in their dreary, monotonous ugliness, tell better than any words of the rawness of the life led there. The factory plants have obscured beauty, and come between man and a clear view of life just as the smoke from their chimneys gets between him and the sun. Who can doubt that the desert dwellers, who set up the Sphinx and the Pyramids as everlasting symbols of the mystery of the desert which stretched before their tents, would never have felt that mystery if they had spent their lives as thousands of people do to-day on a round of petty repetition processes in a modern

factory? Mystery, beauty, reverence, awe, all hold little place in the factory worker's life, and he is poorer for the loss.

We hear sometimes of the poetry of the machine, and in Kipling's *M'Andrews' Hymn* the old Scots engineer manages to extract a harsh, unlovely, Calvinistic gospel of predestination from the movement of the pistons in the ship's engine:

> John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorrmous, certain, slow.

Yet for most of those who live and function as part of the factory plant there is no poetry or beauty and no hint of man's Divinity to be found in the life, but rather a hard, degrading reality. The clang and clatter of the machines, the whining and screeching of metal as it is cut and shaped, give to the modern engineering factory something of the atmosphere of an Inferno. When we add to this the feverish rush of high-speed production, with the machines setting the pace for the men, the unattractive picture is complete.

Under such conditions the human tools bear the marks of their environment. Working in a big machine shop was a machine tender known to his shopmates as Ragtime Joe. He acquired this name because of his habit of breaking into snatches of ragtime and of dancing in a jerky, spasmodic way.

He worked in a gloomy corner of the shop given up to milling machines that whirred and clattered with a sharp clack, clack, clack. After setting and starting these machines Joe had simply to look at them occasionally to see that everything went all right. The rest of the time he spent whirling, pirouetting and chanting in hoarse unison with the machine clatter, his loose, lank limbs flying about to the beat and his shock of black hair tossing. Every now and then, as the clatter died down, snatches of song could be heard rising above it. The ragtime rhythm had beaten its way into his soul. To come on him suddenly in a dark corner of the workshop, with arms and legs flying, was an experience; it was as though the spirit of the workshop had taken concrete form. Ragtime Joe belonged to the factory as much as Quasimodo belonged to Notre Dame.

The tragedy is that masses of workers are affected in the same way, though not in the same degree. It is psychologically true that human nature craves something more than a harsh, mechanical existence, devoid of dignity and beauty. And if there are barriers set up to prevent the natural satisfaction of these instinctive cravings, sensationalism and ragtime will afford relief

The machinification of man is a crushing burden of the age. This is the true 'white man's burden,' and if we compare the calm philosophy of the East with the crude, feverish materialism of the West, we see that this is so. Modern industry has given us the means of securing material wealth, but the price we have had to pay has resulted in spiritual poverty.

R. M. Fox.

A SOLDIER SAINT

JUST a hundred years ago was published one of the most remarkable military diaries, both in substance and origin, ever offered to the public—*Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel J. Blackader* (H. S. Baynes, Edinburgh, 1824). The preservation of these curious papers was in no way due to foresight; the diarist's widow left no testamentary instructions as to their disposal, and only the curiosity of a tobacconist in the town of Stirling, rummaging amongst some waste papers he had bought, happily saved them, whether from the fire or from being mysteriously blended with the tobacconist's wares it is idle now to speculate.

It was not till the diarist had been dead more than seventy years that a first fragment of his papers was published by Dr. Charles Stuart, of Dunearn, covering twelve years of the Diary; and another twenty years elapsed before the full Diary and Letters were produced, under the editorship of Mr. Andrew Crichton.

The extraordinary character of the diarist is further illustrated and explained to the reader by the quaint comments of the pious editor, who accepts almost without question, as something normal and highly praiseworthy, the exaltations, morbid introspections, and narrow prejudices of a mind obsessed with its anthropomorphic conceptions of the Deity and its literal applications of the Old Testament. About a hundred years of progress and enlightenment separated the editor from the mind of the Christian soldier on whose writings he was commenting; but there is scarcely a suspicion in him that here is a religious mania comparable to Bunyan's, and of the kind that, by some chance adversity, might have ended in a madhouse.

The editor's ideas of the military life reflect, of course, the prejudices of his own time, which another hundred years have scarcely sufficed to remove. This is how he puts it:

> Perhaps the greatest enemy to piety, and the most formidable obstacle it has to encounter, are those criminal amusements and licentious pleasures to which a military life, more than any other, is exposed, and which are not attended in that profession with the same infamy and disgrace that public opinion has stamped upon them in civil society.

Filled with such notions, he presents his hero to the reader, conscious of the immense contrast between his life and that of his comrades in arms. There have been, indeed, military saints before and since; perhaps none have ever gone through sixteen of the hardest campaigns with such a complete detachment, such lack of enthusiasm or human sympathy, or with such constant and confident communings with the Almighty, as this rigid, unbending Covenanting soldier.

John Blackader's upbringing and the circumstances of his boyhood explain much. His father, a man of good family, who could claim to be direct heir to the barony of Tulliallan, but with no means or wish to establish that claim, was in the year 1662 'minister of Troqueer, in the presbytery of Dumfries.' This was the time of Episcopal persecution; this same year he was ejected from his ministry, and spent the next twenty years in wanderings over Southern Scotland and in itinerary preachings. After a time he was proclaimed for 1000 marks, dead or alive.

His son John, born in the parish of Glencairn in 1664, came into the world heir to nothing but calamity. For a roof the expelled minister had to thank the generosity of the Dowager Lady Craigdarroch; in her house of Barndennoch he and his family sheltered till news of his field preaching reached Sir James Turner's men. These attacked the house and, finding he had escaped, sacked it and turned his family adrift. Neighbours and friends sheltered one or other of them at great personal risk; the father continued 'on the run' till, having again escaped, from the disastrous rout of Bothwell Brig, he was forced to fly to Holland.

His family, somehow or other, was collected in Edinburgh, where it was hoped they might live unmolested; and here the education of the five sons and one daughter was, by what sacrifices and parsimony can best be imagined, carefully completed. The father rashly ventured to return, was arrested and sent a prisoner to the Bass Rock, which he was never to quit alive.

John was perhaps destined for the ministry; at least it is clear from his Diary that he had inherited the deep religious feelings of his father, with the sombre faith, clouded with prejudices, of the followers of Richard Cameron. At the time of the Revolution he was twenty-four; but the only evidence of his connection with the Cameronian sect is his friendship for Cleland, who was one of the first officers appointed to their new regiment, as its lieutenant-colonel. On this friendship, no doubt, turned young Blackader's choice of a career, and he became a cadet in Angus' regiment, the Cameronians.

The origin of this famous corps is well known; to-day its reputation is second to none. What, however, was intended by

its pious founders to be a peculiarly God-fearing company, to be used in upholding the Protestant revolution and in maintaining the public order and morals, became in the course of a few years something totally different. From being an assembly of saints, carrying about with them their own pastors and the observances of the conventicle and field preaching, it became gradually leavened with the professional soldier till, as later on the Diary shows, all traces of special godliness had disappeared, and it could hold its own, at least in point of bad language, with the army which 'swore so terribly in Flanders.'

At first, however, it was like a crusade; the regiment's enemies were the persecutors, in the persons of Dundee and Gordon and those savage Highlanders whom every Scot regarded as his natural foes.

The first clash came at Dunkeld; and here young Blackader, now a lieutenant, discovered that coolness and courage in the midst of battle that was never to forsake him throughout his military career.

But he takes no credit to himself. 'The Lord's presence was most visible,' he writes to his brother, 'strengthening us, so that none of the glory belongs to us.' Nevertheless the young regiment, which lost its lieutenant-colonel and major at the beginning of the action, had established a reputation extremely daunting to its opponents, who in this action had displayed all their customary reckless, if undisciplined, valour.

The lieutenant went through the six campaigns that included the battles of Steenkerk and Landen and ended at Ryswick. Whether he had yet formed the diary habit is not known; his comments on the operations have not been preserved. Seeing that in his subsequent Diary he refers all the successes of the British, under their great commander, solely to the righteousness of their cause in the eyes of God, he must have been sorely puzzled to explain to himself the unlucky generalship of William, the champion of Protestantism.

He had gained the rank of captain at the time (October 1700) that he began the Diary. As a military commentary it is disappointing, being rather, as the editor says, 'a spiritual register of his experiences.' In spite, however, of the writer's confirmed religious bent, of his habit of twisting the most trivial incidents into heavenly signs, and his fits of penitence for fancied sins, he gives many glimpses of the real soldier's life in a marching regiment of two hundred years ago.

In the first brief period of peace the young captain found time to seek a wife. His courtship, which ended in a happy marriage, was strangely unlike that of the average idle young officer of those or any other days. His choice had to be confirmed by

Heaven by a visible sign. As he says, 'I sought particularly that He would show and determine me by some special providence whether I should proceed or let it drop, and whether this should be the particular person or not.' It can only be hoped that Mrs. Blackader never knew on what a slender chance her hopes depended. He goes on: 'Happening within half an hour after unexpectedly to fall into her company, I looked upon it as somewhat observable and encouraging me to go on.'

Thus the union was arranged; and it may be assumed that the presence of a sensible and cheerful wife often served to dispel the fits of black melancholy peculiar to his mental condition. A curious commentary on the leisurely methods and limited scope of the wars of those days is the fact that Mrs. Blackader accompanied him to the Continent, and remained generally during the campaigns in some of the towns within the Dutch frontier. And even further, on one occasion she was living in Ghent when the French took possession of it, but seems to have suffered no inconvenience.

The Cameronians embarked for the Low Countries early in 1702, and Captain Blackader, left behind for recruiting, followed them later. From now on the comments in the Diary become very frequent on that subject of swearing which seems to have pained him more than anything. 'This is a sad corps,' he writes, 'I am engaged in, vice raging openly and impudently. They speak just such language as devils would do.' And again: 'A sad place to be in, an army, on Sabbath, where nothing is to be heard but oaths and profane language.' And he seemed to have little faith in the righteousness of the cause or the merits of the Army: 'The English Army are sinners exceedingly before the Lord, and I have no hope of success or that this expedition shall prove to our honour.' A cheerful frame of mind in which to go campaigning indeed! His fears were not, however, for himself: 'Whatever Thou do with the English Army, I am persuaded that, by the mercy of God, I shall set up my Ebenezers through Germany.'

At the battle of Schellenberg (July 2, 1704) the captain's own company was not engaged, but he had a fine view of the action, and remarks: 'The British value themselves too much, and think nothing can stand before them.' Here is a glimpse of British soldiers at their fighting best, at any rate; but the diarist could take no pride in their achievements. He could, however, draw a moral from their losses:

> In the evening I went alone into the field of battle, and there got a preaching from the dead. The carcases were very thick strewed upon the ground, naked and corrupting; yet all this works no impression or reformation upon us, seeing the bodies of our comrades and friends lying as dung upon the face of the earth.

So 'here, in the field of the slain,' he set up his Ebenezer.

Soon he had further evidence of God's favour. In the battle of Blenheim (August 13, 1704) the Cameronian regiment took part in the abortive assaults on the village of that name, losing many officers and men. Captain Blackader received a slight wound, which did not incapacitate him for duty, nor from recording on the first opportunity his thankfulness that God's angels had cared for his individual safety in the general carnage.

He cannot understand how this wicked army has been allowed to conquer: 'This victory has indeed cost a great deal of blood, especially to the English. I was always of opinion that the English would pay for it '—presumably for their abominable swearing and conduct—' and when I consider how on all occasions we conquer, yet with much blood spilt, I am at a loss to know what the reason may be.' So the Duke got no more credit from this officer than those stout-hearted redcoats who felt nothing could withstand them. He might have been, in his contempt for all such merely military considerations, a modern politician looking for the winners of the World War.

The campaign of 1705 was comparatively uneventful, marching and countermarching. The year was marked for the diarist by an incident that to many more worldly-minded would have provided gossip to the end of their lives: he interviewed the great Marlborough himself. It was at the Hague on the matter of his promotion to the rank of major: 'I talked this forenoon with the Duke about my business, and got a good answer (for none ever get ill words from him). But I lay no stress upon these things; I look above them.' Three days later the newly appointed major is thanking the real Author of this promotion: 'I see Providence brings about my affairs as well as theirs who have dexterity to manage them.'

The usual winter of tranquillity in comfortable quarters followed. No commander of those days in his senses would have asked his army to face the mud and misery of a winter campaign; that military iconoclast, Napoleon, had not yet arisen to break the gentlemanly tradition of regarding the season of winter as one of repose and recuperation.

And the next campaign was exceptionally severe. Even the major begins to show more realisation of the hardships of his men: 'Marching. One of the worst days and roads we ever travelled in. I pitied the poor soldiers, though very well myself.' This means that he had horses, a comfortable tent, and a servant. The Army moved to the encounter at Ramillies, fought, like so many actions of the British Army, on a twenty-third day of the month (May 1706). Apart from thanksgiving for personal mercies, the major's diary expresses chiefly the idea that God had given the most fighting to the Dutch:

I observe that the English had but small part in this victory. They are the boldest sinners in our army; therefore God will choose other instruments. Also, the English have got a great vogue and reputation for courage, and are perhaps puffed up upon it.

His regiment took part in the subsequent sieges. At Aeth he was with it in the front trenches, where conditions seem to have been very like those of 1918:

> Our trenches ran close to the counterscarp; and at twelve at night we took post and made a lodgment in the counterscarp with eighteen men and an ensign. Cannon-balls, bombs, grenades, and small shot were flying thick. . . . We continued in the trenches the whole day, and lost seventeen killed and wounded. We were beat out of that lodgment at two o'clock in the afternoon, and we retook it again at six. I fell into a mistake of about a quarter of an hour in timing the attack.

For this, he says, his conscience smote him, and he felt he must ask pardon of God; there is no word about excuses to an earthly commander.

The next winter, spent in Bruges, he was assiduously occupied with the welfare, the training, and the morals of his men. He owns that they tried his temper, which was naturally hasty; but he was far from being harsh. The following extract shows that he had a compassionate heart:

> I was taken up all day in a court-martial, and much concerned to save a poor creature's life that I had some interest in. I was earnest to have him spared, but could not get it, for the whole court agreed to have him hanged; nor would they recommend him to mercy after they had sentenced him. I dealt with the general, and it pleased the Lord to incline his heart to mercy, for in a few days a pardon came down, which was read at the head of the regiment.

A grim picture—the regiment drawn up in close order, the trembling wretch marched from the guard-house to hear the sentence of death read, perhaps scarcely able to hear or understand the pardon that followed.

The campaign of 1707 was uneventful—a kind of military chess game played by the rival commanders. How the poor pawns suffered this will show:

> August 3, Sabbath. Marching; the worst day for the poor soldiers I have seen. It poured down a heavy rain, and the cavalry had so broken the ways that the men marched in clay and dirt to the knees, almost the whole day, for four leagues. There was hardly a hundred men of a regiment with the colours at night.

No wonder they swore.

In October the regiment went into garrison at Ghent; but the major and his wife went to winter in Rotterdam, where, as the editor remarks, they were 'remote from many snares and temptations to which they would have been exposed in the

garrison.' Evidently Ghent was more frivolous than Rotterdam; yet it is hard to imagine what kind of 'snares' could have caught this pious couple even there.

At Oudenarde in the following year (July 11, 1708) the major's regiment was not closely engaged, but he had some cause for anxiety over the direction of the French retreat, which took them to Ghent, where Mrs. Blackader was residing: 'My dearest concern is now in the midst of the enemy [at Ghent]; yet she is kept safe and in peace. They are fettered and restrained as the lions in Daniel's den, that they can do no harm.'

At the siege of Lille he was detailed for a special enterprise with 400 Grenadiers. Here is a picture of 'going over the top':

> Near seven, the signals being given by all our cannon and bombs going off together, I gave the word upon the right, 'Grenadiers, in the name of God, attack!' Immediately they sprung over the trenches and threw their grenades into the counterscarp; but they fell into some confusion. I then ordered out fifty more to sustain them, and went out myself, and in a little time I got a shot in the arm. . . . All the other officers being wounded, I thought it my duty to stay awhile and encourage the grenadiers to keep their warm post. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the fire continuing very hot, I got another shot in the head. I then thought it was time to come off.

Fortunately, neither of these wounds turned out very serious; but they ended this campaign for him.

There is a ghastly picture of the field of Malplaquet (September 11, 1709):

> In all my life I have not seen the dead bodies lie so thick as they were in some places about the retrenchments, particularly at the battery where the Dutch Guards attacked. For a good way I could not go among them, lest my horse should tread on the carcases that were lying, as it were, heaped on one another. . . . The potsherds of the earth are dashed together, and God makes nations a scourge to each other to work His holy ends by sweeping sinners off the face of the earth. It is a wonder to me the British escape so cheap, who are the most Heaven-daring sinners in this army.

Writing to his wife, he says: 'Now I send you a new Ebenezer, and one of the greatest of my whole life.' It must have required no common degree of faith to encounter the dispensations of an outraged Deity in company with these 'Heaven-daring sinners,' who, perhaps fortunately for the success of our arms, concentrated their minds on earthly risks alone.

He got his lieutenant-colonelcy out of this campaign, after a tedious 'courting' of great men, including the Duke himself. He much preferred to 'let Providence work its work for me.'

He was to have one more Ebenezer. At the siege of Douay (1710) his regiment was constantly in the trenches, and he risked

his life daily. On one occasion the French, by a sudden *sortie*, had put another regiment to panic flight, and, thinking to repeat the success at the same spot, came out again. But the gallant Cameronians were not easily caught napping. As their lieutenant-colonel writes:

> In the morning the French made a sally from the town upon that post where our regiment was. It was a little before break of day. They came on silently, expecting to surprise us; but, by the goodness of Providence, we were ready. Our sentinels gave us warning, and we put ourselves in a posture and received them so warmly that they immediately retired in confusion without firing a shot.

He is more than ever alive to the sufferings of his men: 'Many poor soldiers at this siege are exposed night and day to fatigue and danger, and get no sleep one night in a week.' How familiar this sounds to modern ears. But at that time the nation at large looked on, at a comfortable distance across the water, at the exploits of their despised, ill-paid soldiery in the 'cockpit of Europe,' and could find no sympathy for those that survived and returned to England, disbanded and treated as rogues and vagabonds.

Here is another illuminating entry, which artillery officers should appreciate: 'Our post was not so exposed to *sorties* as the last, but more to the bombs, etc., and most to our own, which, falling short of the town, did incommode us. . . .'

The next year was the gallant veteran's last in the Army; he began to weary of this incessant campaigning, and, as he puts it in a letter to the Duke, 'my grey hairs, increasing fast upon me, do give me notice that it is time I should think of a retreat.' He was given permission to retire from the service, and previous to this had arranged for the sale of his commission for the sum of 2500*l*.

Thus honourably ended his military career. He says:

> I was melancholy at parting with some of my kind friends and the corps I have lived in these twenty-two years, . . . for with my lieutenant's partisan I passed over to this country about twenty-one years ago, and now the Lord sends me out of the Army with abundance of reputation and the conveniences of life.

Few have ever earned those conveniences more thoroughly. He had acquired, too, all unconsciously, a broadened outlook on life. The young lieutenant who could see in those around him nothing but bands of sinners, and who viewed the corpses of his comrades on the battle-field with the detachment of one specially protected by God's mercy, had come, as a grey-haired veteran, to realise that not only the wicked are 'swept off,' and to find himself brought, on more than one occasion, to the brink of

death. He had learned to honour the talent of his great captain and to take his orders unquestioningly, seeing, perhaps, at last that the Creator of all things permits His feeble creatures to fight their own battles their own way. The hard trade of a soldier had a healing influence on his over-sensitive conscience. After all, he may have reflected, duty, even a soldier's duty, well performed, would cover many other failings and be the supreme test at the last roll-call.

A. G. BAIRD SMITH.

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